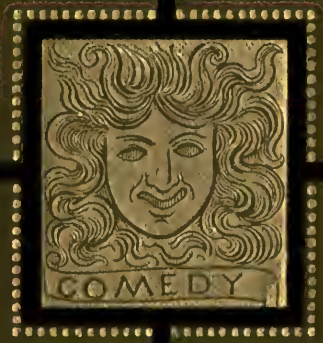


THE THEATRE:





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THE THEATRE.

A Monthly Review

OF THE

DRAMA, MUSIC, AND THE FINE ARTS.

EDITED BY

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 MR. H. B. IRVING.
 MR. F. KERR.



THE CONCERT.

From a Painting by C. Fairfax Murray, exhibited in the New Gallery, 1890. Now hanging in the vestibule of the Royal English Opera House.

THE THEATRE.

JULY, 1891.

Some Stage Frights.



HERE are two varieties of the genus "fright" peculiar to the denizens of stage-land. There is the ordinary variety, the "fright" such as is experienced off the stage as well as on it. This sort of "fright" may perhaps be more aptly termed "shock." It is the immediate result of an accident, a blunder, a piece of carelessness or malice aforethought on the part of someone.

The other form of "fright" is a species of nervous complaint exclusively peculiar to the stage, a complaint somewhat difficult to diagnose. Even those who have suffered from it—and there are few who have not at some time or other in the course of their professional careers fallen victims to its insidious attacks—experience some difficulty in describing their symptoms and putting their sensations into matter-of-fact prose.

In attempting to collect together some of the more striking and interesting "frights" of the first class which have occurred on the stage during the past, one feels how sadly negligent of such minor details of stage history were those worthy scribes who essayed to record the struggles and the successes of the drama for the benefit and enlightenment of posterity. Volume after volume of stage history and biography may be skimmed without a single incident of the kind cropping up. Everything apparently went as merrily as the proverbial marriage bell. And yet there must have been some accidents occasionally, some startling slips every now and again, some terrifying occurrences calculated to "harrow up the soul, freeze the blood," and make each particular hair—providing the unlucky witness did not wear a wig—stand on end like quills upon the oft-quoted porcupine. Incidents of the kind are not foreign to our modern stage. In spite of perfected appliances and a thousand and one accessories, human and otherwise, absolutely unknown to our forefathers, accidents will and do happen, with the natural result that those who are immediately and personally concerned in them are, like the old country-

woman who was shown the Venus of Milo, very much shocked. How much more frequently must such "frights" have occurred when the disciples of Thespis lived, and moved, and had their being amid surroundings of the most primitive description.

Perhaps they thought such trivialities unworthy of being committed to paper. Possibly the actors and actresses who underwent adventures of the kind maintained a discreet silence with regard to them. Those were not the days of interviewers, of gossiping newspapers, of popular biographies. In these times the stage and its votaries have lost what mystery surrounded them half a century ago. Few secrets exist between those on the stage and those off it. The footlights no longer form an unclimbable barrier between the two sections of the public. The most trifling incident that happens on the stage is at once made the subject of general gossip. The modern actor is always approachable and willing to afford information. As will be seen later on, I have taken advantage of this pleasant *trait* to swell my list of "stage frights" by adding a brief account of a few interesting incidents in the careers of some of our present-day favourites.

In October, 1692, we learn that whilst two actors named Sandford and Powell were playing in a tragedy, "Œdipus, King of Thebes," a keen-edged dagger was accidentally given to the former. During a struggle between the two, the unfortunate Powell received a stab three inches deep. When Sandford withdrew the dagger covered with blood, and saw his fellow-actor fall heavily to the ground with a groan of anguish, he is said to have been so thunderstruck that for a moment he remained absolutely immovable. From that time forward accidents with daggers have been somewhat frequent on the stage, though on one occasion a stage combat nearly assumed the proportions of a real struggle with a tragic termination all through the unrestrained jealousy of two rival tragedy queens. Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Boutell curiously enough were appearing in a play, appropriately entitled "The Rival Queens; or, the Death of Alexander the Great," when a dispute arose between them as to which of the two should wear a certain veil. The property man was appealed to, but not being a second Solomon, it did not occur to him to heal dissensions, promote peace, and at the same time to discover the real owner by suggesting that the garment should be equally divided. Indeed, he widened the breach by handing the veil to Mrs. Boutell. The quarrel was continued, and the two actresses went on the stage in a very fierce frame of mind. At the conclusion of the piece they had to struggle on the stage, and on this particular occasion it may be judged that their combat was a peculiarly vicious and realistic one. The two ladies flew at each other, and Mrs. Barry screaming, "Die, sorceress, die, and all my wrongs die with thee," she sent her polished dagger through "the armour of Mrs. Boutell's stays," to quote Dr. Doran's account of the affair. Her subsequent alarm on withdrawing the gory dagger can be better imagined than described. Fortunately for the assaulted

tragédienne, the excellent and substantial workmanship of her *corsetière* effectually prevented a serious wound, but the shock to both cannot have been soon forgotten.

Strange to relate, a similar mishap—this time through pure misadventure, however—occurred whilst Miss Woffington and Mrs. Bellamy were playing the same parts a good many years afterwards.

Rather a painful “fright” fell to the lot of Mrs. Robinson whilst playing in “A Trip to Scarborough” in 1776. The play did not meet with the approval of the audience, who expressed their dissatisfaction by giving a realistic imitation of the traditional saviours of Rome. Miss Yates suddenly fled from the stage, leaving Mrs. Robinson alone in the centre of it, and exposed to the fury of the mob. Transfixed with terror, she did not know what to do. Fortunately the Duke of Cumberland came to the front of his box, and addressing her, said, “It is not you but the piece they are hissing,” whereupon the frightened actress regained her confidence and her speech at the same moment.

More amusing, and at the same time more embarrassing, was the accident that happened to Mrs. Siddons whilst playing Queen Katherine in “Henry VIII.” The chair in which she was seated in act iv. was so small that when she rose to make her exit it stuck to her. For once during her professional career the great actress nearly lost her customary confidence and presence of mind.

The great John Philip Kemble experienced a shock which he never forgot (nor doubtless did his audience) when he opened in the March of 1794 at Drury Lane Theatre with “Macbeth.” With an eye for spectacular effect, Kemble introduced during the cauldron scene a troupe of children “made up” as hobgoblins. Amongst those children was none other than Edmund Kean, who had been playing pantomime imps at several of the London theatres, and had obtained a reputation for that kind of part. When Kemble, as Macbeth, entered the cavern, little Edmund upset his neighbour, and, as Hawkins says in his life of the latter, “the impulse having communicated itself to the whole troupe, the stage immediately exhibited a scene of confusion altogether indescribable.” Imagine poor Kemble’s horror and dismay!

In after years Kean created another sensation on the stage, a sensation infinitely greater and more powerful and unaccompanied by ludicrous incidents. It happened during his performance of Sir Giles Overreach. With such marvellous fidelity did he portray the mad fury of the character that Mrs. Glover, who was acting with him, became so frightened that she fainted away on the stage, and Mrs. Horn, another actress, staggered to a chair, burst into tears, and was unable to continue her part.

Macready had a severe “fright” whilst playing at Drury Lane though, truth to tell, it did not take place immediately on the stage, but in the green-room. He was preparing to “go on” in a play entitled “Retribution,” at Covent Garden, and whilst in the green-room he amused himself by a little private rehearsal of his part

which included, amongst other things, the brandishing of a heavy battle-axe. The budding tragedian put rather too much energy into his performance of the feat, for the axe glided out of his hands, and dashing into a huge pier-glass valued at £100, smashed it to atoms. It is not altogether surprising to learn that during his subsequent performance he remained almost paralysed by the fright this accident caused him.

Terrible must have been the shock to those who happened to be on the stage at the time when John Palmer gave up the ghost in full view of the audience. Palmer was appearing as the "Stranger" in Liverpool when news was brought him of the death of his second son. The play was stopped and the theatre remained closed for some short time. On the 2nd of August, 1798, he resolved to re-appear, and though still suffering from the effects of the sad intelligence he endeavoured to go through his part. However, when he had to relate to Steinfort the sad story of his domestic afflictions, the painful recollection of the past overmastered him, and uttering the words "There is another and a better world," in an awe-struck tone of voice, he fell down on the stage a corpse.

To come to more modern times Mr. Henry Irving was once the victim of a somewhat serious fright whilst playing in "Faust." In the first scene, it will be remembered, he was accustomed to disappear ceiling-wards in company with Faust. The two seated on a sliding panel were drawn rapidly upwards by the stage hands and vanished as the curtain descended amidst clouds of smoke and red fire. One evening just as the representative of Mephistopheles was preparing for his ascent, the apparatus struck him violently on the head, fortunately without serious results, but with sufficient force to upset his nervous system for the remainder of the evening. Mr. Bancroft narrowly escaped being stunned by a curtain roller once, and most of your leading actors and actresses have at times been the victims of misadventures, fortunately for themselves, as well as for the playgoing public, innocent of serious consequences.

Of "stage frights" proper, Miss Ellen Terry, than whom few are more qualified to speak on the subject, thus describes a seizure: "You are standing apparently quite well, and in your right mind, when you suddenly feel as if your tongue had become dislocated, and was lying powerless in your mouth. Cold shivers begin to creep downwards from the nape of your neck and all up you at the same time, until they seem to meet in the small of your back. About this time you feel as if a centipede, all of whose feet had been carefully iced, had begun to run about in the roots of your hair. Your next agreeable sensation is the breaking out of a cold perspiration all over you. Then you feel as though somebody had cut the muscles at the back of your knees; your mouth begins slowly to open without giving utterance to a single sound, and your eyes seem inclined to jump out of your head over the footlights. At this period it is as well to get off the stage as quickly as possible—you are far beyond the hope of any human help." Truly a thrilling and mysterious disorder! Not the least curious feature

in connection with it is its liability to recur even after one has trod the stage for years. Familiarity with the public does not seem to exercise a deterrent effect. Those once subject to the peculiar *malade imaginaire* do not grow innured to its attacks in after life. Each fresh "first night" brings with it the old feeling of dread, and the audience is faced with that nervous shrinking which is erroneously supposed to be the special prerogatives of budding actors and self-conscious amateurs. Nothing could be more erroneous. Even Garrick was susceptible to its influence. We are told that when he made his first appearance as "Richard the Third," the great actor walked boldly on to the stage with every sign of confidence, but as soon as he faced his audience he was utterly disconcerted and for some moments remained perfectly silent, unable to utter a single word. And Charles Matthews went through a very similar experience, though in his case the terrible hooting and irreverent guffaws with which he was received were no doubt mainly responsible for his sudden loss of speech. Matthews was engaged to appear in "The Citizen," during the engagement of Miss Farren, afterwards Countess of Derby. Not only were his stage clothes grotesque, but they were too small for the tall, thin lad. Added to these drawbacks, too, he possessed a very feeble and peculiar voice and an ignorance of stage gestures, scarcely surprising in a boy of seventeen. Miss Farren, on the other hand, was a woman of elegant stage presence and easy and accomplished manners, and the notion of Matthews making love to her was so grotesque that it tickled the fancy of the audience, who roared and shouted such comforting and cheering remarks as "Where's your other half?" and recommended Miss Farren to hold her breath or she would puff him off the stage. Little wonder that under the circumstances the raw untrained youth should have been seized with "stage fright," with the natural result that he first of all remained tongue-tied and then burst into tears.

Mr. Edward Terry tells me that he has frequently suffered from "stage fright," so much so, he says, "that in my early days, if playing with the smallest kind of 'star,' I could scarcely speak my words. On the first night of a play at the Gaiety I so dreaded the reception (on my return from tour) that I had to get the stage-manager to tell me the first word of my part. Even now I am always nervous, and I don't believe in those actors who are not."

Miss Clara Jecks says, "I am, like many others, very nervous on the production of a new piece, but the only fright I have experienced is when I have seen my father in front." May Miss Jecks be happily spared a fright more terrible!

Mr. Rutland Barrington, writes, "I have never had 'stage fright' proper since the first night I ever appeared on the stage, when I was so upset with the glare of the footlights, that—for what seemed about an hour—I could not speak." Mr. Barrington adds, "I've often made a 'fright' of myself, but I suppose that don't count." Perish the thought!

Fortunate Miss Maude Millett says that she has escaped the enemy,

whilst Miss Norreys qualifies her repudiation of any such weakness, with the somewhat enigmatical postscript: "As a rule I am too nervous to be conscious of anything in particular, except—and *that* is the great exception—that the critics are in front on a first night, and I want them to be pleased with me. And I grow more and more nervous every year, so I should not be in the least surprised if sometime I should lose whatever sort of nervous courage I now possess." I am sure I may venture to answer for the stony-hearted critics in this matter. Miss Norreys need not lose courage. The stern arbiters of her dramatic fate dare not venture to say one harsh word about her after so charming a confession.

Mr. William Terriss must be numbered among the victims of the actors' foe, but fortunately the results of his momentary forgetfulness have been humorous rather than painful. Whilst acting at the Adelphi in "The Harbour Lights," he had to speak the "tag" which ran as follows: "Straight before us like two stars of hope we see the Harbour Lights." One evening, however, he invested the brief sentence with an original and—from the author's point of view—altogether unintended meaning by exclaiming: "Straight before us like *two bars of soap* we see the Harbour Lights." In his earlier days Mr. Terriss played at the old Gallery of Illustrations. On one occasion he took part in "The Porter's Knot," when, under the influence of an excess of dramatic zeal and an attack of nervousness combined, he rendered the simple sentence "I saw him painfully wheeling a load too heavy for his strength," into "I saw him painfully wheeling a strength too heavy for his load," an achievement which by reason of its very novelty should have excited the enthusiasm of his audience but which probably conduced merely to their irreverent hilarity.

Mr. Charles Collette writes me: "The only instance of 'stage fright' I can remember—and that can hardly be called 'fright'—occurred to me at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, Tottenham Street, in 1869. I had been playing for over 100 consecutive nights in a comediotta called "A Winning Hazard," and had to commence the piece with a speech of about six lines. One evening I walked on the stage and down to the footlights to begin as usual when from some unaccountable cause my memory as far as the speech was concerned, became an absolute blank, nor could I even remember the purport so as to be able to substitute my own words. In an agony of embarrassment I wandered hopelessly about the stage, until Mr. H. W. Montgomery, who was waiting in the wings for me to give him his cue to come on, made some trivial observation, and in a second, and like a flash of lightning, my memory returned. I was in excellent health at the time and had no anxieties." Even Homer nods at times.

To conclude, Miss Ellen Terry was once seized with "fright" whilst appearing in "The Governor's Wife," but summoning all her strength and what remained of her senses she managed to drag herself off the stage and to seize a book. A few moments' rest enabled her to recover, when she returned to the stage and continued her part.

With these interesting instances of momentary embarrassment before them, the timid stage neophyte may well take courage, for should he fail to perform his allotted task on the stage he will have the consolation of knowing that he does not stand alone but fails in very distinguished company.

A. J. DANIELS.



About "David Garrick."



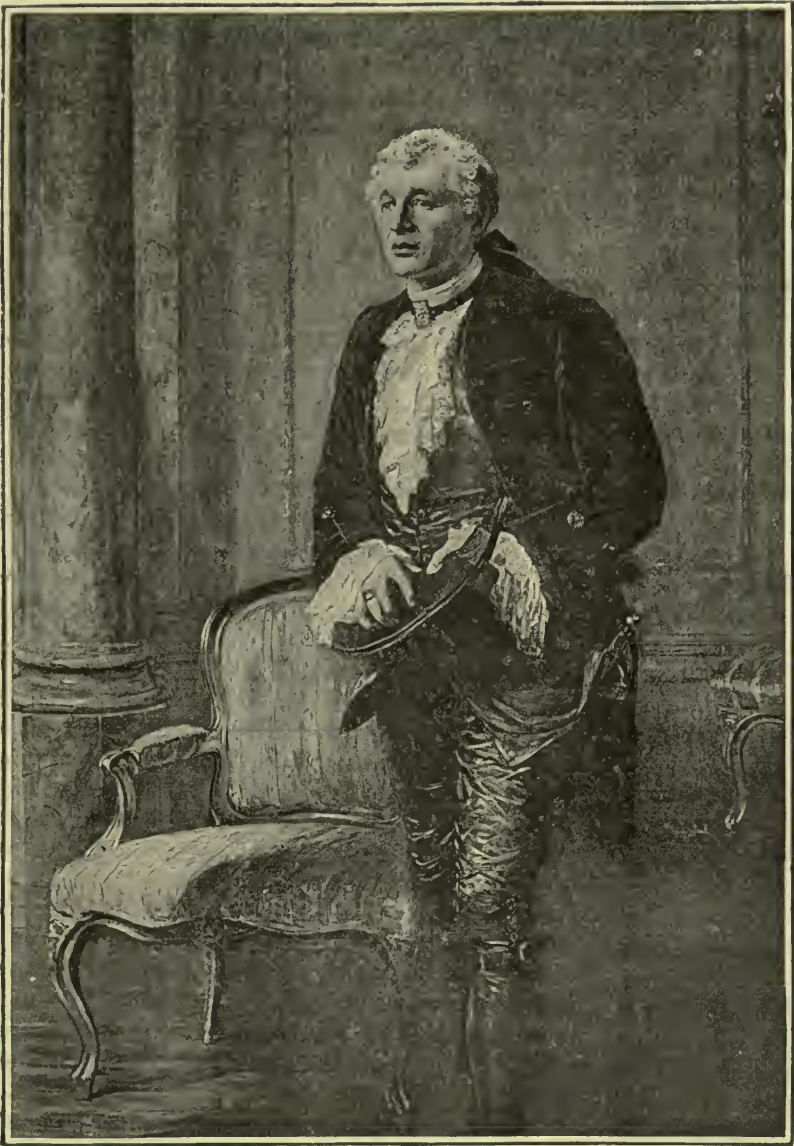
THE history of the origin of the late Mr. Robertson's charming comedy, "David Garrick," has already been fully detailed in the December, 1886, number of *THE THEATRE*. This famous three-act play is adapted from the French of "Sullivan," which was founded on a German dramatisation of a pretended episode in Garrick's life. The biographers of this great actor tell us that a young lady of fortune fell so desperately

in love with him in Chamont, that she actually employed a go-between to make overtures of marriage, but she was shortly afterwards so disillusionised by his repulsive appearance in "Abel Drugger," that she could not endure the thought of him. Doubtless it was this incident which gave rise to the origin of the production of Mr. Robertson's novel of "David Garrick," which he wrote in 1863 and sold outright to the publishers, reserving to himself the right of dramatisation, of which he speedily took advantage. The manuscript of this play was offered to nearly every London manager. The author read it to his friends, and was advised particularly by H. J. Byron not to part with it excepting on the most favourable terms; but money was wanted, and off he went to his friend Thomas Hailes Lacy, to whom he read it. Lacy was delighted and advanced him £10, the proviso being that if ever produced Robertson should retain the publishing right, to which Lacy said, "It's worth all the money to read," and he was right, as events have since proved. For a time the play found no purchaser, until a piece of luck befel the dramatist. The late E. A. Sothorn, who was then in the zenith of his fame, was in his earlier days an actor in the provinces, playing under the *nom de théâtre* of Douglas Stewart. Hearing from his old school-fellow, Charles Millward, that Tom Robertson, whom

Sothorn knew well, had a piece to suit him, and being in want of a novelty, he sent to Robertson, who, after detailing the plot, had so thoroughly interested Sothorn, that he insisted on his reading the play to him that evening. This comedy, alas! was held in bond by Mr. Lacy for ten pounds! Sothorn, always good-natured and generous, immediately paid the money to release the lien on the M.S., and invited the dramatist to sup with him the same evening at his chambers in Regent-Street, when he could read the play. Away went Robertson to Lacy, and redeemed the manuscript, and those who knew Robertson may best imagine his state of mind until the time arrived for the ordeal of judgment. It has thus been described by Charles Millward, who was present:—"Roberston was a punctual guest that night, for when Sothorn got home from the theatre he found him pacing the drawing-room with the precious manuscript under his arm. Tom looked hugely delighted over what was for him a golden opportunity. The supper party numbered five—Sothorn, Buckstone (his manager), John Hollingshead, Robertson, and myself. When the meal was disposed of, our host produced cigars—and no man kept better—and drinkables, and then proceeded to read 'David Garrick.' Long before he got through the first act, I could see that Sothorn was favourably impressed. He frequently interrupted himself with such remarks as 'Capital!' 'First rate!' 'Strong situation!' and 'I like that!' But when he came to the party scene, in which David acts like a madman, Sothorn became so excited that he began to smash the glasses and upset the furniture. 'I think *that* will do, Bucky?' he said to his manager. 'Yes, it will do,' replied Buckstone, 'and I rather like that fellow Chivy!' Before our party broke up 'David Garrick' was accepted, and every play-goer knows how immensely successful it proved wherever it was performed. When taking leave of Sothorn that evening, he placed a cheque for £50 in my hand. 'Give that to Tom on account,' he said, 'and assure him I am charmed with the piece. Of course he will draw a nightly royalty at the Haymarket, and wherever I play the piece, here or elsewhere.'"

The play was first produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, in April, 1864, Miss Edith Stuart was the first Ada Ingot; G. R. Maskell, Squire Chivy; and Bellair, Old Ingot. Although the piece was well received, at the end of the performance, when Sothorn's friends went round to see him, he was sitting in a chair still dressed as Garrick, in the most depressed and dejected condition of mind. Mr. Robertson's son, in his interesting Memoir* of his father, tells us that Sothorn declared that the piece was a failure and would never be played again! Such, however, has been the prognostication at the beginning of many a great success, and when reproduced with more care and attention, at the Haymarket Theatre, he achieved a triumph he little expected, particularly in the "drunken" scene. Interesting notes on Sothorn's familiar impersonation of the title-

* "The Principal Dramatic Works of Thomas William Robertson, with Memoir by His Son." 2 vols. (London: Sampson Low, Marston and Co., 1889.)



CHARLES WYNDHAM AS "DAVID GARRICK."

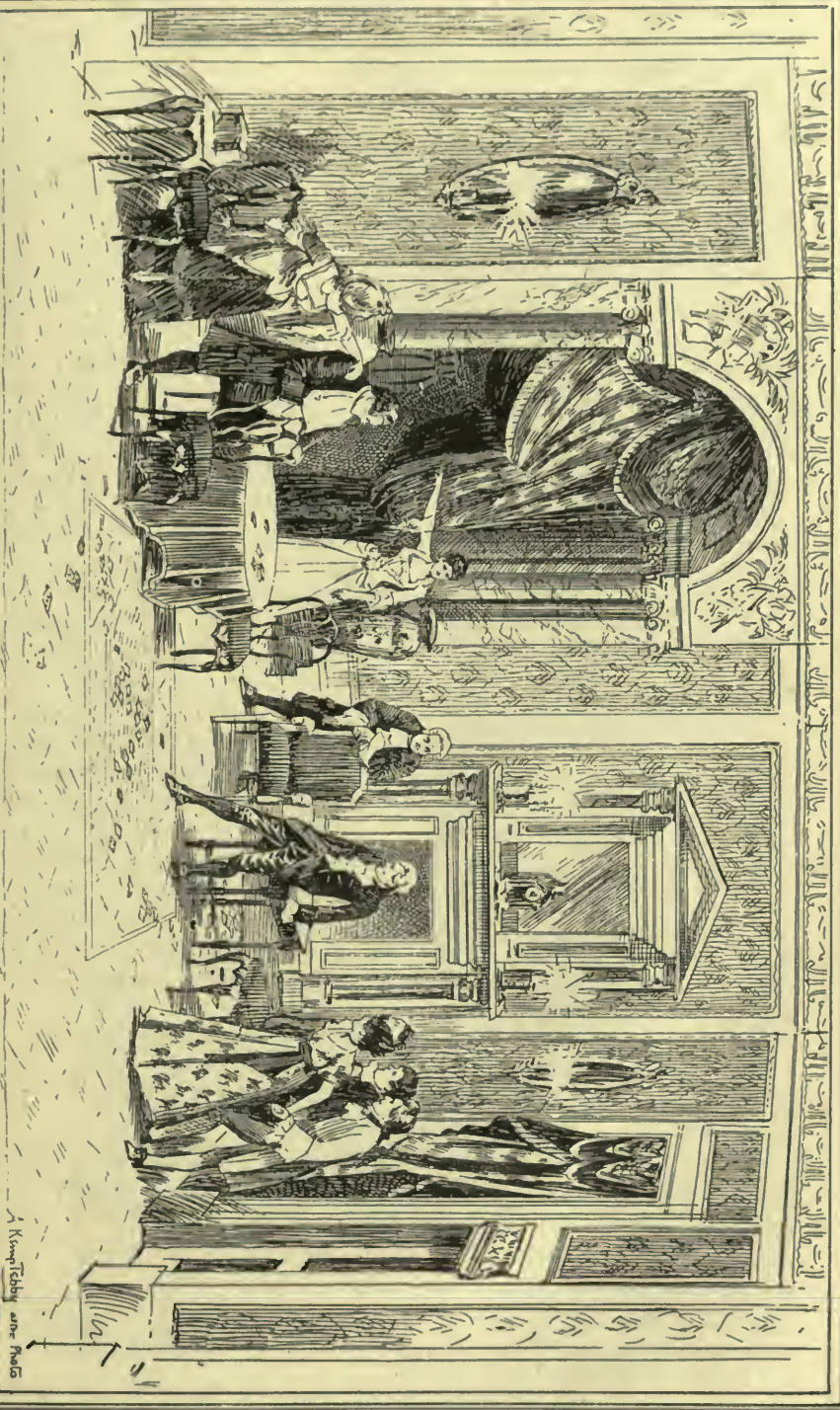
From the picture by John Pettie, R.A., exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1888.

*This work has been engraved (height 17 $\frac{3}{4}$ by 12 $\frac{1}{4}$) by E. Gilbert Hester, and published by Thomas
McLean, 7, Haymarket, S.W.*

rôle of this piece, are given in THE THEATRE of April, 1879, and in Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton's "Personal Reminiscences" of this comedian, which appeared in the May number of 1888.

On the 13th of November, 1886, Mr. Charles Wyndham put on the stage of the Criterion Theatre a revival of "David Garrick," and soon proved himself a worthy successor to the title-*rôle*. He was led to enact it, it is said, by the success he achieved in "Wild Oats," where he had a part imbued with more sentiment than he had hitherto played. Since his initial performance Mr. Wyndham has so perfected his conception of the *rôle* that as it now stands it possesses a peculiar charm of completeness of detail in impersonation. It is not the Garrick that the late E. H. Sothern made us familiar with, neither is it on the lines of the theatrical creation the late Lawrence Barrett gave, nor does it possess the characteristics of Salvini's assumption of the celebrated actor who amused his auditors in Dr. Johnson's time. But it is a Garrick so romantic, young, and handsome in appearance, noble, upright and honorable in mind and character, and constant and resolute where sentiment and honour go hand in hand, that one wonders at once why there were not more Ada Ingot's. In fact Mr. Wyndham's David Garrick is an ideal hero. If it has a fault, it is that the sentimental scenes between Garrick and Ada are too serious in their bearing. The merry, light-hearted player that Sothern gave us is sunk entirely in the lover who sacrifices himself rather than break his word to the father of the girl he loved. Ada Ingot is a languishing young woman of whom Garrick would have undoubtedly wearied in a few months, but if there were many actors now-a-days like the David Garrick of the Wyndham type, there would be countless modern Adas. Mr. Wyndham's exit in the famous drunken scene differs from the original reading of the play, but the alteration is a decided improvement and is intensely dramatic.

As the lover who admits his subjection to Cupid's wiles, in the last act of the play, Mr. Wyndham shows himself possessed of great dramatic gifts. He is as tender and fond a lover as the heart of the most love-sick maid could wish for, and he plays his love scenes with a regard for picturesqueness that entitles him to much commendation. In a correct costume of royal purple in the style of the period (1740), and a powdered wig, he avows his passion while half kneeling, half bending over Ada, resting one knee against a quaint footstool beside a deep chair in which the girl sits while sobbing out her foolish infatuation for him in return. Altogether, Mr. Wyndham is to be congratulated on the brilliant inspiration that led him to add "David Garrick" to the Criterion *répertoire*, for it has become not merely one of the actor's greatest triumphs, but one of the most popular pieces of the day. In January, 1887, it was performed at Sandringham before the Prince and Princess of Wales, who presented Mr. Wyndham with a massive loving-cup as a souvenir of the occasion. As "David Garrick," a part demanding all the subtle strength and capability of expression which only



A Knapp & Tabbey and Paris

ADA INGOT: "MR. GARRICK, I REQUEST THAT YOU LEAVE THE HOUSE."

an able artist could evince, Mr. Wyndham has reached, perhaps, the highest note his *répertoire* as yet includes. He has had powerful support in the fascinating *Ada Ingot* presented by Miss Mary Moore, whose personal endowments mark her out as though born to sustain the character.

Miss Helen Hatton (Mrs. W. H. Margetson), the daughter of Joseph Hatton, has painted a charming portrait of Miss Moore as *Ada Ingot*, which was exhibited in the New Gallery, and now hangs in the vestibule of the Criterion Theatre.

A story connects itself with the play, as far as Miss Moore and Mr. Wyndham are concerned with it, which renders it and them peculiarly noticeable in dramatic annals of the day. On the conclusion of the season in July, 1887, Miss Moore went on a visit to her friend, Mrs. Bronson Howard, in the United States, intending to spend the summer holidays with her. She had hardly been in America three weeks, when she received a cablegram from Mr. Wyndham, asking if she would play *Ada Ingot* with him in the German language at Berlin. After some natural hesitation she cabled back "Yes," and immediately started home for Europe. Conversant with the German tongue from childhood she yet considered it desirable to improve her colloquial facility in using it by every possible chance, and so re-crossed the Atlantic in a German steamer. She went to Berlin in October, and there remained studying, until joined by Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham a month or so later.

Difficulties now arose, the manager of the Residenz Theatre in Berlin deeming it inadvisable to produce "*David Garrick*" in German. Deterred yet undismayed by this rebuff, the enterprising Wyndham determined to prove to the Berlin manager that his fears were unfounded. He enlisted the support of a German company at the little town of Riegnitz, near the Polish border, and, with Miss Moore, appeared there on the 10th of November, 1887. It was an event—this first battle fought in the English dramatic invasion of Germany; for this actor and actress are the first of any note who have, being English, scored a success in Germany, playing in the tongue of the Fatherland.

How the performance was estimated will appear from the laudatory translations from the German press, which appeared in *THE THEATRE* of December, 1887. The stars earned exceptional applause, and such "calls" as had never been known there before.

Still playing with German companies, Miss Moore and Mr. Wyndham continued their triumphant campaign, appearing at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and then, despite managerial obstinacy, at Berlin itself, scoring victories wherever they went. The Berlin manager frankly owned his former misgivings unwarranted; Berlin papers indulged in enthusiastic encomiums on the adventurous English actor and actress; and Berlin players presented them with the most flattering tokens of affection and esteem.

After spending Christmastide in England, Miss Moore again accompanied Mr. Wyndham, with whom were Mrs. Wyndham and

their daughter, to the Continent. This time they proceeded to Russia, playing in German, and with German companies, at St. Petersburg and Moscow, with distinguished success. At St Petersburg they appeared before the Czar and Imperial Family by special



CHARLES WYNDHAM AS "DAVID GARRICK."

From the statuette by C. B. Birch, A., exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1887.

command, and were afterwards complimented with valuable mementoes of the occasion. On their return to England they were the recipients of a most gratifying welcome home.†

†THE THEATRE, April, 1888.

It may be interesting as a matter of record to give the original cast of characters :—

	<i>Haymarket Theatre.</i> <i>London, April 30th, 1854.</i>	<i>Wallack's Theatre.</i> <i>New York, Mar. 19th, 1873.</i>	<i>Criterion Theatre.</i> <i>London, Nov. 13th, 1886.</i>
David Garrick	Mr. SOTHERN	Mr. SOTHERN	Mr. CHARLES WYNNDHAM
Mr. Simon Ingot	Mr. CHIPPENDALE	Mr. JOHN GILBERT	Mr. DAVID JAMES §
Squire Chivy	Mr. BUCKSTONE	Mr. J. B. POLK	Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS
Mr. Smith	Mr. ROGERS	Mr. G. F. BROWNE	Mr. WILLIAM BLAKELEY
Mr. Brown	---	Mr. W. J. LEONARD	Mr. A. BERNARD
Mr. Jones	Mr. CLARK	Mr. E. M. HOLLAND	Mr. J. R. SHERMAN
Thomas	---	Mr. J. CURRAN	Mr. F. EMBRY
George (Garrick's valet)	---	Mr. J. PECK	Mr. W. E. GREGORY
Servant	---	Mr. HARRIS	Mr. F. G. DARBISHIRE
Ada Ingot	Miss N. MOORE	Miss K. ROGERS	Miss M. MOORE
Mrs. Smith	Miss SNOWDEN	Madame PONISI	Miss EFOLLIOTT PAGET
	(Mrs. Chippendale).		
Miss Araminta Brown ..	Mrs. E. FITZWILLIAM ..	Mrs. SEFTON	Miss EMILY MILLER

The Criterion revival ran until July, 1887, and has since often been played by Mr. Wyndham, both on an American tour and in London, and always with success.

W. CALVERT.

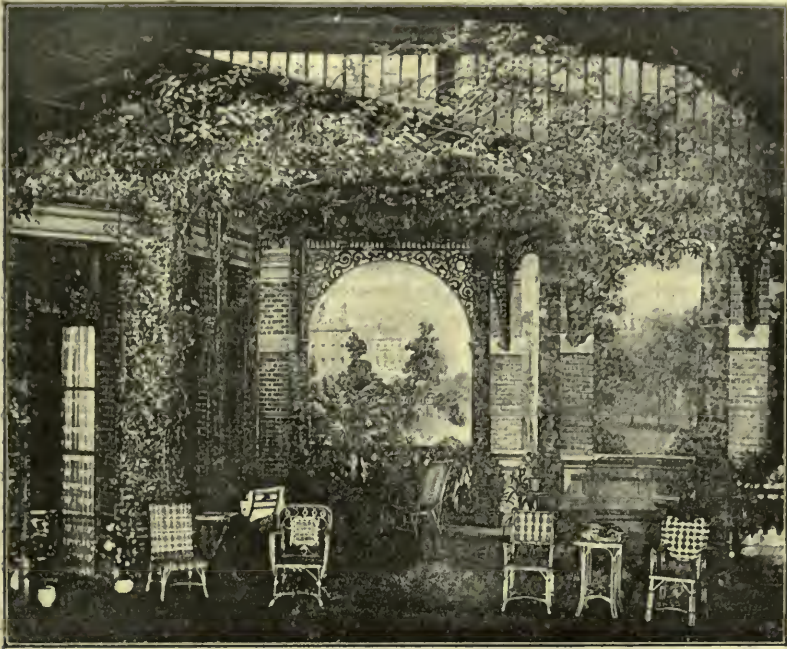


Artistic Stage Interiors.

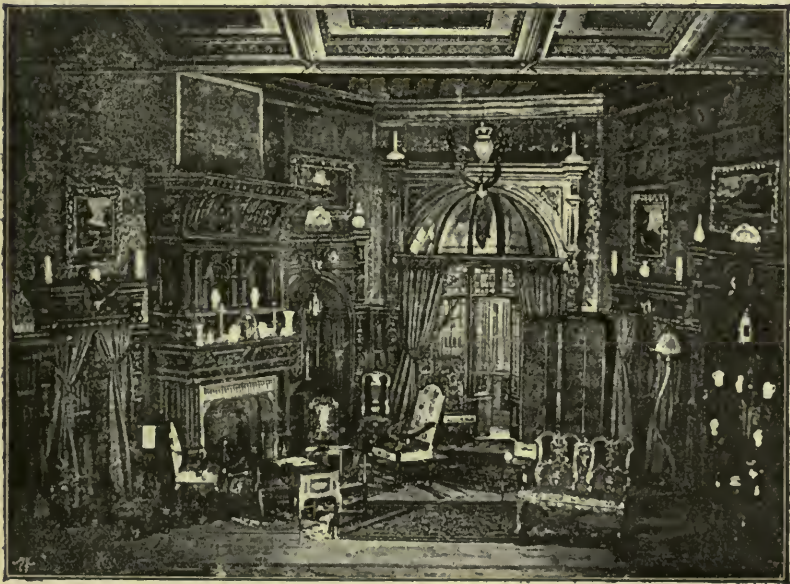


THE taste for art-furniture is rapidly growing apace with playgoers, thanks to the laudable manner in which managers now mount their plays, paying every regard for the minutest detail, that few would now be satisfied with the furniture painted upon the scene as was the custom in the days of our forefathers. A useful lesson in taste is frequently to be learnt whenever we enter a theatre conducted under good management. Although the artistic desire must be conceded to most people, who, not being *connoisseurs*, are oblivious of the æsthetic disgrace of living in the midst of common chairs and tables—such articles are to them of perfectly sufficient service and of no small degree now and then of elegance—yet it must be confessed that English people, even of the cultured classes, are much too seldom awake to the fact that a certain depravity exhibits itself in their case, especially in a remarkable want of appreciation for that systematic grace which we call good taste. They tolerate a want of order in forms and colours which to a very ordinary Frenchman would be a source of perpetual uneasiness. The action on the part of our managers in placing the furnishing of their stage interiors in the hands of competent men, proves that they are making an effort, and with success, to enable us to escape from the opprobrium of being a people without artistic taste. Some of us,

§A portrait of Mr. David James as Simon Ingot appeared in THE THEATRE, February, 1887.



"THE IDLER" Act i.—At Sir John Harding's, Kensington Palace Gardens. (W. Hann).

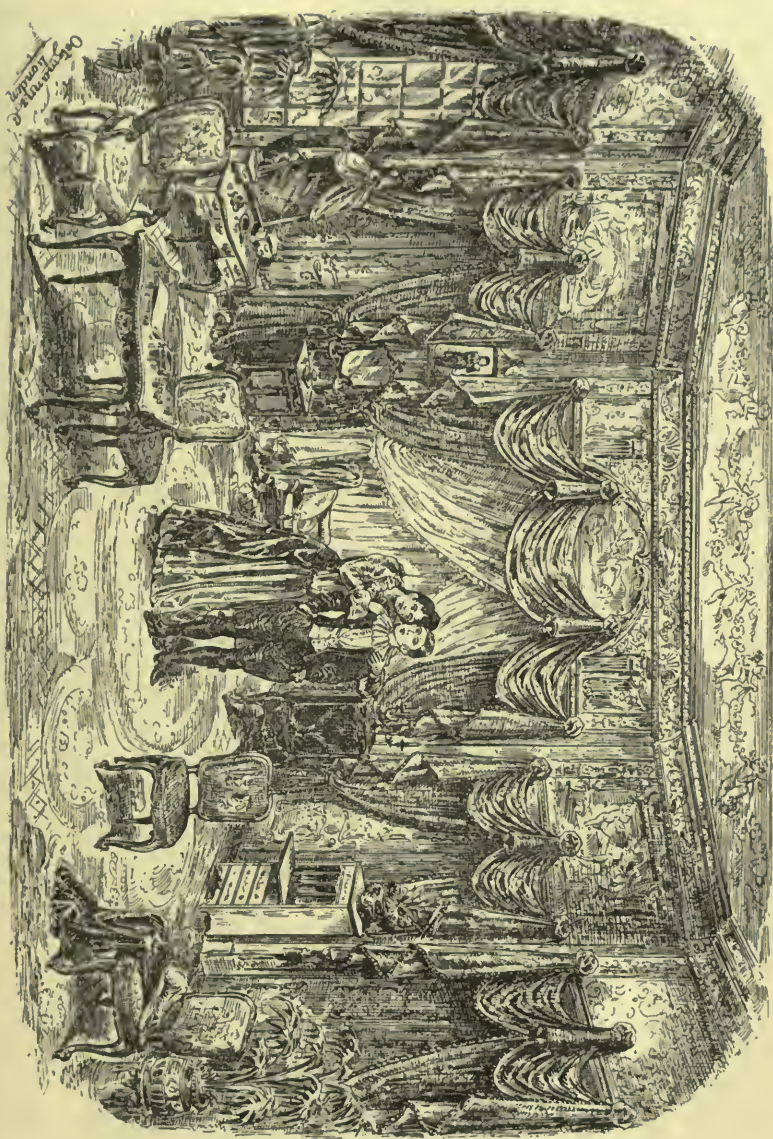


"THE IDLER." Act iii and iv.—Mark Cross's Rooms in Piccadilly. (J. Harker).
THE FURNITURE BY MESSRS. FRANK GILES & CO.

especially the ladies, dress better than we used to do—often the result of seeing a model costume on the stage. The next step in the same direction is to furnish better—to better dress our dwellings. Hence the appreciation of art furniture and its accompanying decorations. For instance, who can visit “The Idler” at the St. James’s Theatre and come away without their artistic perceptions receiving improvement? The charming set in the second scene arranged in the Louis Seize style, shows a strong contrast to the sumptuous chambers of Mark Cross in the last act, so artistically arranged by the well-known firm of Messrs. F. Giles and Co., whose setting of this scene in antique oak furniture will be much appreciated by those who visit the St. James’s Theatre, and especially by those persons whose financial positions will enable them to carry out in their own homes such elegant designs.

The fact that plays are considerably enhanced by lavish mounting has often been proved by the principal dramatic upholsterers, Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., who have furnished scenes for the more important plays at many of the West-end theatres. One of the most artistic interiors at present on view, arranged by this well-known firm, is the second scene in “L’Enfant Prodigue,” with its rich furniture and luxurious and tasteful draperies in green and pink.

The introduction of the genuine article in stage interiors is an innovation of late years, and one which, one may say, is beneficial to the mind. If the uninitiated were asked, for example, if the interior scenes of a Drury Lane melodrama were replenished with real antique furniture, they would reply in the negative; yet, so rapidly have improvements developed, that when Mr. Augustus Harris mounted Squander Mansion in “A Million of Money,” *carte blanche* was given the well-known antiquarian, Mr. Litchfield, who designed and furnished the scene, which represented the interior of a drawing-room decorated in the style of Louis Seize, with ivory-white enamelled woodwork relieved with gilding, and a frieze hand-painted by Herr Rosenboom, in which scrolls and trophies allegorical of Tragedy, Comedy, and Music were introduced. The ceiling was ingeniously contrived to fold up so as to let down from above and form a complete one with a centre panel of silk, quilled like an old-fashioned pianoforte front, and the corner spandrils painted by hand to match the frieze of the room. The valance of the drop-scene unfortunately prevented anyone but the stall holders from seeing this design. Leading from the main drawing-room of the extravagant Stella St. Clair were recesses, alcoves, and an ante-room or small boudoir, and the supper-room was approached by three stairs, with a richly clad Nubian figure holding a lamp on each side. The furniture and accessories were, if we omit the trifling item of artificial flowers, entirely real; there was not a single “property” article of any kind. The piano on which Mr. Harry Nicholls nightly played was made by Mr. Litchfield from the Adams’ designs, it being a replica of the one which received the gold medal at an exhibition of musical instruments a few years ago. The table at which baccarat was played by



“L'ENFANT PRODIGE.” ACT II.—PHRYNETTE'S BOUDOIR.
The furniture supplied by Messrs. Dezobry & Co.

Stella's guests, was an old Louis XV writing table, and two of the gilt chaces are historical from having been part of the contents of Fontainebleau *chateau*. Knick-knack tables, cabinets and other trifles, were either good reproductions or genuine old specimens. The silk curtains alone cost upwards of £100, and were trimmed and lined as if for a drawing-room in Belgravia.

Some of the critics remarked that the general *tout ensemble* was lacking in stage effect, and it is probable that to the ordinary theatre-goer the regular property would have given as much pleasure. The mounting, however, of the piece was cordially praised by Mr. Augustus Harris, no mean judge, and much remarked upon by the more select of visitors to "A Million of Money," although it may be questioned whether, considering the equivocal position in society held by the young lady, the refinement and quiet taste displayed in her apartments were not in too low a key of colour to represent her own choice.

It was, however, a commendable attempt to mount a scene thoroughly well, and to show the public what can be done by the grouping of real *objets d'art*, and as such deserves recognition and praise.

A. W. BEAN.



An Ancient Mirror.

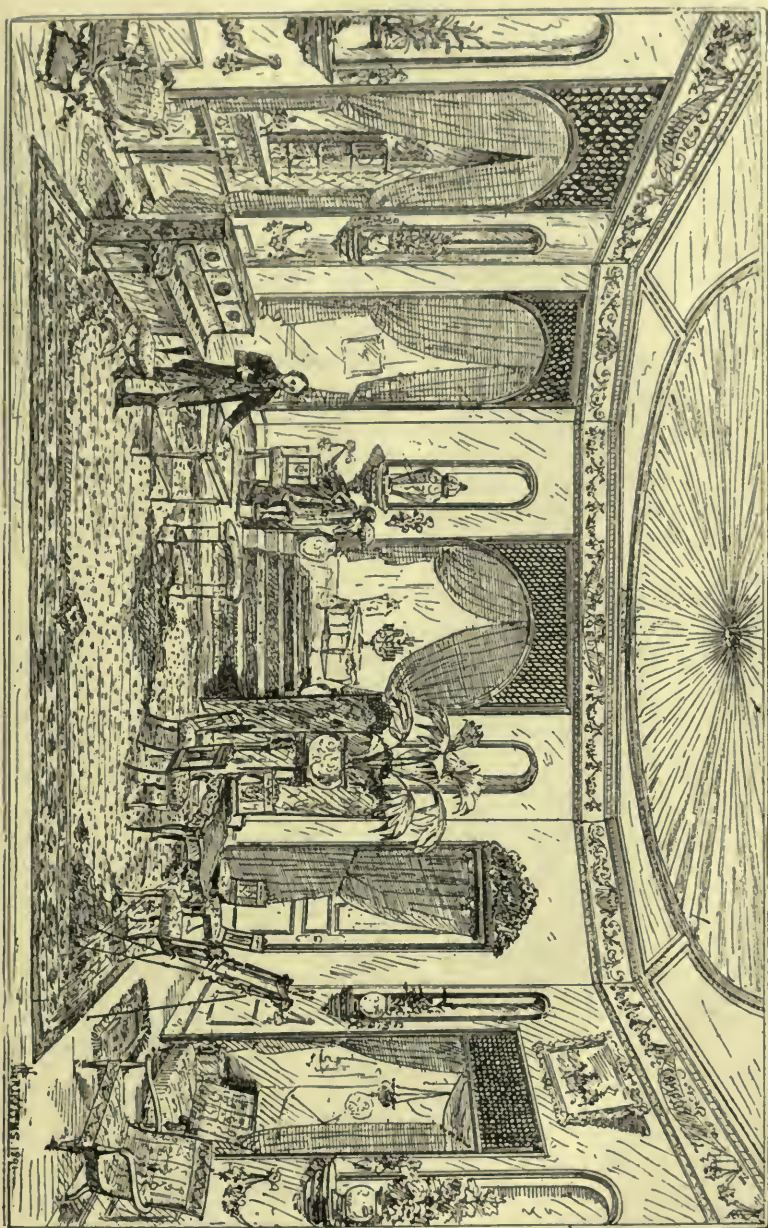


I.

DUSTY attic, dim and bare,
 Some ancient books, a broken chair,
 And other lumber.
 And in a corner out of sight
 A quaint old mirror hides its light
 In peaceful slumber.

II.

A frame of carven oak I find,
 With interlacing boughs, entwined
 With waving ribbons.
 Exquisite skill in every part,
 Each curving leaf betrays the art
 Of Grinling Gibbons!



"A MILLION OF MONEY"—SOUXANDER MANSION.
The furniture supplied by Mr. Littlefield, Hanover Street, W.

III.

At either side a Cupid stands
In graceful pose, with outstretched hands
Your gaze inviting.
Holding a candle in its place,
A smile of mirth upon his face
The eye delighting !

IV.

In some grand dame's boudoir it hung
When George the Third was King among
The wigs and patches.
What scenes have flashed across that glass
When tea and scandal ruled alas !
In whispered snatches

V.

The faces that have looked within !
The ancient beau, with double chin
And laced up figure.
The latest beauty of the day—
(How quickly "beauties" fade away !
And vanish whither ?)

VI.

The lisping fop, with swagg'ring walk,
Pince-nez, and smallest of small talk,
Devoid of reason.
The lady of uncertain age,
Whom fickle fashion made "the rage"
For half a season !

VII.

Before this ever candid friend
They practised how to bow and bend
In pose exacting.
They doubtless laughed theatric airs
To scorn—yet none the less was their's
The art of acting !

VIII.

Hads't thou, ye Cupids, power of speech
Historic tales were thine to teach
Enthralling stories
What secrets could'st thou not unfold
Oh ! mirror of the days of old
And all its glories

IX.

Farewell reflector of the light
Of bygone times and days so bright,
Now thou may'st slumber
Thy work is o'er—thy song is sung
I lay thee to thy rest among
The ancient lumber !

A Fairy Tale.



“D OUP la! here we are again!” No, no, I forget; the motley suit is thrown aside now—the silly vermilion grin washed off. Let me once more be the sad, serious man nature and circumstances have combined to make me, and listen if you can to the tale I have to tell, written down though it is in a rough, uncouth way by a poor, unlettered clown.

Dainty Dolly we always called her, because her cheeks were so pink, and she had altogether such a fresh, sweet look. She was good to me—so good. You see, she looked on me as a sort of father; vermilion and chalk soon make a man look old—when they are washed off I mean. She told me all about herself. How she was born among the wild Yorkshire moors; how she loved the free life and pure air of that beautiful county. Then her father died—a farmer in a small way I think he was—and then how she and her mother had drifted hither and thither, but ever Londonwards. Then the mother died, and poor Dolly just in her teens obtained a place in the ballet of a small suburban theatre. She had got on since then, for she was good and steady; she was tall and strong, nothing ever tired or daunted her. Because of this same strength and stature, Dolly was always cast for the Fairy Prince. There’s always a fairy prince in some guise or form in every pantomime to rescue distressed damsels, and to free them from wicked uncles, hobgoblins, or bears. Poor child, sometimes she talked to me about this—it irked her that always she had to fight for others—she whose whole life had been such a weary struggle. Once she asked to be the Princess herself, but they laughed at her, and said she would dwarf the whole thing.

“Never mind, Dolly,” I would say, “the Prince will come—have patience.” I wonder if I had had courage *then* to speak out—but no, it was better as it was. Poor child, she had pain enough as it was—let her feel that she had one unselfish, faithful friend.

We had such a beautiful Princess that year, and such a handsome Bear—in undress, I mean—such a bright, strong, self-reliant Bear, even I admitted that.

Each night Dolly had to fight with him, and rescue the weeping Princess from his grasp, and each night I could see it grew harder and harder for him that she should owe her salvation to another; and each day Dolly lost some of her brightness and lightheartedness, and grew paler and paler as spring came on, and our season drew near to an end. And the Bear never saw it at all; he had no eyes but for the Princess. I think she loved him in return—yes, I am

sure she did. I think I can tell the rest more easily if you will let me write it down as if Dolly herself were speaking. I saw it all, but she never thought of me at all. I found her and carried her in my arms, first home, and then, poor child, when the doctor shook his head and glanced round the poor, bare room, out again to the hospital, where my darling *died*.

* * * * *

“Oh! Bear, can't you see what it costs *me* to be your enemy even in pretence. Don't press me so hard, Bear; you know I *have* to conquer you now; but after I have removed this glistening armour—when the lights are turned out, and you have resumed your own shape—then you can take your Princess to your heart; and the poor Prince will hang up his sword and go out in the cold alone, and never trouble you at all.

The last night is come; it is all over now. Only once more I shall fight for the Princess—but only once. She has chosen her Champion from henceforward. . . . Oh, not so hard and fierce, Bear; I cannot fence so fast; your sword is sharp, Bear. Remember I am only a woman. The last night, Bear; have patience. The people clap—a fine bout is it not. A fierce, glorious fight! . . . Thank God, I had strength to go through to the end. Once I thought I must give in. . . . “How did I hurt myself? I slipped in the wings and fell—this sharp clasp pierced me—I fainted—but it is not much.”

* * * * *

“How peaceful it is here, so warm and bright. Heaven cannot be a happier place. The white beds, the flowers—the warmth and sunshine. The Princess come to see me! Ah! Princess, I am very happy. What is it that you say? *You saw it all*; and some day, *some day* you will tell him of that faithful heart. But no one else saw, Princess; only you and I. Don't cry, dear, it is much better as it is; next year he must be the Beast, and then he will win you himself at last, by right of your faithful trust in him. . . . Kiss me, Princess—my beautiful Princess—and say good night, for I am very tired.”

That was all. She saw the sun rise next morning and then she died. Died with a lie on her lips do you say? Well, perhaps she did, but she was very ignorant, poor child—and very, very faithful; and who shall say she shall not find mercy, for God is very merciful, and loves faithful hearts.

PIERROT.







Photographed by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, W.

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MISS MARION TERRY & MR. JOHN MASON,
IN "THE IDLER."

LADY HARDING: "Forgive my husband—he is very dear to me."

SIMEON STRONG: "Lady Harding, my brother was very dear to me."

—HADDON CHAMBERS' "THE IDLER."



Photographed by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, W.

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THE CHEVALIER SCOVEL.

"Three questions ask me never,
The land from whence I came,
Nor yet my race and name."

—"LOHENGRIN."

Our Portraits.

No. CCLXVIII.—MISS MARION TERRY AND MR. JOHN MASON.

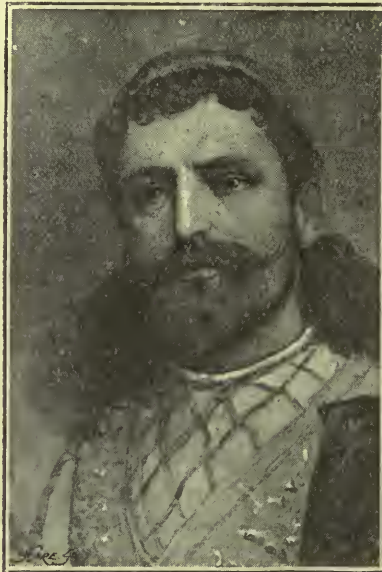
The group which we present to our readers this month is taken at the end of the second act of "The Idler," the play in which Miss Marion Terry and Mr. John Mason are now appearing at the St. James's Theatre. We sketched the dramatic career of Miss Marion Terry up to January last in our number of that month; since then she has won fresh laurels as Lady Harding, from her exquisitely tender and womanly representation of the character.

MR. JOHN MASON, the other subject of our photograph, was unknown to the generality of London playgoers until he appeared at the St. James's Theatre, when he at once established himself in public favour. Mr. John Mason first appeared on the stage at the Old Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1878, and is pleased to remember that he made his *débüt* at the oldest theatre in America. For many weeks he had little to do but to gain experience by watching the acting of others, or, as he puts it, "he practically carried a spear" till the late Lawrence Barrett came to the theatre to play a star engagement, and through that gentleman's recommendation Mr. Mason was engaged the following season as the "so-called singing and walking gentleman" of the Boston Museum. He remained there for five years and played every line of business known to the stage, with the exception of downright low comedy. Mr. Mason also sang a great deal in comic opera, and was the original "Colonel" in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience." At the end of the five years he was engaged as "leading man" there for three seasons. Mr. Mason's leanings are towards light comedy, though his latest successes in America were as Jack Dudley in "Hands Across the Sea," and as Harry O'Mailly in "The English Rose," which are, of course, strongly melodramatic parts. From his ability we think he may justly lay claim, as he does, to call himself a "general utility man," and, in our opinion, of the very first class. The press and public are universal in their praise of his performance of "Simeon Strong" in "The Idler."

No. CCLXIX.—THE CHEVALIER SCOVEL.

EDWARD BROOKS SCOVEL, the handsome subject of our portrait, known to the artistic world as the Chevalier Scovel, is an American by birth, and was born at Detroit, in Michigan, on May 6th, 1853. His father was a physician, and a gifted musical amateur. The Chevalier Scovel was intended to follow the medical profession, but having been encouraged by Dr. Scovel to cultivate music, which he had studied under Nicolao, a celebrated Italian professor of New York, the future *tenore robusto* at the age of twenty-two, when his father died, turned his attention to music as a profession. He made his first public appearance as Fernando in "La Favorita," at the Detroit Opera House, and gained great success as a concert singer. A wealthy marriage in 1877 with Marcia Ouseley Roosevelt, a daughter of Judge Roosevelt, which has turned out a very happy one, enabled the Chevalier to follow up his musical education in Paris with Belari for a year, and for six years in Milan, under Francesco Lamperti, and two years under Leone Giraldoni. To the latter *maestro* the Chevalier Scovel considers himself deeply indebted. After this long course of vocal education, the singer made his real *débüt* in "La Traviata" at Brescia, and from that time was an immense success, even with the critical Milanese audiences. His reputation was enhanced by his appearance as Faust, his resumption of his first character of Fernando, and by his magnificent rendering of Lohengrin. This brought him to the year 1886, when he came to England and joined the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and made his mark as Don José in "Carmen," but it was as Wagner's hero that he appeared with such success throughout the

provinces. The Chevalier Scovel returned to America to assume the position of principal tenor to the "Boston Ideals," and it was then that Mr. Horace Sedger was fortunate enough to engage him for the rôle of Chevalier de Bernheim in "La Cigale," to the success of which opera he has essentially contributed. During his various engagements the Chevalier has been associated in opera with Lilian Nordica, Terchier, Galletti, Marie Roze, Zélie de Lussan, and Emma Juch, all of whom have considered him a valuable support. The Chevalier Scovel looks back with pride and affectionate remembrance to the kindness he experienced at the hands of the great Mario, and to the valuable advice he received from him. Mario's opinion was—and one which he always forcibly impressed—that the voice reached its perfection at thirty-five, and that when the B flat would be reached, but that up to that time the singer must live a chaste and temperate life. The Chevalier relates to those who have the pleasure of his acquaintance many anecdotes of Mario, of his intense love for Signora Grisi, and his admiration and affection for the English nation. Of its public



THE CHEVALIER SCOVEL

As the Chevalier Franz de Bernheim in "La Cigale."
From an original water-colour drawing by A. C. Conrade.

Mario used to say "that once their favour was won, it was won for ever; an old favourite failing was forgiven for the sake of the past," and he recounted that at his farewell concert he sang without a voice, and only articulated "Spirito Gentile," but they remembered his past, and applauded for that past's sake—to use Mario's own words, "the love of the English public once won was like a woman's, won for ever." It was at Signor Mario's at Rome that the Chevalier Scovel used constantly to meet the Signor Rigoletto, a gentleman celebrated as an *avocat*, and also as a musician. It was he who used always to act as accompanist at the musical evenings, and it was to his experienced judgment and advice that the Chevalier considered himself much indebted. Any memoir of the Chevalier Scovel would be incomplete without mention being made of Giovanni, his *chef*, confidante, faithful friend and attached servant, who has been with his master for over nine years. It has been asked by some whence the Chevalier Scovel derives his title. It is his by the right of the several Orders which have been bestowed on him by crowned heads.



Our Play-Box.

"FORMOSA."

Drama, in three acts, by DION BOUCAULT.
 Revived at Drury Lane, Tuesday evening, May 26th, 1891.

	<i>August 5th, 1899.</i>	<i>May 25th, 1891.</i>
Tom Burroughs	Mr. J. B. HOWARD	Mr. CHARLES GLENNEY.
Lord Eden	Miss MAGGIE BRENNAN	Miss KATIE JAMES.
Compton Kerr	Mr. HENRY IRVING	Mr. MARK QUINTON.
Major Jorum	Mr. DAVID FISHER	Mr. AUSTIN MELFORD.
Dr. Doremus	Mr. BARRETT	Mr. WALTER RUSSEL.
Sam Boker	Mr. JOHN ROONE	Mr. JULIAN CROSS.
Bob Saunders	Mr. BRITTAIN WRIGHT	Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS.
Spooner	Mr. F. CHARLES	Mr. CECIL CROFTON.
Byfield		Mr. RONALD POWER.
Bancroft		Mr. H. MARTIN.
Sadler		Mr. F. BOLTON.
Cutts		Mr. R. KEMBLE.
Hervey		Mr. H. LILLFORD.
Merivale		Mr. DREINCOURT.
Lord Talbot		Mr. FAULKNER.
Burbage		Mr. J. STONER.
Jenny Boker	Miss K. RODGERS (Formosa)	Miss JESSIE MILLWARD.
Mrs. Boker	Mrs. JOHN BILLINGTON	Mrs. JOHN BILLINGTON.
Nelly Saunders	Miss DALTON	Miss MARY ANSELL.
Mrs. Lestelle		Miss CONROY.
Mrs. Dudley	Miss HUDSPETH	Miss ALICE KINGSLEY.
Sybil Fletcher		Miss BARTLETT.
Maud Lester		Miss ALICE SELBY.
Mabel Grace		Miss L. BROOKING.
Countess	Miss M. ELSWORTHY	Miss WINTER.
Constance Beresford		Miss WALLACE.
Edith Burroughs	Miss MACDONALD	Miss LE BERT.
Dudley		Mr. CLIFFORD LEIGH.
Policeman		Mr. MACVICARS.
Murray		Mr. FRANK DAMSER.
Cobb		Mr. THOMAS TERRISS.
Welch		Mr. JAMES DARLINGTON.

When "Formosa" was first produced, Mrs. Grundy professed herself to be terribly shocked, but though she blushed at the so-called immorality of the play, she went to see it so much that it put some thousands into the pockets of its lucky author and F. B. Chatterton, from whom it indirectly produced the now historical motto, "that Shakespeare spelt ruin and Byron bankruptcy," this of course when he was taxed with having deserted the legitimate drama. "Formosa" is one tissue of improbabilities from beginning to end. The fair frailty who drives such splendid equipages and lives such a life of luxury in London, goes home for a change to a quiet riverside inn that her parents keep, and they not knowing her evil career, look upon her as really the sweet, modest girl she appears to be. Tom Burroughs falls a victim to her charms, and though he is stroke of the Oxford Eight, and is to row in the coming race, he sits up all night, gambles, drinks champagne, and yet is supposed to keep himself in condition; for the very night before the great event comes off he is leading this life, he is locked up for "contempt of court," but in the nineteenth century the rest of the crew, assisted by prize-fighters, rescue him from the "myrmidons of the law" and he rows stroke and wins the next day. Then his sweetheart, Nelly Saunders, after having been brought up all her life as a lady by Dr. Doremus, is suddenly claimed by her evil dog-stealing father, and off she goes to penury with him, leaving benefactor and sweetheart almost without a tear. But there is plenty

of good scenery. There is a heap of vice and villainy in "Formosa," in Compton Kerr and Major Jorum; the sentiment dear to the gallery in Sam Boker, ex-pugilist, and his honest, good wife; and a plucky little nobleman in Lord Eden. There are the crowds on the towing path, and real men pulling in real outriggers (at least they appear to be doing so), and imitation steamers, etc., etc., and so the curtain falls to plenty of applause. Jessie Millward is a little out of her element as a vicious woman—she is better in virtuous characters; and Miss Katie James, though she plays the boy nobleman admirably, is a *little* too small for a man; Charles Glenney, Julian Cross, and Mrs. Billington (in her original character) are excellent; and Harry Nicholls, as Bob Saunders, makes as great a feature of the "d'ye want to buy a leetle dawg," as did Brittain Wright, who leapt into favour by his acting of the part. Miss Mary Ansell plays very sweetly, and Miss Le Bert is a good contrast to her as the more assertive Edith Burroughs. Miss Alice Kingsley was distinctly clever as the vulgarian Mrs. Dudley. Neither Mr. Mark Quinton nor Mr. Austin Melford were quite successful in characters on the proper illustration of which so much depends. "Formosa" will serve Mr. Harris's turn and no doubt will do well enough (for it is splendidly mounted) until such time as "Drink," with Mr. Charles Warner as Coupeau, is ready to produce.

"HUBBY."

Farceical comedy, in two tableaux, by H. A. SHERBURN.

Produced for the first time in London at the Shaftesbury Theatre, Monday evening, May 25th, 1891.

Mrs. O'Braggerty ..	Miss VICTORIA VOKES.	Major O'Braggerty ..	Mr. FRED MERVIN.
Mrs. Cattermole ..	Miss ANNIE FAWDON.	Mr. Hopscotch	Mr. WALTER EVERARD.
Mrs. Hopscotch	Miss LILIAN HINGSTON.	Bobbins.. .. .	Mr. FAWDON VOKES.

Ginger by "Orollo."

The above play is not noticed for its merits, for it is but a sorry piece of fooling, but it becomes interesting as a matter of record from the re-appearance of Miss Victoria Vokes, after an eight years' absence in America. Hopscotch is a gentleman who is tyrannised over by his mother-in-law, Mrs. Cattermole. He enters into a wild flirtation with an unknown lady, who pretends to come and consult him about her teeth. She has been for some time separated from her fire-eating husband, Major O'Braggerty, whom she wins back to her affections by dancing to him, having previously coached her admirer in that art and also in singing, as he is going to take part in some private theatricals. Miss Vokes, who was an immense favourite formerly with the public, has lost but little of her hold over them, for she sang well, danced with peculiar grace, and was full of spirits. Thanks to her and the remainder of the cast, "Hubby" passed muster. "Orollo" is a handsome St. Bernard, the property of Herbert J. Winter, and he is the original of the dog shown in the painting "Victims" in this year's Academy, and also "sat" for the well known picture "Trust."

"IBSEN'S GHOST; OR, TOOLE UP TO DATE."

"New Hedda," in one act. First produced at Toole's Theatre, Saturday afternoon, May 30th, 1891.

Geo. Tesman (an artist)	} Mr. G. SHELTON.	Peter Terence (her grandpapa)	} Mr. J. L. TOOLE.
Thea Tesman (his wife for the present) ..		Miss IRENE VANBRUGH.	

Although the author was not publicly announced, I believe I may thank Mr. J. M. Barrie (part author of "Richard Savage") for twenty-five minutes' incessant laughter, and it was laughter that one

did not feel shamefaced about, for one felt it had been produced by a really clever pen—the novel theories of the “Master” are so deliciously burlesqued. Here is Thea, formerly so innocent in her platonic love, now wedded to George Tesman, and she feels she must leave him, for she cannot control her propensity for kissing every man she meets. Whence comes this mad passion she asks her grandfather. As she dilates upon her mania he responds with “Ghosts! Ghosts!” and then he tells her it is all due to “heredity.” He erred with the opposite sex in that way many years ago. On his wedding day he kissed a pretty bridesmaid, and so he has handed down to her the unfortunate osculatory propensity. Then it suddenly becomes dark from a heavy storm without, and when the light breaks in on us again we find Thea transformed into Hedda



MR. J. L. TOOLE AS "PETE: TERENJE."

and Peter Terence appears as the very counterpart of Henrik Ibsen, as we know him from portraits of him. Hedda's tearing up the "hundreds of children" (the letters) is cleverly burlesqued, and then there is a delightful satire on the emancipation of women in Delia Terence's reproach of her husband, in that he has led far too moral a life, never introduced any but the most irreproachable characters to her, and never even given her a chance of being anything but the most orthodox of wives. Then comes the skit on the suicidal tendencies of Ibsen's heroes and heroines. These three characters shoot themselves with pop-guns, and to make the slaughter complete, George Tesman is shot down by his secretary. Miss Irene Vanbrugh very cleverly parodied the method of Miss Marion Lea as Thea, and in a lesser degree that of Miss Robins. Mr. G. Shelton was a second Scott Buist as George Tesman, and had caught the exact tone of his voice. Mr. J. L. Toole was very funny, and Miss Eliza Johnstone drolly caricatured the outraged feelings of the wife who has

been compelled to lead such a virtuous life. In the revival of "Chawles; or, A Fool and His Money" Mr. Toole filled his original character with his accustomed drollery.

"A NIGHT'S FROLIC."

Farceical comedy, in three acts (suggested by the German of Von Moser), by Mr. GUS THOMAS and Miss HELEN BARRY.

First produced in England at the Strand Theatre, Monday evening, June 1st, 1891.

Lady Betty Vane ..	Miss ALICE ATHERTON.	Mr. Oakley Sedley ..	Mr. P. F. MARSHALL.
Mrs. Sophie Sedley ..	Miss FLORENCE WEST.	Capt. Alfred Chandon	Mr. CHAS. S. FAWCETT.
Nellie Stanton ..	Miss GEORGIE ESMOND.	Mr. Claude d'Elmont	Mr. S. BARRACLOUGH.
Sarah ..	Miss VENIE BENNETT.	Phil Sawyer	Mr. WILLIAM LUGG.
Commodore Stanton..	Miss WILLIE EDOUIN.		

Miss Helen Barry made Lady Betty such a success when she played it some few months ago in America that Mr. Edouin was no doubt tempted to import the play so that his clever wife might appear in the same character, but though Miss Atherton was lively and amusing and got an immensity of fun out of her masquerading as a Chasseur d'Afrique, the piece was not altogether a success. I think this was, in a measure, owing to the several postponements. Actors and actresses can work themselves up for a "first night" once, or even twice, but when that eventful "first night" is again deferred the effect is almost the same as that produced by insufficiency of rehearsal—they are nervous; they have "trained too fine." Such was my impression on the opening performance, but I found a great change for the better later. Lady Betty Vane is a warm-hearted, impulsive creature, who, during her travels abroad, has fallen in love with a gentleman whose name she does not know. When she discovers that he is the man of her heart, and that he is the Captain Chandon that is intended for the husband of Nellie Stanton by the Commodore, Lady Betty determines she will do all she can to prevent the match. This laudable design of hers is much approved by Nellie and Claude d'Elmont, who are dying for each other. Commodore Stanton has formed great expectations of his prospective son-in-law, and is therefore terribly disgusted when Lady Betty personating him presents himself in uniform and proves to be a very effeminate fellow, and is apparently far too attentive to handsome Mrs. Sedley. So far does he carry this attention that the Commodore determines that he shall not sleep in the house, but in a detached building which the old sailor has had fitted up as his own particular snuggerly, which he calls his "cabin." Soon after Lady Betty is left alone at night the real Captain Chandon arrives, and, it being after hours, is told off to the same accommodation. Tired, he is thinking of retiring to one of the two bunks, when Lady Betty, at her wit's end, forces a quarrel on him, a most amusing duel takes place, and Lady Betty, being disarmed, is forced to confess her sex. In the last act there is more confusion, for Sedley and his wife have had a matrimonial quarrel; he has gone to town for a night's jollification, and Mrs. Sedley has spent the night at the Stanton's, leaving quite early in the morning, and the first news that Sedley receives on his return home is that his wife has eloped with Captain Chandon; the Captain being also thoroughly mystified for a time by imagining that Mrs. Sedley is Nellie Stanton (whom he has never seen), and that Lady Betty, who has masqueraded, is Mrs. Sedley. Of Miss Atherton's performance I have already spoken. The greatest praise should be awarded to Miss Florence West and Mr. C. S. Fawcett; they frequently held the play together when it appeared to be falling to pieces. Mr. Percy Marshall must also be commended

- PHIL SAWYER.
M^{rs} WILLIAM LUGG.



- COMMODORE STANTON.
M^{rs} RICHIE EDOUIN



"DAMME SIR!! IF HE DONT
SHOOT YOU AT SIGHT
I WILL!!"



LADY BETTY VANE " I'LL GIVE YOU A TASTE
MISS ALICE ATHERTON. OF THE MILITIA!!"

M^r CLAUDE D'ELMONT.
M^{rs} S. BARRACLOUGH.

M^o OAKLEY SEOLEY.
M^o PERCY F. MARSHALL.

- LADY BETTY VANE.

MISS ALICE
ATHERTON.
ACT III.



A. King Taylor



"YOU'RE, YOU'RE!!! NOT GOING TO RETIRE?!!!"

CAPT. ALFRED CHAN DON
M^r C. S. FAWCETT.

for his genuine light comedy. As an original and very natural character sketch Mr. William Lugg's Phil Sawyer could not be surpassed; he was every inch an old sailor trying to transform himself into a landsman. Miss Georgie Esmond was a pleasant, fresh young English girl as Nellie Stanton. Mr. Willie Edouin had not quite the opportunity he sometimes has, but he made of the Commodore a quaint, amusing old fellow. It was almost worth seeing "A Night's Frolic" if only for the sake of the second act—in the "Commodore's Cabin"—one of the most original and telling stage pictures of an old salt fitting up his snuggerly so that it should as nearly as possible be to him the same as his home on the waters.

"THE LOVE CHASE."

SHERIDAN KNOWLES'S comedy, in three acts.

Revived at the Shaftesbury Theatre for a series of five *matinées*, commencing Monday, June 1st, 1891.

Sir William Fondlove	Mr. GEORGE WARDE.	Lash	Mr. FENTON BOYDD.
Master Wildrake	.. Mr. E. H. VANDERFELT.	Stephen Mr. SAM T. PEARCE.
Master Truworth	.. Mr. WILLIAM CALVERT.	The Widow Green	.. Miss KATE HODSON.
Master Waller	.. Mr. HENRY ARNCLIFFE.	Lydia Miss HELEN FERRERS
Master Neville	.. Mr. A. GRENVILLE.	Amelia Miss DE GROOT.
Master Humphrey	.. Mr. PHILIP VINCENT.	Constance Miss FORTESCUE.

This prosy comedy was first seen at the Haymarket, October 9th, 1837, and on that occasion Mrs. Nisbett made her great success as Constance; Mrs. Glover was the Widow Green; Miss Vandenhoff, Lydia; Benjamin Webster, Wildrake; Strickland, Fondlove. Miss Amy Sedgwick made her appearance as Constance at the same theatre, March 7th, 1858, when Mrs. Wilkins made her *débüt* as the Widow. In 1877, Miss Sedgwick again appeared in the character at the same theatre with Miss Marion Terry as Lydia, Mrs. Chippendale as the Widow, and Mr. Howe as the Baronet. For the first of her Saturday afternoon performances at the Olympic, January 25th, 1879, Mrs. Bernard-Beere chose this comedy to appear in as Constance to the Wildrake of Hermann Vezin; William Farren as Fondlove; W. Herbert as Waller; Mrs. Chippendale as the Widow; and Mr. J. C. Buckstone made his first appearance in London as Truworth; Miss Blanche Henri (Mrs. F. H. Macklin) was the Lydia; and there also appeared in it Misses Huntley, S. Fane, Saville, and Gifford; with Messrs. Rowland Buckstone, Jesse, and Rolt to make up the cast. This was the last occasion on which the play had been seen in town, and though it may be acceptable to provincial audiences its day has gone by for London playgoers. It is antiquated, and the humours of the principal characters, whether as romantic or comic, appear out of place. Miss Fortescue, when she acts after her own method, shows great improvement; she is vivacious, spirited, and has gained power. What a pity it was, then, that a clever actress should so adopt, in the earlier scenes, the mode and method of a "reigning favourite," and not rely on her own strength. The Widow Green has been famous in the hands of Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Chippendale, and Mrs. Stirling, but Miss Kate Hodson was wanting in that humour that is so requisite for the display of the self-complacency and perfect reliance on her matured charms that the character demands. Mr. George Warde was a gallant though fatuous old gentleman, and Mr. E. H. Vanderfelt had his good moments as Wildrake. The Truworth of Mr. William Calvert was meritorious. Miss Helen Ferrers erred a little on the side of earnestness as Lydia

“THE GIFTED LADY.”

A new social drama, in three acts, by ROBERT BUCHANAN.
First produced at the Avenue Theatre, Tuesday evening, June 2nd, 1891.

Charles Dangleton	(Dramatic Author)	Mr. W. H. VERNON.
Dr. Plainchat	(His Friend)	Mr. SIDNEY HOWARD.
Algernon Wormwood	(Poet of the Future)	Mr. HARRY PAULTON.
Vitus Dance	(Critic of the Future)	Mr. W. LESTOCK.
Vergris	(A French Poet, <i>An de sticte</i>)	Mr. IVAN WATSON.
Biller	(A Page)	Mr. R. H. DOUGLAS.
Gabman	Mr. G. ARNOLD.
Badalia Dangleton }	(“Emancipated” Ladies)	{ Miss FANNY BROUGH.
Felicia Strangeways }	{ Miss CECILY RICHARDS.
Amelia	(An “Emancipated” Housemaid)	Miss LYDIA COWELL.

Time—The present day. Scene—London.
Acts I. and III.—Morning Room in the House of Dangleton. Act II.—The Poet’s Lair, Cursitor Street, E.C.

AUTHOR’S NOTE.—In venturing to present to English audiences the last great Social Drama of Eric Pluddermund, I have taken two daring liberties, by transferring the scene to London, and by altering the tragic ending. In the original, as every student of the master knows, Badalia and Grönost (the Algernon of my adaptation) hang themselves together in the linnen closet, while Felicia and Amelia emigrate to Utah with the hero. For the rest I have followed the spirit of the original as reverently as the Lord Chamberlain would allow me. The power of the work lies in its colossal suburbanism, and in its savage satire of the master’s own theories of feminine emancipation. Pluddermund has the supreme artistic merit of eternally contradicting himself as well as everybody else; hence his soubriquet of “The Chameloon.” If the present serious play meets with approval, I propose to follow it with one of Pluddermund’s humorous pieces; some of his adulterers, however see a certain grim humour in *Arcegoas* (Heredity).—ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Mr. Robert Buchanan’s intended or supposed skit upon Ibsen may be dismissed in a few words, for it was not a travesty of the Norwegian dramatist’s work, or of any work in particular. It was very dull, and gave one the impression of having been written in order to show up the supposed weaknesses or peculiarities of all those of whom Mr. Buchanan disapproves, or of whom he has a poor opinion. Badalia Dangleton having developed extraordinary ideas on the subject of the emancipation of women, and having constantly expressed her regret at having married “a funny man,” runs after Algernon Wormwood, and proposes to live platonically with him. Her husband, Charles Dangleton, adopts the homœopathic treatment of philandering with his pretty servant Amelia, and with Felicia Strangeways, a married woman, who has also left her husband “for the sake of Wormwood.” It need only be said that everyone in the cast worked so hard and effectually that they saved the piece from utter condemnation. The funniest thing in the whole play was the appearance of the emancipated housemaid in the divided skirt.

“A DOLL’S HOUSE.”

IBSEN’S play, in three acts: Mr. W. ARCHER’S version.
Revived at a *matinée* at the Criterion Theatre on Tuesday, June 2nd, 1891.

Thorval Helmer	Mr. FRANK RODNEY.	Anna (the nurse)	Mrs. E. H. BROOKE.
Dr. Rank	Mr. W. L. ABINGDON.	Ivar { Nora’s }	ERIC FIELD-FISHER.
Nils Krogstad	Mr. CHARLES FULTON.	Emmie { children }	CARYL FIELD-FISHER.
Porter	Mr. BROOKE.	Maid Servant	Miss BROOKE.
Mrs. Linden	Mrs. LUCIA HARWOOD.	Nora (Helmer’s wife)	Miss NORREYS.

Scene—In Helmer’s House (a flat) in Christiana.

Miss Norreys, a young actress who loses no occasion of endeavouring to gain experience, considered that the heroine in one of Ibsen’s plays would afford her a good opportunity for a fresh departure, and therefore appeared as Nora Helmer. It was a performance of very great merit, but I think that nervousness had something to do with the actress’s striking the key-note of the character too early in the play. Nora should be quite thoughtless and without any understanding of right and wrong until Krogstad absolutely threatens; but almost from the first Miss Norreys let us see that she felt she had done wrong in obtaining the money under the circumstances which she did, and without her husband’s knowledge. Her wayward moods were almost hysterical; they did not give one the impression of being the outcome of animal spirits. But

later, when the child-wife realises that she is a woman, the young actress displayed an intensity and a tragic power that was a revelation. The facial expression in the last act and her outburst to her husband were all that could be desired. The perseverance in becoming proficient in anything Miss Norreys undertakes was strongly illustrated in her dance. The Mrs. Linden of Mrs. Lucia Harwood was deserving of very high praise ; it was so firm and yet so tender. It was the realisation of the character of a completely unselfish woman, whose happiness consists in devoting herself to the service of others. Mr. Frank Rodney appeared to understand the manner of man Thorval Helmer is supposed to be—fond of his wife and good natured to her (as many selfish men are) so long as nothing that she does affects his credit or comfort, not angry at the commission of an ill deed so long as it is not found out and does not reflect upon him. He was also best in the third act. The Dr. Rank of Mr. W. L. Abingdon was not perfect, but he introduced some very natural touches in his final appearance in the play. The Nils Krogstad of Mr. Charles Fulton was, as on a former occasion, excellent, and Mrs. E. H. Brooke was a kind, motherly woman as the nurse. The little Field-Fishers are lovely children and well trained. Caryl was most amusing ; he is so young to have any lines to say.

“ROSENCRANTZ AND GULDENSTERN.”

A travesty on “Hamlet,” in three tableaux, written by W. S. GILBERT.

First produced (under the direction of the author) at the Vaudeville Theatre, Wednesday afternoon, June 3rd, 1891.

Rosencrantz.. .. .	Mr. S. HERBERTE- BASING.	Queen Gertrude.. ..	Mrs. T. WRIGHT.
Guldenstern	Mr. C. LAMBOURNE.	Hamlet	Mr. FRANK LINDO.
King Claudius	Mr. A. WATSON.	1st. Player	Mr. C. STEWART.
		Ophelia.. .. .	MISS MARY BESSLE.

Written many years ago, and having appeared in the pages of “Fun,” the author had looked upon this as one of his earlier works, not strong enough for the regular stage. Mr. Gilbert gave his permission that it should be played in private, and on one or two “invitation” semi-public performances. On each occasion it was looked upon as being such a clever and amusing piece of work, that at length leave was granted that it might be played at the “special benefit for the widows and orphans of the late crew of H.M.S. *Serpent*,” as held above. It had been hidden far too long, for it proved to be as witty and amusing to the general public as anything that had been seen for a long while. It is the very perfection of topsey-turveydom. Hamlet is made the son of Claudius and Gertrude ; his longing for soliloquy is never gratified, for whenever he commences he is interrupted. When he attempts to instruct the players, their “leading man” turns on him and reminds him that he had much better mind his own business, and when the “play” is performed it is found to be a tragedy, written by Claudius years before, and which was the cause of his ever present remorse. It had been hooted off the stage, and for producing it Hamlet is condemned to life-long banishment “to the Lyceum.” All those who appeared lent willing aid and were most amusing in their several characters, for they acted in the spirit of the travesty, the effect of which was greatly heightened by Mr. Lindo, who played his part in close imitation of Mr. Henry Irving, in voice, make-up, and gesture. On the same afternoon, a new comedietta in two acts, by W. Barrington D’Almeida, entitled “A Trip to Gretna,” was produced, of which no more need be said than that Mr. J. T. Macmillan was excellent as the Scotch blacksmith. A wild burlesque on “Chatterton,” by Albert

Chevalier, entitled "Shattered 'Un," which was amusing, again brought out Mr. Frank Lindo's mimetic power, and he reproduced Mr. Wilson Barrett to the life in the title-*role*. Miss Edith Kenward was clever as Mary, and Mr. Charles F. Barrett's low comedy as Bold'un showed promise. A burlesque, "Good Old Queen Bess," written by Walpole Lewin on old lines, contained the average number of puns and music hall ditties, arranged by William Robins. Charles Kenney as Queen Bess, Mr. Frank Smithson as Julius the Jester, and Miss Minnie Thurgate as Lady Maude were amusing, but it was to Miss Emily Spiller as Don Spainindo Opiano that the public was most indebted, for she sang, acted, and danced with great charm and vivacity. I must not dismiss the afternoon without calling attention to the excellence of Miss Nellie Ganthony in her clever musical sketch, "In Search of an Engagement." Lady-like, with a good voice and a keen sense of humour, Miss Ganthony is a valuable addition to our list of entertainers.

"SERGE PANINE."

Play, in five acts, from the French of M. GEORGES OHNET.
 First produced at the Avenue Theatre, Thursday afternoon, June 4th, 1891.

Prince Serge Panine..	Mr. LEWIS WALLER.	Jules	Mr. DREW.
M. Cayrol	Mr. W. H. VERNON.	Madame Desvarenes	Miss GENEVIEVE WARD.
Pierre de la Rue ..	Mr. WEBSTER LAWSON.	Micheline	Miss WEBSTER.
Henry Desvarenes ..	Mr. COMPTON COURTS.	Jeanne	Miss ESTELLE BURNEY.
Mr. Herzog	Mr. HAMILTON KNIGHT.	Cecile	Miss BAINES.
Marechal	Mr. H. DANA.		

The original French play founded by the author on his own novel, was produced at the Gymnase-Dramatique, Paris, January 5th, 1882. Mr. Charles Bernard purchased the English rights, and produced his version in the provinces with considerable success, but advantage was taken of the French novel having been published prior to the play, and Mr. Oscar H. Schou dramatised the story under the title of "Love's Anguish." His version was produced under the direction of Messrs. Holt & Wilmot at the Adelphi, on Wednesday afternoon, May 3rd, 1882, and resulted in a complete fiasco from its "stilted language" and wretched construction. The well-written version produced at the Avenue is in the main that made by Mr. Clement Scott, which he arranged for Mrs. Langtry, but having passed from that lady's hands into those of Lady Monckton, and subsequently into Miss Genevieve Ward's, it has been subjected to alterations. "Serge Panine" is a powerful but a rather sombre play, yet the interest in the various characters is so well maintained that it remains attractive till the fall of the curtain. Madame Desvarenes is a keen, firm woman in business, but to her daughter she can refuse nothing. Against her better judgment the mother consents to Micheline's marriage with Prince Serge Panine, an extravagant, worthless aristocrat who simply takes the girl for her money. He is actually in love with Madame Desvarenes' adopted daughter Jeanne, who so doats on him that she is persuaded by him into accepting Mons. Cayrol, a wealthy middle-aged banker who is devoted to her. She endeavours to do her duty by her husband, but unfortunately she meets with Serge Panine again, and constant communication with him relumes her passion and at last (in a very dramatically written scene) she yields to him once more, and their mutual confession is overheard by Micheline. Madame Desvarenes learns from her daughter that she has lost her husband's love, and almost at the same time that the Prince, whose extravagance and gambling have been unbounded, has been drawn into a base

speculation by M. Herzog, a scheming financier. Cayrol is to start for London to prevent the scandal of its discovery. He has had at one time some suspicion that his wife did not care for him, but Madame Desvarences has quieted it by assuring him that she will watch over Jeanne. Madame Desvarences is told by Micheline that so soon as Cayrol is gone, Serge Panine and Jeanne are to meet. The elder lady therefore tells Cayrol to pretend to start, but to return. He does so, to find the guilty couple together, and he is about to brain the seducer of his wife, when she throws herself in front of him, and his strong affection for her disarms him. In the last act Madame Desvarences taxes the Prince with his dishonour, and the loss of his good name; and says that she will clear him again at the cost of her fortune, if he will only give up his associations with Herzog and turn again to his wife. He has contemplated suicide and the pistol is on the table. As he rebels and insists on going his own way, she tells him to use the weapon on himself, but as he refuses and intends escaping with all the money that he has found in the escritoire, she bars his passage; he thrusts her away with violence and is opening the door, when Madame Desvarences raising the pistol, fires on him; he drops dead, and the curtain falls. Much depends on the character of Jeanne. This found a representative in a *débutante*, Miss Estelle Burney, a handsome young lady of dark, Italian style of beauty, who should have a great future, for she is impassioned, sympathetic, and has an excellent delivery; in her great scene with Serge Panine she took the house by storm. The gentle, modest love of Micheline was beautifully exemplified in Miss Webster's acting. Miss Genevieve Ward's Madame Desvarences was a powerful conception, the contrast between her intense motherly love and the firmness of the business woman was most artistically exhibited. Mr. W. H. Vernon, as the honest, unpolished banker M. Cayrol, goaded to desperation when he discovers the woman he loves, so much is false to him, added another to his list of successes. Mr. Lewis Waller (seen for the first time made up as a fair man), brought all his skill to bear on the difficult character of Prince Serge Panine and was well rewarded. Herzog is a vulgar and unprincipled German promoter of swindling companies, and both in make-up and delineation of the character Mr. Hamilton Knight left nothing to be desired. Mr. Webster Lawson as Pierre de la Rue, a discarded lover of Micheline's, was feeble. Mr. H. Dana did much with the small part of Marechal. The play was received with every demonstration of approval.

“THE LANCASHIRE SAILOR.”

By BRANDON THOMAS.

First produced at Terry's Theatre, Saturday evening, June 6th, 1891.

Ralph Ormerod	Mr. W. L. BRANSCOMBE	Alice Ormerod	Miss EDITH CHESTER
Alfred	Mr. BRANDON THOMAS	Martha Remnant	Miss D. DRUMMOND
Erasmus Ellerby	Mr. COMPTON COURTS		

For a considerable time past many of those whose duty takes them a great deal to the theatres, have thought, as I have, that any manager who would provide an evening's entertainment of three or even four short, well written plays, complete in themselves, would find ample patronage. I have advocated the plan as often as I have had the opportunity, and I am glad to find that Mr. George Edwardes has at last believed in the probability of its success. He started his venture on Saturday, June 6th, 1891, with three pieces. The first was a tender little play, the second was an amusing comedietta, and the third a clever and laughable satire on private theatricals. The idea will be

favourably received by the very many who do not care to sit out a whole evening, and who will know that at one house at least they can drop in and stay one or two hours and be amused, and make their visit fit in with other engagements, or not be compelled to hurry over dinner in order to lose nothing of the long pieces more frequently provided.

There is much humanity in the first little play, "A Lancashire Sailor," and the dialogue, if rather extended (as is sometimes the case with this author), is good. Alfred has been brought up by Ralph Ormerod, a farmer, and the lad and Alice have fallen in love with each other, some three years before the play begins. She was something of a coquette, and so they have a tiff and Alfred goes off to seek his fortune abroad. Alice regrets her thoughtlessness and turns to acts of kindness to those around her, and in nursing some poor people she is brought to death's door, but eventually recovers, though with loss of sight. Evil times come upon the old farmer, and he is likely to be evicted from his farm, when Alfred returns. He does not know of Alice's blindness, but proves himself constant and the same noble-hearted fellow he ever was. He discovers almost at the same time that he is wealthy and noble and that his sweet-heart is blind, and at once implores her to be his wife. Edith Chester played very sweetly; Brandon Thomas was a fine manly fellow; Dolores Drummond was most amusing as a faithful and garrulous old servant; and Compton Coutts made a capital character sketch of Erasmus Ellerby, the solicitor. There were some very touching little bits in this little play, which the audience appreciated. Then came at nine o'clock

"A COMMISSION."

By WEEDON GROSSMITH.

Marshall	Mr. FORBES DAWSON	Mrs. Hemmersley ..	Miss LILY HANBURY
Shaw	Mr. W. GROSSMITH	Parker	Miss DAY FORD
Gloucester	Mr. B. THOMAS		

Marshall, a well-to-do amateur painter, shares a studio with his poorer friend, Thangen, who has gone to Rome to complete his Academy picture. Mrs. Hemmersley, a rich young widow, sends a cheque with the "Commission" that the absent one shall paint her portrait. Marshall afraid that Thangen would lose the good chance, impersonates him, and the handsome widow falls in love with him during the great number of sittings he has insisted on. When she discovers the fraud through the chattering of Gloucester, the model, who takes her for one of his own fraternity, she is very indignant, as she thinks Marshall has defrauded his friend from interested motives, but Marshall soon explains matters away, for he is an ardent wooer, and the widow's heart pleads for him. Mr. Weedon Grossmith has treated his subject cleverly and made it pass the hour very pleasantly. He was excellent in his calm, undisturbed demeanour as the valet Shaw. Miss Lily Hanbury was exactly fitted for Mrs. Hemmersley, and played with great charm. She had a good lover in Mr. Forbes Dawson, and Mr. Brandon Thomas was humorous as the good-natured model.

The programme was completed, at ten o'clock, with

"A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL."

By CECIL CLAY.

Jack Deedes	Mr. C. P. LITTLE	Miss Lily } Eaton	Miss LAURA LINDEN
Sir Charles Grandson ..	Mr. A. DANEMORE	Miss Violet } Belgrave	Miss EDITH CHESTER
L-rd Arthur Pomeroy ..	Mr. W. GROSSMITH	Miss May } Russell	Miss RUBY TYRRELL
Capt. Tom Robinson .. .	Mr. B. THOMAS	Miss Rose } Portman	Miss TYRRELL
Lady Muriel Beauclerc ..	Miss HELENA DACRE	Lady Sloane-Willery	Miss DAY FORD
		Tomkins	Mr. W. JOHNSON

This was performed by the "Old Stagers" at Canterbury last year, and Miss Rosina Vokes has been most successful with the skit in America.

Jack Deedes is the unfortunate author of the pantomime "The Babes in the Wood," and his troubles as the stage manager of the amateurs are drolly set forth. Lord Arthur Pomeroy is a little nobleman who having conceived certain notions as to how the part of "first robber" should be played, throws up his part whenever his absurdities are thwarted. Sir Charles Grandison is the amateur scene painter and lime-light man, neither of which followings he understands. Lady Muriel Beauclerc is the Demon King and Queen of the Fairies. The Misses Eaton Belgrave are the "babes" who sing and dance, and the other ladies are fairies. When I say that all representing these characters enter thoroughly into the spirit of the burlesque, that there are some pretty songs and lively dancing (though more of these might be introduced with advantage), it may be gathered that the audience goes away in high good humour, none the less so perhaps because it is on its way home by 11 o'clock.

Cecil Howard.



Our Amateurs' Play-Box.

THE IRVING A.D.C. AT GLOUCESTER.

This newly formed club, of which Sir Lionel Darell is President, has no intention of disputing the ground with its thriving London namesake. And to make this clear they opened the ball at the Theatre Royal with Mr. Mark Melford's farce "Turned Up!" These initial performances were successful chiefly because Mr. Alfred Wells played Carraway Bones with much eccentric humour. Mr. Chappell brought General Baltic into prominence, never by inartistic means; Mr. Loudon was quiet and effective; and Mr. Bailey played as though acting were no effort; Mr. H. Bland showed promise as Capt. Medway; and Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Spence took what appeared to be their first plunge into dramatic waters without losing their heads. "Best Intentions" preceded the farce, and in this Mr. Bailey and Mr. Loudon worked very hard for a minimum of remuneration; and Miss Janette Young gave signs of developing into a useful actress in days to come.

"RIP VAN WINKLE" AT KILBURN.

With two delightful performances of Planquette's opera, Mr. Henry Baker brought his second season of comedy and opera to a close. The *mise-en-scène* was admirable and the handling of the chorus most inventive; Mr. Fox's beautiful costumes greatly helped to bolster up the romance of the play; and Miss Bertha Linden's exquisite dancing was one of the prettiest features in a pretty production. Much depended on Rip of course, and Mr. Henry Body though hardly a Fred Leslie, must be credited with dash and humour, and a measure of picturesqueness; Mrs. Frederick Jacks sang sweetly and played with grace and charm as Gretchen; Mrs. Edgar Fisher threw welcome liveliness into her sketch of Katrina, the village flirt; Mr. Rex Watney was rugged and not unimpressive as the Burgomaster; and Mr. Alfred Stalman touched in the lawyer with a little effective melodrama. Mrs. Rapson and Mr. Smith were useful in small parts; and Mr. Gilligan was genuinely funny and not a mere slavish copy of the famous original as Nick Vedder. Miss Ethel Chipperfield and Miss Dorothea Cover made the most of Alice and "leedle Jan;" Miss Edith Walker was sprightly and boyish as Hans; and the Goblin Crew, headed by Mr. Meirion Davies and Mr. Theodore Distin, lent the close of the second act just the eerie charm it needed.

"A LESSON IN LOVE" AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

In ail of the funds of the Norwood Cottage Hospital, Miss Blanche Grey revived this never stale and never dull old play, of which nothing nowadays can be said in praise, yet nothing in common gratitude can be urged in blame. And for the sake of childhood's happy hours we settle down to it yet once again, and set to considering the newest Anastasias and Babbiebrooks, and the rest of the curiously-named stage-folk. Well, they were much the same as ever. No one has troubled to try and bring *them* up to date, supposing the miracle could be accomplished. Orlando frisks and whisks to the joy of everybody, and Mr. Harden, a light comedian who in this part runs even Mr. Colnagni close, adds vastly to his reputation by an airy, bantering performance, both finished and fantastical. Mr. Oughton delivers Babbiebrook's absurd speeches with quaint inflection and diverting gesture; Mr. Leighton is *gauche* as the shy Captain should be; Miss Isabel Maude is quite the most winning widow we have seen; Miss Maude Oldham is a pretty ward; and Miss Blanche Grey, abandoning heroines in order to bridle and flirt in the skimpy ringlets of the amorous old maid, only partially succeeds. "That Blessed Baby" brought Mr. Oughton and Miss Lizzie Henderson upon the scene, and these two almost made us forget how silly and vulgar the piece is.

THE THESPIA A.D.C. AT KILBURN.

To say of a picture, as is often said in its praise, that it shows great and earnest labour, is to say that it is incomplete and unfit for view. These are wise words, the words of an unwise man—Mr. James McNeill Whistler, to wit—and they apply with peculiar force to the *début* of the last-established London club. The subjects of their pictures were "On Guard" and "Bamboozling," subjects we have seen treated from every conceivable point of view. The method they adopted was that of Mr. Frith, frankly and baldly *bourgeoise*. The obvious pains they had been at stirred many to pity and most to applause. But this was not their desert. There were visible signs of "great and earnest labour," but the pictures—for want of a master hand to guide, to perfect, to check—were "unfit for view." Mr. Marshall showed strength and dignity as Denis, a Stanley seen by a Fleet Street romancer. Mr. Brett Biggs was duly heavy as the dragon. Mr. Lewis burlesqued the stage attorney with assiduity and humour. Mr. Brice Beaton spoke Kavanagh's lines without over-pointing them. Mr. E. W. Beaton put life and energy into his version of Guy. Mrs. Cecil Lamb was arch and *piquante* as the witty widow. And Mrs. Arcscott Bartrum was gentle and winning and omnipotent as the modest maiden. But oh, how they showed up the seams in this worn out piece of patchwork. The day of "On Guard" is past and gone.

THE DUMFRIES ART CLUB AT THE THEATRE ROYAL.

"In Honour Bound" and "War to the Knife" formed the programme. The first piece depends entirely upon the Q.C.; if he is strong and firm and interesting, it is all Lombard Street to the now obsolete China orange that the play will move a houseful. Luckily Mr. Junner was equal to the occasion; he was natural, weighty, incisive, and he had a strain of quiet tenderness that made the end unusually stirring. Mrs. Junner has variety of expression and great self-command; her rendering of Lady Carlyon was therefore as it should be, that of a woman of the world, not an emotional heroine false to this truthful peep into a London drawing-room. Miss Thompson and Mr. O'Duffy were the lovers, and if they played without distinction, they were at least pleasant and young and natural. In the comedy, the central figure is Nubbles. "When you go to Byron, you must do as Byron asks you to do," and Mr. Wellwood Anderson fully realised the truth of the maxim. His business was to set peals ringing, and barely a word or a look failed to get its desired laugh of understanding and amusement. Mr. Norman McKinnell was quiet and forcible as John Blunt, a praiseworthy piece of acting; Mr. Costin made Captain Thistleton something more than a smiling villain patent as such to the world; and Mr. Smith as Mr. Harcourt was not beneath the average of the amateur hero. Mrs. Gillespie's very strictly restrained Mrs. Harcourt was of positive value in that it threw into the clearest relief Mrs. Junner's vivacity and vigour as the winsome widow Mrs. Delacour; and Miss Thompson and Miss Costin in small parts played brightly.

“SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING” AND “GOOD FOR NOTHING” AT HELENSBURGH.

Mrs. Kendal has shown everyone how the brave Anne Carew should be played, and all they have to do is to tread as nearly as they can in her footsteps. Mrs. Tarry has not any great reserves of passion, but her voice rings true, her attitudes are expressive, and her gestures, though few, are eloquent and forcible. Mr. H. B. Tarry, as Jasper, bore himself like a cavalier, and declaimed like a hero; and few amateurs would have done more than he with this weakly gentleman. Mr. W. R. Cruickshank was bold and bluff and vigorous as Kirke, “the vilest of the vile;” Mr. Mackenzie Hughes, a good low comedian with a little force behind his fun, revelled in the quaintnesses of Kester Chedzoy; Miss Francis Templeton made a sweet but very youthful Dame Carew; and the babe-in-the-hood and coy Keziah were played with much prettiness by the Misses Tarry. After a curious rendering of Longfellow's “Children's Hour,” came Buckstone's farce. In Mrs. Oliphant's work as Nan there were many evidences of intelligent study, but fitful effects did not succeed in creating an illusion. Mr. Gillett was not bad as Simpson; and Mr. Bloomfield Smith as Tom put a powerful shoulder to the wheel and at moments sent the play rushing along, but the piece has been so brilliantly done even in the wilds of the country that the performance seemed very thin and tame and stupid.

“OUR BITTEREST FOE” AND “THE DOWAGER” AT SOUTHSEA.

A contingent of the garrison appeared at the Portland Hall in aid of the Home for Sick Children, T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Connaught being present. The spirit of Mr. Gardner's drama had scarcely been caught by the actors. Mr. Haig struggled with artistic purpose to show the emotional side of the old warrior, and frequently his work was very clever; Major Chapman, too, attacked Henri's terribly arduous scenes with wonderful energy; and Miss Luckraft had slight difficulty in winning the sympathies of her audience. But there was a want of cohesion, that more than once put a full stop to the reality of the scene. The comedy was frankly and freely offered and accepted as a stage play, and similar jars and the creakings of the machinery really interfered but little with anyone's enjoyment. Major E. M. Flint had much of the requisite lightness and grace and finicking finish of Lord Alfred Lindsay; and Mrs. Younger, a veritable picture in her superb gown, a mixture of Gainsborough and Watteau fashions, was as merry and arch and playfully scornful as ever a Countess of Tresilian has been. Mrs. Alfred Brooke as Lady Bloomer played with rare spirit; and Mrs. Lamotte made a dainty and charming Margaret. Lieut.-Col. A. de V. Brooke as the impetuous Chasemore reproduced many of the typical airs of the gallant of the past; and Mr. Haig, casting off the airs of romance and appearing in the guise of a light comedian, played the bashful Edgar with delightful humour and timidity.

THE ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S A.D.C. AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

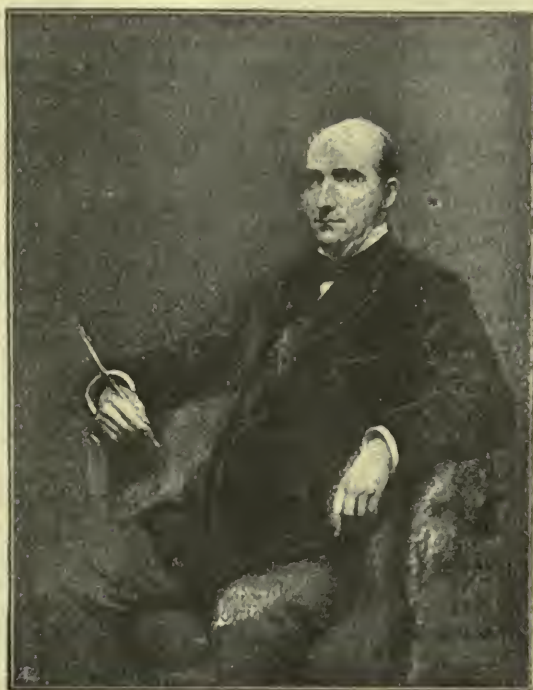
“It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,” that stays the pen, thins the gall, and engenders mercy in a heart erstwhile of fiery flint. For the funds of the Free Hospital was the crime committed; and for this must mercy be extended. But, though the verdict be “Not Guilty,” the timely warning of that canny Scotch jury must be echoed. “Don't do it again.” For to sit through such a performance of “On Guard” a second time might drive some folk to madness. The St. Bart's. is a young club, of course. Let it not disdain a word of advice: Never to move again, save under the autocratic direction of a good stage-manager. With such a man, the inaudible will become intelligible, the halting will run and the lame walk. Such piteous spectacles of artistic crippledom as many of their members presented would then be impossible. And an inexhaustibly good-natured audience would not be driven to the verge of despair. Mr. Valerie put a little go, and youth, and nature into Guy Warrington; Mr. Thorne, with the license of the low comedian, did not stay his hand a moment in his struggle for laughs as Grouse, the impossible attorney; and Druce, the body-servant, became a centre of attraction through the admirable restraint and humour of Mr. Forman. But to Miss Kate Graves and Miss B. Morris the sum of gratitude is due. The former as the widow was delightful, the latter as Jessie was pretty and sweet. They were the oases in a well-nigh trackless desert. Without them, what might not have been the hallful's fate?



Art Notes.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

The Royal Academy Exhibition of 1891 is quite an average one, in fact perhaps a little above the average. There is in it no strikingly imaginative work, but there are more than usual proofs of sound, conscientious labour productive of good results. The portraits, of which there are many, strike one, with few exceptions, as being peculiarly stiff and unnatural in pose, though many are excellent likenesses. Beginning with the president, Sir Frederick Leighton, his "Perseus and Andromeda" (147) is for this artist coarse in treatment; it is his "Return of Persephone" (232) that is worthy of his name. The canvas



ARTHUR W. PINERO, ESQ.

From a painting by Joseph Moriceau, exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1891.

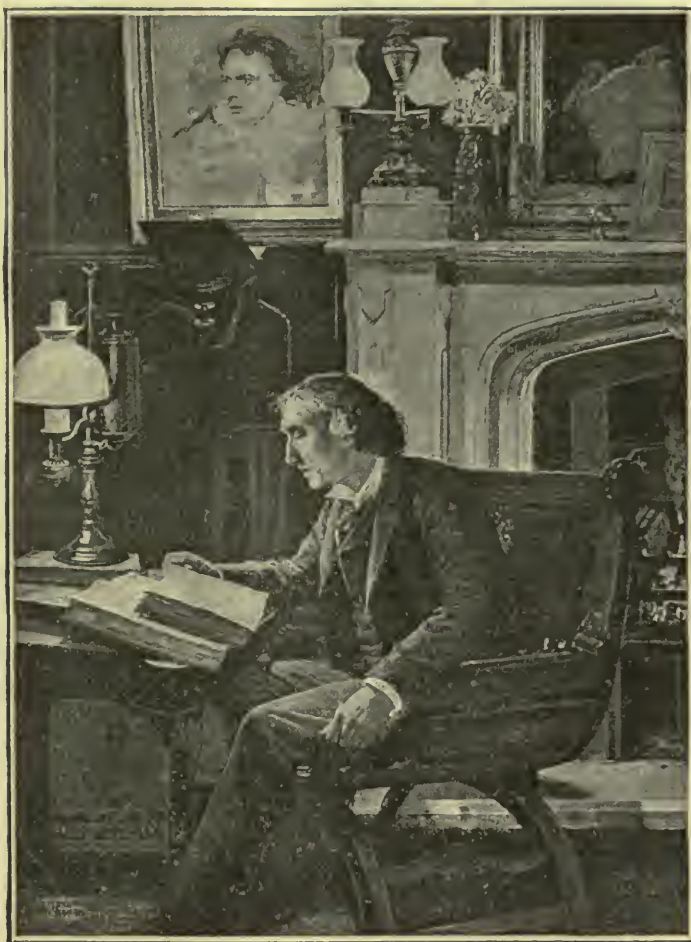
that will be best remembered, and is altogether deserving of the highest praise, is Luke Fildes' "The Doctor" (199), conception, composition, and feeling are alike exquisite. Alma Tadema gives us the most human picture of his that we have had for years in "An Earthly Paradise" (298), "All the heaven of heavens in one little child;" the beauty of maternity is revealed to perfection. From Sir John Gilbert we have one of his distinctive pictures, "Don Quixote Discourses upon Arms and Letters to the Company of the Inn" (225). W. Reynolds Stephens' "Summer" (292) is a delicate work; and J. B. Burgess gives us one of his richly-coloured Spanish scenes in "Making Harness in Seville" (243). From Stacy Marks comes one of those humorous bird studies in "A Select

Committee" (259). A. Verey contributes a faithful study of nature in "A Norfolk River" (280), and we have another in Vicat Cole's diploma work, "Autumn Morning" (267). Of Napoleonic subjects there is no end, and so Ernest Crofts sends "The Morning of Waterloo: Napoleon's Headquarters" (332), it is interesting. There is much feeling in George F. Cook's "The Spendthrift's Legacy" (394), a poor widowed girl returning to her old home with her babe. Mary L. Waller's "Card Dealer" (440) is expressive and well painted. One of the imaginative productions is J. W. Waterhouse's "Ulysses and the Sirens" (475), a picture that will bear returning to again and again. A beautifully pure and almost sacred feeling is imparted by St. George Hare's "The Victory of Faith" (489), two early Christians asleep in the arena. Keeley Holswelle's "Banks of the Ouse" should not be passed by. There is dramatic strength in H. Gillard Glindoni's "Proscribed: An Incident of the French Revolution" (511); and power in Harrington Mann's "Attack of the Macdonalds" (516). The eager longing and wonder and admiration that children feel is admirably shown in T. B. Kennington's "The Toy Shop" (527), which is worthy of being better hung. John S. Sargent's "La Carmencita" (544) will be much talked about, but will not satisfy everyone. W. H. Margetson has nearly succeeded in producing a great work in "Pygmalion" (554), representing the sculptor's almost adoration as the work of his hands is gradually warming from cold stone into vivid rosy-hued life. Val C. Prinsep's painting, "The Emperor Theophilus Chooses His Wife" (649) is noticeable for the rich colour and the play in the features of the various aspirants. A tender nude figure by Henrietta Ræe represents "La Cigale" (664) when the winter comes upon the improvident one. There is a fine animal study in W. Frank Calderon's "Annual Inspection of Horses at the Anchor Brewery, Mile End" (671). Frank Dicksee's "The Mountain of the Winds" (714) possesses great beauty and imagination, but is at the same time slightly grotesque. One of the genuinely humorous subjects is Alfred W. Strutt's "In a Fix" (743), an old woman going to market with her poultry in her cart, and her cunning donkey that draws it refusing to budge in the middle of the ferry. B. W. Leader's "Sand-Dunes" (982) is worthy of his brush. Solomon J. Solomon distinguishes himself by his poetic treatment of the hackneyed "Judgment of Paris" (988). There is breadth and atmosphere in David Murray's "Mangolds" (996); and the terror of the old witch and scandalmonger is faithfully depicted in William Strutt's "Taming the Shrew" (1006). "Still Life" (1031-2-3) is a marvellous study of dead game by Otto Scholderer; and the agony of mad terror is expressed in the horses escaping in W. Frank Calderon's "Fire!" (1034). One of the cleverest sporting subjects is a covey of partridges coming, as it seems, out of the canvas, by Thomas Blinks (1058); another one is J. C. Dollman's "My Turn Now" (1065), a fox at liberty to rob the farmyard, the hounds in kennel owing to the snow. "Cinderella: Grimm's Fairy Tale" (1076), by Fred Hall, is a pretty conceit of all sorts of birds. The beauty and adoration of the penitent sinner is great in "Christ and the Magdalene" (1086), by Arthur Hacker, and there is infinite pathos in Claude Calthrop's work (1091), a poor creature exhausted with trying to earn a starvation wage at shirt making. "Soldiers and Sailors: the Salvation Army" (1119), by Stanhope A. Forbes, is a study of character; and B. W. Leader's "Still Evening" (1130) is poetic. "For of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven" (1138), a child's funeral, by Frank Bramley, will appeal to many; and "Victims" (1156), a boy and girl with a St. Bernard and a white kitten on its back, by Arthur J. Elsley, is clever. Briton Riviere's masterly though not perfect three drawings of "A Mighty Hunter Before the Lord" (21-2-3), an Assyrian King and lions, must not be forgotten; nor the extraordinary picture of "African Panthers" (110), by John M. Swan. The portraits by W. W. Oules and Prof. Herkomer are the best of those on exhibit, but the latter artist has specially distinguished himself in his powerful subject, "On Strike" (77), his diploma work. This is one of the features of the Academy. Of other portraits that will specially interest readers of THE THEATRE are those of "Madame Antoinette Stirling," by J. Doyle Penrose (80); not the most pleasing, perhaps, "Mrs. Charles Kettlewell" (Miss Edith Woodworth) (188), by Frederick Goodall, idealised to a degree, but very beautiful; "Herr Wiener" (310), by F. Burgess; "Miss Alice Gomez," by Ernest G. Beach (692); and a water-colour, a very happy likeness, by Josephine Gibson, of Mr. George Alexander. Among the sculpture, attention may be called to "Houp-la," a relief, by Gilbert W. Bayes; to

Beatrice M. Brown's "Cupid" (2021); to a posthumous bust of the late Mr. Charles Hengler (2059) by H. Richard Pinker; and to the best group in the exhibition, a work in bronze, "Hounds in Leash" (2096), by Harry Bates. We reproduce the very striking portrait of Mr. A. W. Pinero; this, by Joseph Mordecai (414), is one of the best pictures in the exhibition, not only from its intrinsic merit as a work of art, but from the excellence of the likeness and the easy, natural pose.

NEW GALLERY.

Here we have more imagination than in the older gallery, but in some cases it is imagination run riot, and the artists have painted almost as though they



HENRY IRVING, ESQ.

From a painting by W. H. Bartlett, exhibited in the New Gallery, 1891.

were for a time subject to some hideous nightmare, but there is much that is interesting and valuable in the collection that Messrs. Comyns Carr and Hallé have got together. We see some of the late Keeley Halswelle's best work in "Kings of the Forest" (4), and Henry Moore has two seascapes full of life and atmosphere in 6 and 16. One of the most appreciable works is that of H. S. Tuke, "The Lamp Cleaners" (12). Hilda Montalba gives evidence of her Dutch training in "Spring Morning: Venice" (20), and Clara Montalba in her

charming "Piozetta: Venice" (257). There is a peculiar glint of light in David Murray's autumn picture (39), and stirring life in E. Matthew Hale's "Marriage by Capture" (49). T. C. Farrer's "Lingering Light" (55) is poetic. E. Burne-Jones has three exhibits, "The Star of Bethlehem" (63)—one of those works marvellous in detail and colouring, which the artist's admirers almost worship, and which appeals but to a select few—his "Sponsa di Libano" (34) is imaginative; 331 is but the sketch for his great picture. Edwin Hays gives us four of his breezy salt-water canvasses, three from in and about Padstow (93, 95, 268), and one from Yarmouth (144). Alma Tadema has a charming picture of "Love in Idleness" (96), blonde and brunette Roman maidens. And of other Roman subjects that are specially worthy of notice are Edward J. Poynter's "Knucklebones" (11), J. R. Weguelin's "Old Love Renewed" (22), and W. B. Richmond's "Bath of Venus." Mrs. Kate C. Hastings' "Moses and Aaron before Pharoah and his Magicians" (117) is clever in conception and workmanship. For humour commend us to E. H. Boughton's "The Winter of Our Discontent" (133), an old rustic descanting on his troubles to a young lady; and Heywood Hardy's very realistic "Tam o' Shanter" (255). For weird subjects we must turn to G. F. Watt's "The Nixie's Foundling" (9); to J. T. Nettleship's "The Flood" (145), a remarkable picture of animal terror and despair. Philip Burne-Jones' "Earth—rise from the Moon," (190), with craters and a skeleton, jagged rocks, an uncanny light, incomprehensible, but fascinating after a measure; and "The Eifer" by William Stott of Oldham (75). There is imagination turned to good account in J. W. Waterhouse's "Circe" (153), melodramatic in treatment, but an exquisite bit of colouring. Adrian Stokes' "The Setting Sun" (157) is a beautiful luminous landscape. The horses are excellently drawn in J. P. Beadles' "Carry Lance Eyes Right" (233); and a clever piece of work in Edward Stott's "The Horse Pond" (249). Among the portraits that will attract attention are Edwin A. Ward's of "Lord Randolph Churchill" (52), Sir John E. Millais' "of a lady" in red velvet (156); Professor Herkomer's of "Lady Helen Fergusson" (168); J. J. Shannon's of "The Duchess of Portland" (183); the Hon. John Collier's of "Rudyard Kipling" (192), the best of his exhibits; F. Goodall's of "Beatty Kingston" (236), excellent of a former valued contributor to THE THEATRE; Sir Arthur Clay's of "Herr Joachim" (240); Percy Bigland's of the "Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone" (179). The colours in C. E. Hall's "Cherries" (70), a little girl and a pet starling and fruit, are daring but harmonious. In the balcony are two frames containing each seven pencil drawings of celebrated characters (325 and 333), which are interesting, and a drawing of beautiful Miss Julia Neilson (293), by W. Graham-Robertson, which we reproduce. There is also a portrait of the great actor-manager "Henry Irving" (195), by W. H. Bartlett, which shows him in his study, and of which we also give a reproduction.



Musical Notes.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL REHEARSAL.

There has been a lively prelude to the solemnities of this year's Handel Festival, in the shape of a passage of arms between Mr. Ebenezer Prout and Mr. Bennett on the subject of additional accompaniments. It must be pretty well known, even to those who are willing to take oratorio performances as they find them, that when they listen to the Messiah, for instance, they do not hear the score just as Handel wrote it down, but a different arrangement amplified and filled in by a later hand, most probably, in the case of the Messiah, by Mozart. But the ordinary incurious listener is not perhaps aware



MISS JULIA NEILSON.

From a drawing by W. Graham-Robertson, exhibited in the New Gallery, 1891.

of the absolute necessity of these additional accompaniments. Possibly he regards them as little finishing touches introduced to please the modern ear. But they are really much more than this; they are an attempt to fill in by modern orchestral means the bare outline which Handel sketched, to be filled in by the conductor or accompanist on the harpsichord. For Handel's orchestra was essentially different from that of our day; it contained instruments which are now obsolete, it knew nothing of others now prominent, and above all, its principal component, was the extinct *celesta* or harpsichord. It is in this harpsichord part that the necessity for additional accompaniments arises, for it was not written down at all, except in the form of a figured bass or sometimes a series of bass notes without any figures. Of course, in actual performance, the composer himself supplied the harmonies, but he has left us nothing but the merest hints as to what sort of accompaniment he supplied. Now Mr. Bennett, as the musical critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, of course knows all these things full well, yet for the sake of argument he chooses to adopt the views of the unlearned, and to cry out for Handel in his integrity. It is a pious wish, like that of the Scotch divine, who being troubled about the interpretation of a passage in the Hebrew scriptures, took up the version of King James with the remark, "Let us turn to the original." Mozart's revision of the Messiah is no more Handel than the Authorised Version of the Psalms is David; and Mr. Prout has been completely successful in showing, first, that Handel in his integrity is impracticable; and secondly, that if practicable we should find it deadly dull. If there are any who remain unconvinced by Mr. Prout's reasoning, let them borrow an old harpsichord, import some of the coarse-voiced old oboes which are believed to linger in Germany, find a player on the *Viola da Gamba*, if there is one left, and then give a performance of one of Handel's earlier works. It would be extremely interesting as an antiquarian curiosity, but very little likely to be repeated. It so happens, however, that in to-day's programme, there is one work which is capable of being performed in accordance with the original score. It is a *Gloria* set for double chorus and string orchestra with organ. The only part in this composition which has required retouching, is the organ part, and, so far as may be judged from a single hearing, the work of arranging this from the figured bass has been performed with excellent discretion by Mr. Alfred Eyre. This is an early composition, bearing date, Rome, 13th July, 1707; but in all probability it has never been heard in public—certainly not since the date of Handel's death—until the present day. The history of the work is not a little curious. The original manuscript was lot 187 in a sale at Puttick & Simpsou's, in January, 1858, when it was purchased by the late Thomas Kerslake, of Bristol, for sixty guineas. The greater part of Mr. Kerslake's collection was destroyed by fire in 1860, and this MS. perished in the flames. But another copy turned up in the auction room of Messrs. Sotheby, in 1878, and was purchased by Mr. W. H. Cummings, to whose reverence for the name of Handel this present revival is due. It is a work of no importance in itself, but as the first double chorus ever written by the master, it is peculiarly interesting; and in the scheme of the present general rehearsal, this interest is enhanced by its juxtaposition with the massive double choruses of the plagues from *Israel*. In addition to the *Gloria*, four other works are new to these Festivals, and two of them furnished the greatest successes of the general Rehearsal. The overture to the opera "*Giustino*," and the Bourrée from the Water music, are two of Handel's most delightful compositions, fresh, good-humoured, and innocent from beginning to end. Mr. Manns secured an excellent performance of both, despite one slip in the strings, and the audience greeted them both with a spontaneous expression of delight. The extract from the fifth Chandos Anthem, though not an absolute novelty, deserves notice from the fact that it furnished a specimen of the way in which additional accompaniments ought to be written. Those supplied by Mr. Battison Haynes were an excellent example of the necessary filling in, without any of that overlaying to which the late Sir Michael Costa too long accustomed us.

The Handel Festival is the only approach to a national art gathering which we possess in Great Britain—in fact, if we except New Wimbledon, it is the only national gathering of any kind. This year thirty-nine centres of population—from Glasgow in the north to Penzance in the south-west—send a contingent of choristers or instrumentalists, or both, to the central transept of the Crystal Palace. Naturally everyone's first question is, What is the chorus like? The opening *Hallelulah* affords a fairly satisfactory answer. The basses are

superb in volume of tone, in enunciation, in fact in every qualification, but at first it appears as if the other three voices were distinctly inferior. In the Chandos Anthem the altos get their chance, and succeed in showing that first impressions have underrated their abilities. They are a better body of altos than have been assembled before at any recent gathering. But to the end the sopranos and tenors fail to come up to the standard of the two lower divisions, and the choral balance suffers in consequence. In precision of attack, however, in musical knowledge and accuracy of reading, the chorus as a whole is excellent. One false start they made in the first chorus of the Chandos Anthem, one misunderstanding of the beat in "Wretched Lovers," but with those two exceptions they went through the whole of the selection with absolute accuracy. It must be remembered that no chorus ever does itself complete justice in the Handel orchestra. It is not merely that the vast sphere in front dwarfs the volume of sound, but that the distance which separates the front from the rear of the orchestral body is such as to render it impossible for notes sounded simultaneously to reach the ear of the listener at the same instant. There is a fraction of a second's difference between the time at which the note of the front violin reaches the end of the hall and the time at which the note of the voice of the rearmost alto reaches the same point. In broad *legato* movements this does not matter, but in *staccato* passages or rapid divisions the difference becomes perceptible, and the result is a somewhat blurred rendering of passages which in actual execution may be models of precision.

It would be unjust to record the success of the present Festival without mentioning the name of Mr. Manns. In a touching little speech to his Glasgow friends not many weeks ago Mr. Manns told how, sixty-six years ago, he had been placed in a cradle which stood in a poor Pomeranian glass-blower's cottage, how his earliest recollections were of privation, and how these present days of prosperity and honour were rendered doubly sweet to him by the remembrance of early struggles. As he takes his place in the Handel orchestra to-day, Mr. Manns receives an assurance that he has done very much more than gain for himself a position of honour and prosperity; he has gained for his art a place which it would never have held in the country of his adoption but for his exertions. He has not merely made himself, he has created a public; and his place at the head of a National Musical Festival is his by right of universal acclamation.

J. B. CARLILE

MUSIC RECEIVED.

MR. JOSEPH WILLIAMS, Berner's Street W.—A simple and fairly pretty ballad is "Love's Dawning," by Violet Barkworth and Alfred Cellier. The song, however, has not the melody in it one would expect from this composer.—"Saionara," a Japanese love-song, by Fergus Hume and Charles Willeby, has just the melody the last mentioned lacks, and consequently will soon become popular; altogether a charming composition.—"Bid Me to Stay," by J. S. Adair Fitz-Geald and L. Barone, is a well thought out song, and will no doubt be appreciated in the drawing-room.—We could have wished that the very pretty melody by "Bonnie Wee Thing," one of the six songs by Robert Burns, set to music of C. Stewart Macpherson, had been reserved for an English ballad; those, however, who care for, and can correctly utter, Scotch words, have a very pretty song to purchase.—We cannot speak very highly of No. 4 of the same series, "Oh! My Love's Like a Red, Red Rose."—"Happy Days," by Henly Thomson and A. Strelzke, is a capital song with 'cello and flute accompaniment; and the author's alterations in the score are a great improvement.—An operetta in two acts (for treble voices) "Vingt-et-Un," by Lucy and Virginia Wintle; and "The Wild Swans," a dramatic cantata for female voices, by M. C. Gillington and E. A. Horrocks, must receive our commendation; it is a pity that with the latter piece the right of representation is reserved, as this will be likely to retard its popularity.—"Awake," a song by E. F. Weatherly, music by Mrs. Arthur Goodeve is almost as successful as the same composer's "Ah! Well-a-Day."

MESSRS. W. MORLEY & Co. send us "For Ever in Our Dreams," a song by C. Bingham and Oscar Verne; "To Althea from Prison," by Col. Lovelace and W. G. Whinfield; and a gavotte, "Zarita," all of which are commendable.



Our Omnibus-Box.

Mr. J. L. Toole, encouraged by the success of "Ibsen's Ghost," produced on Saturday afternoon, June 13th, another novelty in the shape of an old farce, a favourite with the public, transformed into a "play without words," and entitled "Ici on (ne) parle (pas) Français." It was very amusing. Mr. Toole as Spriggins, with a whitened face and black skull cap, told the story well; Miss Irene Vanbrugh as Angelina made delightful love in dumb show to Mr. C. M. Lowne as Mons. Victoire Dubois, an impressionable son of Gaul in uniform; Miss Eliza Johnstone was in the fashion, and forcibly "struck" as Anna Maria; and Mr. H. Westland and Miss Mary Brough as Major Regular and Mrs. Rattan, with Miss Effie Liston as Mrs. Spriggins, by their excellent miming, made the story thoroughly comprehensible and laughable. The complete success attained was more than half owing to the sense of humour evidently possessed by Mr. William Robins in the selection of the various tunes which helped to illustrate the rage, love, despair, hatred, longing, and delight which animated the different characters.

At a performance given in aid of the Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund, at the Opera Comique, on Friday, June 5th, a merry trifle, by Justin Huntly M'Carthy, was played for the first time. It was entitled "The Highwayman," and was cordially received. The piece was well acted and danced by Mr. C. P. Colnaghi and Miss Letty Lind. On the same afternoon, "The Lady's Battle" was played. Miss Henrietta Lindley and Mr. Charles Sugden were excellent as the Countess d'Antreval and Baron de Montrichard; Mr. H. Lechmere and Mr. A. Vane Tempest were good for amateurs, as Henri de Flovigneul and Gustave de Grignon. Miss McNulty was the Leonie de Villegontier.

Miss Violet Thornycroft gave a *matinée* at the Criterion, Tuesday, June 16th, and appeared as Esther Sandraz. This handsome young actress has been but a short time before the public, and has made rapid strides in favour, but was disappointing in the *rôle* she assumed. The strength that was wanting may probably come with further practice, but on this occasion Miss Thornycroft was altogether too gentle and subdued, and quite missed her great opportunity at the end of the first act. Miss Eleanore Leyshon played with infinite tenderness, grace, and dignity as Henrietta, and she and Mr. H. Reeves-Smith, as Olivier Deschamps, secured the honours of the afternoon. Miss M. A. Victor and Mr. H. De Lange, as Mrs. Fourcanade and Boisgommeux, were excellent. Mr. Willie Drew played Fourcanade after the manner of one born within the shadow of Bow Bells, and Mr. Bassett Roe was but a tame Henri Vandelle.

On Monday evening, June 15th, "Miss Tomboy" was again placed in the evening bill at the Vaudeville, Miss Ella Bannister appearing as Fanny Hoyden, the character which she had assumed at a morning performance on May 26th. It was an invidious task after the brilliant original, but Miss Bannister gave a fresh and natural rendering of the part, not devoid of grace or sympathy. Mr. H. B. Conway affected the airs of Tom Fashion well, and was as usual a good lover. Miss Hilda Hanbury, a very handsome sister of Miss Lily Hanbury, was a charming Nancy Ditch. Miss C. Owen was Mrs. Sentry, and Mr. L. D'Orsay excellent as Lory. Messrs. Thomas and Fred Thorne, and Mr. F. Grove, etc., resumed their original characters. The old comedy, "Perfection," has been played as the first piece. In this Miss Dorothy Dorr not only proved herself an admirable *comédienne* as Kate O'Brien, but a most accomplished and winning vocalist, and possessed of a charming voice.

"A Sicilian Idyll," J. Todhunter's play, which has already been noticed in the pages of THE THEATRE, was re-produced for five *matinées*, commencing

June 16th, at the Vaudeville. Miss Florence Farr as Amaryllis, Miss Lily Linfield as Thostylis (with her most characteristic "Bacchanal" dance), were again good in their parts. Mr. T. B. Thalberg was the Alexander, Mr. Cecil Crofton Daphrus; Mr. Bernard Gould delivered well the prologue. On this afternoon was also given a new play, "The Poison Flower," by the same author.

"A Pair of Spectacles" was put into the evening bill again at the Garrick on May 23rd, with "A Quiet Rubber," but after a few days Mr. Hare found that the strain of playing in the two pieces was too much for him, and so "Dream Faces" resumed its original position as the first piece.

"David Garrick" was revived at the Criterion on June 15th, and has since attracted as large houses as ever it has. Mr. Charles Wyndham's many friends appear never to tire of seeing him in this character. The cast was the same as has already been so frequently seen in T. W. Robertson's play. A discursive article on "David Garrick" appears on another page of this magazine.

"Oriella," the new ballet at the Alhambra, by Carlo Coppi, is likely to prove one of the greatest successes ever achieved at this theatre, by the fact that the music by Jacobi is some of his best work, the plot if slender is original and an excellent vehicle for the picturesque and beautiful Japanese and other dresses furnished by Mons. and Mme. Alias, and for the dancing of Signora Legnani, Mr. Charles Lauri, and Mdlle. Marie, the beautiful scenery by Ryan, and the graceful movements of one of the best-trained *corps de ballet* in London.

Mr. Corney Grain is now giving one of the most amusing of his many musical sketches, at the St. George's Hall. It describes, in merry mood, the humours of "Dinners and Dinners," passing in review the *menu*, hosts, and guests, and has one very pathetic number in it, telling of two little hungry urchins who can only gaze on the feasting going on within a "swell" house.

Mr. M. L. Mayer opened the Royalty Theatre, on Monday evening, June 15th, for a series of French plays, of which, during the three weeks that the season is intended to last, some eighteen will be presented to the public. "Marriage Blanc," having been written by a clever author, Jules Lemaître, and being morbid, and bizarre, created some sensation in Paris, which we suppose was the cause of its being chosen for the opening piece. The Count de Tievre, like Sir Charles Coldstream in "Used Up," is utterly *blasé*, and therefore casts about for a new sensation, which he finds in making love to, and marrying, Simone, a girl in the last stages of consumption. Her sister Marthe, a fine, handsome girl, with very lax notions of morality, has set her heart upon winning the Count for herself and does so after his marriage. Simone overhears their passionate wooing, and falls dead. Mdlle. Reichemberg played the *ingénue* Simone, but was not specially great in it. Mr. F. Febvre was the de Tievre, and Mdlle. Du Minil gave a powerful and seductive rendering of Marthe. "Pépa," by Henri Meilhac and Gauderax, was given on Tuesday, June 16th. On the 18th, "Bonhomme Jadis," and "Les Petits Oiseaux," the original, of "A Pair of Spectacles" on the 19th, "Le Monde on l'on S'Ennuie," and on the 20th, "Chamillac." For the 22nd, "Margot" is set down; for the 24th "Mdlle. de la Seiglière;" and for the 25th, "L'ami Fritz." The company engaged is that of the Théâtre Français.

Mr. Albert E. Drinkwater's drama, "A Golden Sorrow," produced at the Globe Theatre on Wednesday afternoon, June 17th, was but one of promise of better things in the future; in it the author made use of good dialogue, strong and poetic in many respects, but of which there was too much; and he showed he could work up an old idea to some effect. A weak-minded man has his life embittered by the poorly substantiated idea that he has poisoned his nephew, and through his death he is in possession of certain estates. An adventurer, who is aware of this, attempts to pass himself off as the dead man, knowing that the wrongful possessor will not dare to dispute his claim. But, as rats when driven into a corner will fight, the weak man calls to his aid a clever lawyer who is in love with his daughter, and he very soon ousts the adventurer. Miss Lilian Revell, an accomplished and handsome lady (a

"Girton" girl), played the daughter, Mary Bellamy, and will, with experience, make her mark in sympathetic characters; the author appeared as the lawyer, Philip Denzil, but was "preachy." Mr. C. W. Somerset was the weak-minded Mr. Bellamy, and gave a clever rendering of the part. Mr. Ronald Byrne was cool and incisive as the adventurer Barozzi. Mr. Scott Buist lightened up the play as a would-be sportsman, Mr. Leigh; he had but little to work upon, but made much of his opportunities, and Miss Annie Goward assisted him considerably in producing laughter as the light-hearted but uncultured servant-maid Angelina.

We have not had many plays written absolutely on the life of the "Bard of Avon," but Eden E. Greville chose it as the subject of his four-act comedy, entitled "Shakespeare." It may be said that Shakespeare is betrothed to Anne Hathaway (the sweetest of girls), goes to London to seek his fortune, is presented at Court, is bewitched by Queen Elizabeth's maid-of-honour, Elizabeth Thogmorton, who encourages him to bring Sir Walter Raleigh to her feet; that Anne Hathaway is for a time demented through his faithlessness, but that his return to her restores her to her senses. The rise of Raleigh, the Queen's attachment to Leicester, the deer stealing, a tavern brawl at the "Tabard," and the introduction of players and poets of the period, help to fill in the plot. Mr. P. M. Berton was the Shakespeare; Miss Alice Adlercorn a most successful Anne Hathaway; Miss Beatrice Selwyn a queenly Elizabeth (the delivery of her lines of the best); and Miss Aida Jenoure was a sprightly and captivating Dorothy, the waiting maid of "Ye Tabard," and sang sweetly. The remainder of the cast, a long one, was made up by members of the local dramatic amateurs and were acceptably filled for the most part.

"Shylock & Co.," the three-act farce, adapted from the French of Bataille and Feagère, by George Canninge and Albert Chevalier, was produced at the Richmond Theatre, on January 17th, 1891, under the title of "I.O.U." It contains one most amusing character, a black African Prince, Zannibula, excellently played by Mr. H. Eversfield. As the piece will probably be seen again, when the first and third acts are strengthened (the second is admirable), the remainder of the cast at the Criterion, on June 18th, is given: Dr. Gossage, S. Valentine; Mr. Elijah Quarm, W. Blakeley; Hector Rolleston, H. V. Esmond (who showed himself a capital light comedian); Sergeant Bonser, A. Leigh; Burton, F. Emery; Mrs. Gossage, Marie Illington; Minnie, Ellaline Terriss (very charming); Mrs. Quarm, Fanny Francis; Lucy, Mary Hardinge.

Those who had so laughed over the whimsicality of "Our Flat," must have been extremely disappointed at Mrs. H. Musgrave's last production "Dick Wilder," tried on Saturday afternoon, June 20th, at the Vaudeville, for it was stilted in language and very commonplace in plot. Eustace Davenport is secretary to Sir Harry Heathcote and is thoroughly esteemed by him; his daughter Molly falls in love with the young fellow. Lord St. Maur aspires to her hand and at the instigation of Barbara Morris, whose unrequited love for Davenport has turned to hate, charges the latter with being the noted highwayman, Dick Wilder, this freebooter being none other than Davenport's twin brother, to whom he bears the strongest resemblance. Davenport has made a vow that he will always shield his brother and so does not attempt to deny the accusation. He is allowed to go free at the intercession of Molly who buys his escape at the cost of her betrothal to St. Maur. The nobleman is got rid of by our being told that he has been killed in a street brawl. Then Barbara Morris returns penitent, confesses her share in the plot, and she having been all along married to Dick Wilder, brings a death bed confession clearing his brother, and Davenport comes back covered with glory which he has gained in the wars to claim his sweetheart. The events are supposed to take place in Queen Anne's reign. The cast was as follows: Sir Harry Heathcote, Fred Thorne; Lord St. Maur, L. D'Orsay; Mr. Eustace Davenport and Dick Wilder, H. B. Conway, (who doubled the parts and showed us the highwayman robbing the Heathcote party when on their way to London); Jacob, Fred Grove; Molly Heathcote, Dorothy Dorr; Barbara Morris, Miss Dairrolles; Margaret Clark (an old nurse), Mrs. C. Owen. The three ladies were excellent in their several characters, but none of the gentlemen distinguished themselves.

New Plays

PRODUCED AND IMPORTANT REVIVALS in London, from May 19th, 1891, to
June 20th, 1891 :—

(*Revivals are marked thus*°).

- May 21 "Sweepstakes," original musical comedy, by Ernest Lake. *Matinée*. Terry's.
- " 23° "A Pair of Spectacles," Sydney Grundy's play. Garrick.
- " 23° "A Quiet Rubber," comedietta, by Charles F. Coghlan. Garrick.
- " 25 "Hubby," farcical comedy, in two scenes, by H. A. Sherburn, (originally produced at Lyric Hall, Ealing, April 22nd, 1884), Shaftesbury.
- " 25 "Dinners and Diners," musical sketch, by Corney Grain. St. George's Hall.
- " 25 "Wedded to Crime," drama, in four acts, by Fred Jarman and Wilford Selwyn (first time in London). Sadler's Wells.
- " 25 "The Silver Line," play without words, in one act, by C. D. Marius. Gaiety.
- " 26° "Formosa," drama in three acts, by Dion Boucicault. Drury Lane.
- " 26° "Miss Tomboy," comedy, in three acts, by Robert Buchanan, founded on Sir John Vanbrugh's comedy, "The Relapse." *Matinée*. (replaced in evening bill, June 15th). Vaudeville.
- " 30 "Ibsen's Ghost ; or, Toole up to Date," a new "Hedda," in one act, by J. M. Barrie. *Matinée* (immediately placed in evening bill). Toole's.
- " 30 "Winning Defeat," drama, in four acts, by Duncan Campbell and Marcus Quaire. Novelty.
- June 1° "The Love Chase," comedy, in three acts, by Sheridan Knowles. (Miss Fortescue's company). *Matinée*. Shaftesbury.
- " 1 "A Night's Frolic," farcical comedy, in three acts, by Gus Thomas and Helen Barry. Strand Theatre.
- " 1 "Cloven Foot," play, in four acts, by Frederick Mouillot (first time in London). Grand.
- " 2 "A Superfluous Lady," comedietta, by Mrs. Hugh Bell. Lyric Club.
- " 2 "The Gifted Lady," social drama, in three acts, by Robert Buchanan. Avenue.
- " 2° "A Doll's House." Miss Norrey's *Matinée*. Criterion.
- " 2 "A Trip to Gretna," comedietta, in two acts, by W. Barrington D'Almeida. *Matinée*. Vaudeville.
- " 3 "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern," travesty on "Hamlet," by W. S. Gilbert. *Matinée*. Vaudeville.
- " 3 "In Want of an Engagement," musical sketch, by Nellie Ganthony. *Matinée*. Vaudeville.
- " 3 "Shattered 'Un," burlesque sketch on "Chatterton," by Albert Chevalier. *Matinée*. Vaudeville.
- " 3 "Good Old Queen Bess," original burlesque, in one act and five scenes, written by Walpole Lewin. music (original and selected), by William Robins. *Matinée*. Vaudeville.
- " 4 "Serge Panine," play, in five acts (from the French of Georges Ohnet). *Matinée*. Avenue.
- " 5 "The Highwayman," original comedietta, by Justin Huntly M'Carthy. *Matinée*. Opera Comique.
- " 6 "The Lancashire Sailor," drama, in one act, by Brandon Thomas. Terry's.
- " 6 "A Commission," piece, in one act, by Weedon Grossmith. Terry's.
- " 6 "A Pantomime Rehearsal," comic sketch, by Cecil Clay (first time in London). Terry's.
- " 8° "Esther Sandraz," drama, in three acts, by Sydney Grundy. Criterion.
- " 8 "Idols of the Heart," idyllic play, by Janette Steer. Grand.

- June 9 "Matrimonial," comedy, in three acts (for copyright purposes). Novelty.
- " 11 "The Journey's End," one act drama, by Horace W. C. Newte. Ladbroke Hall.
- " 12 "The Mischief Maker," farcical comedy, in three acts, by Edith Henderson. *Matinée*. Globe.
- " 13 "Ici on (ne) parle (pas) Français," farce, without words, with appropriate musical accompaniment, by W. Robins. *Matinée*. Toole's.
- " 15 "The Poison Flower," fantasy, in three scenes, by John Todhunter. *Matinée*. Vaudeville.
- " 15 "Flying from Justice," drama, in four acts, by Mark Melford. Sadler's Wells.
- " 15 "The Irishman," sensational drama, in four acts, by J. W. Whitbread. Marylebone.
- " 15 "Marriage Blanc," 16th, "Pèpa," 18th, "Bonhomme Jadis," "Les Petits Oiseaux," and a Monologue, by Coquelin, cadet. 19th, "Le Monde on l'on S'Ennuie." 20th, "Chamillac." French plays, Royalty Theatre. Mr. M. L. Mayer's season with members of the Théâtre Français.
- " 17 "A Golden Sorrow," drama, in three acts, by Albert E. Drinkwater. *Matinée*. Globe.
- " 18 "Shylock & Co.," farce, in three acts, adapted from the French, by Geo. Canninge and Albert Chevalier. *Matinée*. Criterion.
- " 20 "A Fool's Trick," one act comedietta, by Adeline Votieri (first time in public). St. George's Hall.
- " 20 "Prude and Pro's," farcical comedy, in two acts, by Adeline Votieri. St. George's Hall.
- " 20 "Dick Wilder," play, in four acts, by Mrs. H. Musgrave. *Matinée*. Vaudeville.

In the Provinces, from May 19th, 1891, to June 11th, 1891 :—

- May 27 "Shakespeare," comedy, in four acts, by Eden E. Greville. Grand Hall, Maidenhead.
- June 1 "The Beacon Light ; or, The Wrecker's Doom," drama, in one act, by Lloyd Clarence. T.R., Stockton-on-Tees.
- " 11 "The Dark Continent," drama, in five acts, by Frederick Mouillot and H. H. Morell. T.R., Barnsley.

In Paris, from May 17th, 1891, to June 16th, 1891 :—

- May 18 "Le Cœur de Sita," grand ballet, in three acts and eight scenes, with singing ; scenario by Barrigue de Fountainieu, music by Charles de Sivry, the dancing arranged by G. Saracio. Eden.
- " 29 "Le Rez-de-Chaussée," one act comedy, by Berr de Turrique. Français.
- " 30 "Prix de Beauté," farcical comedy, in three acts, by André Raibaud and Georges Grisièr. Ambigu.
- " 30 "Deux Ans Après," one act comedy, by André Raibaud. Ambigu.
- June 1 "La Plantation Thomassin," vaudeville, in three acts, by Maurice Ordonneau. Folies Dramatiques.
- " 5 "Les Deux Camilles," comedy vaudeville, in three acts, by Eugène Médina and Henri Gourdièr. Déjazet.
- " 12 "La Femme," comedy, in three acts, by M. Albin Valabrègue. Vaudeville.
- " 16 "Tout-Paris," spectacular piece, in five acts and eleven scenes, by M. Georges Duval, music by M. Gaune. Chatelet.



THE THEATRE.

AUGUST, 1891.

“Good-Bye to the Season.”

A CRITICAL RETROSPECT, 1890-91.



THE theatrical season of 1890-91 has just closed. Before we enter upon another, let us take a glance at that which has ended, and try to sum up, briefly and in general terms, the impressions it has left behind it. It is well, every now and then, to review the past, by way of fixing in the recollection that which we should desire to recall.

Let us begin with August, 1890, and let us start, too, with what may be called the serious as opposed to the comic drama. In the former department the notable successes of the past year have been few but striking. They include “Ravenswood,” “The Pharisee,” “The Dancing Girl,” “The Idler,” “Lady Bountiful,” “Beau Austin,” and, in a minor degree, “Richard Savage.” By “successes” I mean not necessarily plays which have had long runs and drawn much money (for that is a matter with which the critic has nothing to do), but plays which have excited special interest and are destined to linger in the memory. It does not follow that such plays are masterpieces either in a dramatic or in a literary sense. Most of the dramas above-named had and have some imperfection. In “The Pharisee” the “comic relief” was obtrusive, and the action seemed to come to a natural close at the end of the penultimate act. In “The Dancing Girl” the main story, when analysed, proves to be a resurrection of old-fashioned melodrama, and the last act is singularly inconsequent. The fable of “The Idler,” again, is redolent of the *Family Herald*; the heroine of “Lady Bountiful” was unsympathetic, and the development of the piece conventional; “Beau Austin” lacked dramatic grip; and “Richard Savage” (while failing to suggest the period in which the scene was laid) was spoiled at the close by an anti-climax. Nevertheless, these are the six serious dramas produced during the twelve months of which one thinks with pleasure; and they are so because, with all their faults, they attracted and held. All, it will be noted, were conspicuous for literary merit; but of much more importance was the fact that in

each case the treatment was, for the most part, fresh and vivid. Freshness and vividness—these are qualities which impress more forcibly than bookish turns of phrase. “Ravenswood” was gloomy, but it told the story of Edgar and Lucy with clearness and picturesqueness. What I liked most in “The Pharisee” was the novelty of motive. What pleases most in “The Dancing Girl” is the new phase of character shown in the Hon. Reginald Slingsby, a charming type of selfishness, and the brilliant cynicism put into the mouth of Lady Bawtree. It is the skill displayed in the adaptation of melodrama to the drawing-room which makes “The Idler” praiseworthy. And so in the other cases. The salt of “Lady Bountiful” was found in the diverting Skimpolism of Roderick Heron, who illumined the first two acts with his humour. The charm of “Beau Austin” lay in its old-world flavour; that of “Richard Savage” in the boldness of the attempt to do in drama the sort of thing that Thackeray had done in fiction.

All these pieces had the merit of “distinction.” When we come to the serious dramas of the second rank we find that characteristic wanting. Still, there is merit of a kind and to a degree. Even “The Struggle for Life” and “The Sixth Commandment” had effective passages; it was in general results that they failed; they were too gloomy—in parts they were impossible. “Woodbarrow Farm” would have been better appreciated had it not oscillated between broad comedy and melodrama. It was too sudden in its effects; the lights and shadows were too violent; the piece lacked atmosphere and tone. “Diamond Deane” missed fire because its leading incidents did not convince us; they asked us to take too much for granted. “Handfast,” opening with some measure of theatrical force, tapered off into the conventional and the slow, and ended in boredom. The fault of “The People’s Idol” and of “Linda Grey” lay in their commonplaceness and their formlessness; they were not well conceived and they were not well made—hence their failure. “The English Rose,” the Adelphi play of the year, excellently fulfilled the conditions of its existence. It was workmanlike, and it had some literary polish. It was above the average of the class to which it belonged—a sentence which may be pronounced, though with less emphasis, upon “A Million of Money.”

Reference may be made to certain pieces played at *matinées*. Among these were “This Woman and That,” “The Rule of Three,” “Our Angels,” “A Yorkshire Lass,” and “Father Buonaparte.” Of these the first two are, I fear, impracticable; “The Rule of Three,” with its somewhat unpleasant motive, is certainly so. On the other hand, the remaining three are likely to be heard of again. There was a good idea in “Our Angels,” and some power; “A Yorkshire Lass” is excellently adapted for the ingenuous playgoer; and “Father Buonaparte,” if it were vigorously compressed, would always be an effective play to “star” in. As it stands, it is too “thin” for the London stage. Dr. Todhunter’s verse-play, “The Passion Flower,” performed at a series of *matinées*, had the fatal

blemish of dulness ; but perhaps it would not have been quite so lugubrious had it been more skilfully performed.

Turning to the comic pieces of the season, we may begin with those which had more than a flavour of seriousness about them, which belong, in fact, less to the sphere of comedy than to that of comedy-drama. First of these I should place "The Henrietta," by virtue of its excellent construction, its brilliant writing, and its happy utilisation of modern means. The scene in which elaborate use is made of the telegraph "tape" is eminently novel and impressive, and demonstrates the author's possession of a keen eye not only for theatrical but for dramatic effect. The dialogue is exceptionally keen, and the play as a whole would no doubt have made a greater "hit" had it possessed rather less of the Stock Exchange element, and had its humour and pathos been a little less sharply contrasted. The general scheme of "Sunlight and Shadow" was not novel ; it was indeed, rather jejune. But the talk was really delightful in its pleasant suggestion of Robertson and Alberty, and the domestic "business" was throughout diverting. In "Lady Barter" I was most struck by the courage of the author in daring to make his heroine triumphant at the end. She carries off the honours of war, as she would probably have done in actual life. There was real comedy in this work, which I believe would have made a genuine mark if it had been more ably interpreted all round. "Sweet Nancy" was one of the best of Mr. Buchanan's adaptations. The vitality of "the Bookmaker" was shown in its successive presentations at Terry's, the Gaiety, and the Globe. It is of the second class, of course ; but the title part, besides giving opportunities to a comedian, has a certain connection with human nature. "The Great Unknown," adapted from the German, and introduced to us by Mr. Daly, was a colourless production. "The Anonymous Letter" had moments of cleverness, but did not hang together. In the department of comedy some of the best work was done by the writers of one-act pieces. Mrs. Beringer was particularly successful in her dramatisation of "The Holly Tree Inn," and the "Tommy" of Mrs. Willard had the qualities of freshness and brightness. Mr. Huntly McCarthy had a distinctly "happy thought" in "The Highwayman" ; Mr. Calmour turned out a neat piece of work in "The Gay Lothario ;" and in "The Madcap" of Dr. Aveling, the "Spring Leaves" of Messrs. Grein and Jarvis, the "Month after Date" of Mr. Dauncey, and the "Lady Help" of Mr. Macklin, we had efforts of much promise and some performance.

The prominent farces of the year may be reckoned on the fingers of one hand. They are "Jane," "The Volcano," "Husband and Wife," and "The Late Lamented ;" the first three of native growth, the last adapted from the French. "Jane" was emphatically an actor's piece. There was nothing remarkable in the dialogue, but the incidents were all laid out with a keen professional instinct for the ludicrous. For the rest, the main motive of the piece was familiar enough. In "The Volcano," the Society journal was brought upon

the stage, and with it the lady reviewer, a character very broadly and humorously drawn, but not sufficient in itself to establish the farce which, otherwise, was without solidity. The management has been luckier in "The Late Lamented," which is unconventional in basis, and wrought out with abundant ingenuity. Here, however, it is the intrigue, rather than any individual character, which interests and enchains. "Husband and Wife" has been much improved since the *matinée* performance, and deals very amusingly with a modern development in marital relations. From the French have come "Welcome, Little Stranger," "The Two Recruits," "May and December," "Private Inquiry," and "Shylock & Co.," none of which made any permanent impression. The first was by Albery, but not worthy of his talent. The title had already been taken by Mr. H. A. Jones for a farce of his, produced in America, but not seen in England. "May and December," though clever, was not convincing, and "Shylock and Co.," beginning fairly well, deteriorated into extravagance. From America came "All the Comforts of Home," and "A Night's Frolic," which had not enough "body" for the English public. Of native origin were "Culprits," "A Night in Town," "Our Daughters," "The Director," "The Mischief-Maker," the last two of which had at least the merit of some freshness in idea. Neither, however, was able to bear analysis, though giving some opportunity to "stars."

In the way of two-act farce, we have had "Hubby" at one theatre, and, in the way of one-act farce, "The Baby" at another. The latter had its basis in a comic treatment of hypnotism; the other was Yankeeish in its wildness, and was rendered tolerable only by the actors.

In burlesque, the season has been more than usually prolific. We have had at the Gaiety, "Carmen Up to Data;" at the Opera Comique, "Joan of Arc;" at the Avenue, "Mdlle. Cleopatra;" at the Vaudeville (for one performance), "Shattered'Un;" on the same occasion, Mr. Gilbert's "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern;" at Terry's, "The Pantomime Rehearsal;" and elsewhere a couple of travesties of Ibsen, about which I shall have something to say presently. "Carmen Up to Data" had a measure of literary value, and the great advantage of the aid of Miss St. John as Carmen. Literary value has been conspicuous also in the libretto of "Joan of Arc," as regards, at any rate, the lyric portions. In both cases, the original music has been an attractive feature. "Mdlle. Cleopatra" had some smart lines, but, like "Shattered'Un," was not fortunate in its interpretation. In this respect Mr. Gilbert's skit on "Hamlet" was much luckier, and the result was an unquestionable success. The burlesque is slight, but it is admirably written, being full of the author's characteristic turns of fancy. "A Pantomime Rehearsal" differs from such plays as "The Critic," in being directed against the absurdities of drawing-room amateurs. It does not satirise the conventions of the stage; it is the ignorance and conceit of the "lady and gentleman" player that are made the subject of ridicule. Here there is more in the "business" than in the "words," but the total outcome is genuine entertainment.

In comic opera not much has been done this year. "The Black Rover," "La Cigale," "Maid Marian," and "The Nautch Girl"—these are all we have to boast of in this department. The first-named was a disappointment to those who have pleasant recollections of Mr. Searelle's "Estrella." The other three have all given great enjoyment in their way. "La Cigale" is well worthy of the composer of "La Mascotte," both in melodic and in dramatic charm. "Maid Marian" introduced to English audiences a musician (Mr. de Koven) from whom still better work may be expected. At present he is too imitative in his methods; by-and-by he may develop more originality. In "The Nautch Girl," Mr. Solomon reaches his zenith—so far; he has never written more tunefully, more cleverly, more brilliantly. His sentimental melodies are apt to lack individuality, but his comic writing is excellent, whether it be for the voice or for the orchestra. In his next opera he may be encouraged to give more rein to his own fancy. He has been fortunate, on the whole, in his librettist, who has furnished a clever imitation of the Gilbertian method.

Not strictly operatic, but allied to opera, was "The Rose and the Ring," which Mr. Savile Clarke adapted from Thackeray so skilfully and sympathetically, and for which Mr. Walter Slaughter provided so much "taking" music. This was most agreeably represented, and gave much gratification to the judicious. Very praiseworthy, too, were those little musical comedies called "Gipsies" and "On Lease," in which the talents of Messrs. Hood and Bendall, and of Mr. Cotsford Dick, respectively, were so happily employed.

We come now to the revivals of the season. These were at once numerous and notable—so much so, indeed, that the past twelve-month has been described as one of theatrical resurrections. To begin with Shakespeare. Mrs. Langtry brought out "Antony and Cleopatra," and, scenically and archæologically, the show was eminently creditable. The tragedy could hardly be said to be represented, but an idea of it was given; the performance was better than nothing. Then Mr. Irving has given us a series of revivals. He has given us "Much Ado About Nothing," and "Olivia," and "Charles I," and "The Lyons Mail," and "The Corsican Brothers"; and they have all been welcome. He has also given us "Nance Oldfield," which of late years has been produced only by Miss Genevieve Ward. Mr. Wyndham, too, has fallen back upon some old favourites. "David Garrick" has of course been reproduced, and so have "The School for Scandal," and "Wild Oats," "London Assurance," "Still Waters Run Deep," and those more recent pieces, "Trying It On," and "Sowing and Reaping." Mr. Wilson Barrett, disappointed in "The People's Idol," has refurbished "Belphegor" in the guise of "The Acrobat," and has also brought forward once more "The Stranger," "The Lady of Lyons," "The Lights o' London," "The Silver King," and "Ben-My-Chree." At Drury Lane we have had, in sad succession, resuscitations of "It's Never Too Late to Mend," "Formosa," and "Drink." The Messrs.

Gatti have given new, if short, life to "The Streets of London"; "MonteCristo" has been seen at the Avenue, and "Called Back" at the Haymarket; and we have had two *matineés* of "Serge Panine." Nor is this all. Mr. Terry, unlucky with "Culprits," has "starred" once more in "In Chancery" and "The Rocket." At the Vaudeville, "Money," "Confusion," and "Miss Tomboy" have been tried; at Toole's we have seen "The Serious Family," "The Upper Crust," and "Our Regiment"; at the Globe "The Parvenu" had a brief revivification; "Turned Up" has again turned up at the Strand; and Miss Fortescue made a gallant but hopeless attempt to galvanize "The Love Chase" into renewed existence. To many of these revivals considerable interest attached, but in many cases one would have preferred a novelty, even if that novelty had not been of the first importance.

Among the resuscitations of the year was Ibsen's "Doll's House," which has been played at two *matineés*—one at Terry's and one at the Criterion. The season will, indeed, be notable as that in which Ibsen has been especially prominent. We have witnessed this year, for the first time, "Rosmersholm," "Ghosts," "Hedda Gabler," and "The Lady from the Sea." We owe, I think, much gratitude to the enthusiastic souls by whom these performances were promoted and carried through. Mr. Grein has been assailed with a bitterness amounting to persecution, but it is certain, all the same, that even those who have attacked him have been glad of the opportunity of seeing "Ghosts." Glad, too, have many of us been to make acquaintance with stage representations of "Rosmersholm" and "The Lady from the Sea," though we should have been more grateful had those representations been adequate. Ibsen is a writer who cannot safely be "scamped"; he must be played well. Happily, he had justice done to him in "Hedda Gabler." I do not say that it was an ideal performance, but it was extremely interesting and very commendable. I do not believe that Ibsen will secure a permanent position on our stage, but I conceive that his subjects and his methods will help to revolutionise our theatre, and that we are already indebted to him for the freshness of topics and treatment noticeable in certain of our recent dramas.

That the Ibsen "boom" should be followed by burlesque of "The Master" was inevitable, and accordingly we had, at Toole's, "Ibsen's Ghost," and, at the Avenue, "The Gifted Lady." The latter was brilliantly sarcastic, but had no fun in it; consequently it failed. The former, on the contrary, was full of genial humour, and succeeded. Ibsen is still alive after all this satire, but, meanwhile, "Ibsen's Ghost," at any rate, has given delight to many of us.

It will be seen from the above summary that, whereas only a few new dramatists have made their appearance, others have made a distinct advance in fame; while others, again, have succeeded in at least maintaining their reputation. Among the new men may be noted Mr. Dam, whose "Diamond Deane" was unquestionably promising, and Mr. Hudson, whose "Father Buonaparte" showed a

knowledge of stage effect. Mr. Frank Wyatt's "Two Recruits" was characteristic of the author's high spirits, and Mr. Greenbank's "Director" erred only in following an exploded model. This young writer will probably do better by-and-by—a dictum which may also be pronounced upon the authoress of "The Mischief Maker."

The advances in fame have been tolerably numerous. Mr. Malcolm Watson (writing with Mrs. Lancaster Wallis) produced in "The Pharisee" the most solidly valuable work that he has yet put forward. In "The Dancing Girl," again, Mr. H. A. Jones showed more capacity for writing witty dialogue than he had previously exhibited. Mr. Bronson Howard is well and favourably known among us, but he was hardly suspected of the incisive humour and capacity for strong situation revealed in the case of "The Henrietta." In "Woodbarrow Farm" Mr. Jerome gave us the most serious (so far) of his dramatic efforts, proving that he can invent effective incidents; while Mr. Wilton Jones, hitherto seen only in the provinces, has, by presenting his "Yorkshire Lass" and "Scapegoat," laid claim to the possession of some dramatic skill. In "Our Angels," Dr. Dabbs gave us the most substantial of his efforts. In the department of pure comedy, Mr. Carton's "Sunlight and Shadow," Mr. Coghlan's "Lady Barter," and Mr. Pigott's "Bookmaker," have all brought increased credit to their authors; the first-named writer displaying a marked growth in geniality of tone. In the sphere of farcical comedy, Messrs. Nicholls and Lestocq with "Jane," Messrs. Phillips and Fendall with "Husband and Wife," Messrs. Chevalier and Canninge with "Shylock and Co.," and, notably, Mr. Fred Horner with "The Late Lamented," have all made a long stride forward. In "The Baby," Lady Violet Greville has shown that she can write good farce, and in "Carmen Up to Data" Messrs. Sims and Pettitt have shown that their faculty for burlesque is genuine and versatile.

It is much when writers of repute do not disappoint the expectations formed of them, and Mr. Haddon Chambers may consequently congratulate himself that his "Idler" was declared to be not unworthy of his "Captain Swift." In like manner, Mr. Pinero knows that his "Lady Bountiful" is recognised as deserving of inclusion among his most careful achievements. Mr. Gilbert's distinctions as a humourist cannot now be added to, but his "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern," though brief and slight, has been hailed as eminently characteristic and delightful. Some other dramatists may be named of whom it may be said that, after their labours during the past twelve months, they remain "as they were." Mr. Buchanan (with his share of "The English Rose," his "Sixth Commandment," his "Struggle for Life," his "Sweet Nancy," and his "Gifted Lady"); Mr. Grundy (with his "May and December"); Mr. Henry Hamilton (with his share of "Handfast"); Mr. Henry Pettitt (with his share of "A Million of Money"); Mr. Pierre Leclercq (with his "This Woman and That" and his "Rule of Three"); Mr. Law (with his "Culprits"); and Mr. Lumley (with his "Volcano")—they have got

“no forrader,” but at the same time they have not retrograded in the kindly estimation of the public, which has a keen recollection of more fortunate products in the past.

I have left myself but little space in which to deal with the histrionic performances of the season, but a few brief comments may be made. And, first, as regards the new recruits. These include Mrs. Theodore Wright, Miss Dorothy Dorr, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Estelle Burney, Miss Mary Ansell, Miss Violet Raye, Mr. Frank Lindo, Mr. Philip Cunningham, and Miss Attalie Claire. The last-named failed to fill the space left vacant by Miss Agnes Huntingdon, but made it clear that for light opera she has both vocal and histrionic capability above the average. Mrs. Wright, I am told, is not quite new to the stage, but to the London boards she is practically new, and her virtual *débüt* in “Ghosts” at once gave her a position which she maintained by her scarcely less impressive performance in “The Scapegoat.” Absolute naturalism is the basis and keynote of her style. Miss Dorothy Dorr is more theatrical in her method, but she has individuality, and has made her mark. Her chief fault is a tendency to exaggeration. As Lady Teazle and as Rosalind, Mrs. Patrick Campbell has suggested that her gifts lie rather in the direction of sentiment than in that of comedy. Happily endowed both physically and intellectually, this young lady should “go far.” Miss Burney is likely to be added, in the course of time, to the number of our emotional “stars.” Miss Ansell and Miss Raye seem also to have tendencies that way; at present they are somewhat “stagey” in their style. Mr. Cunningham bids fair to become popular as a *jeune premier*—Mr. Frank Lindo as an artist in burlesque; in “Ghosts” the latter was, through no fault of his own, somewhat overweighted.

The list of those artists who have grown in reputation during the past twelve months is, happily, so long that I shall be able to do little more than enumerate them. Miss Ellen Terry, I venture to think, has surpassed herself both in “Ravenswood” and in “Nance Oldfield.” She has never, to my mind, been so richly comic as in Charles Reade’s play, while in the last act of Mr. Merivale’s drama she seemed to me to reach a height (or shall we say depth?) of tragic intensity to which she had never before attained. Miss Marion Terry, again, has never been quite so genuinely pathetic as she was both in “Sunlight and Shadow” and in “The Idler.” Mrs. Langtry, inadequate as Cleopatra, was wholly admirable as Lady Barter, in which her triumphant cynicism struck me as superb. In “The Sixth Commandment” Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis had few chances, but in “The Pharisee” she was able to display her thorough command of all known stage resources, and to impress the London public as she had never impressed it before. Miss Winifred Emery has played Ophelia with real pathos, and Pauline with great intelligence. She has not the physique necessary for the portrayal of strong passion, but in delicacy of style and tone she has few superiors. “Hedda Gabler” has made, I trust, the artistic fortunes

of Miss Robins and Miss Lea, and "Rosmersholm" has helped to advance those of Miss Florence Farr. Miss Robins secured her opportunity, and turned it to admirable account. In "Diamond Deane" Miss Millward exhibited a notable reserve of power, and in "The Dancing Girl" Miss Neilson has displayed, along with much mannerism, much more ease of movement. Miss Norreys as Nora Helmer, Miss Alma Stanley in "The Struggle for Life," Miss Annie Irish and Miss Frances Ivor at the Lycoum, Miss Florence West in comedy, Miss Edith Chester in "A Pantomime Rehearsal," and Miss Ulmar in "La Cigale," have all made a step forward; as have also Miss Lily Hanbury, Miss Violet Thornycroft, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Ellaline Terriss, Miss Lilian Hingston, and Miss Laura Graves.

Among the "leading men" who have specially distinguished themselves this season may be named Messrs. George Alexander, Herbert Waring, Bernard Gould, Fred Terry, Lewis Waller, Charles Glenny, and William Terriss. Mr. Alexander showed in "Sunlight and Shadow" an intensity of feeling, and in "The Struggle for Life" and "The Idler" a polished coolness, such as he had not before had occasion to display, and such as have raised him considerably in artistic rank. In "The Idler," too, as in "The Sixth Commandment," Mr. Waring has aroused attention by his marked access of power. Mr. Gould has been seen to particular advantage both in "Woodbarrow Farm" and in "Richard Savage," Mr. Fred Terry in "Beau Austin" and "The Dancing Girl," Mr. Waller in "The Henrietta," and Mr. Glenny in "A Million of Money"—all of them memorable impersonations. Mr. Terriss has surprised many by coming out in "A Regular Fix" as a light comedian of much sparkle and vivacity. In character parts, great praise has been earned by Mr. Macintosh (as Caleb Balderstone), by Mr. Fred Kerr (both in "The Struggle for Life" and in "The Dancing Girl"), by Mr. Cyril Maude (as Cool in "London Assurance"), and by Mr. Gordon Craig (in "Nance Oldfield"). In light comedy, new triumphs have been secured by Mr. Arthur Bouchier (as Charles Courtly), Mr. Norman Forbes (in "All the Comforts of Home"), Mr. Ben Webster (in "Sunlight and Shadow"), and Mr. H. V. Esmond.

Finally, we come to the instances in which high and creditable reputations have been notably sustained. Here I am compelled to pick and choose, and I must be pardoned if, for lack of space, I leave many excellent performers unnamed. To begin at the head of the profession, we have had Mr. Irving in "Ravenswood" proving once more how complete is his mastery of the fateful and the picturesque—elements again observable in "Charles I" and "The Corsican Brothers," side by side with the genial pathos of Dr. Primrose and the high-spirited comedy of Benedick. In like manner, Mr. Wyndham has delighted us again with the unsurpassable lightness and brightness of his Charles Surface, his Rover, his Dazzle, and his Walsingham Potts, as well as the grace and finish of his David Garrick. Mr. Tree, in "Beau Austin" and "The Dancing

Girl," has added to the number of his *tours de force*; Mr. Hare has charmed us all once more, not only in "Lady Bountiful," but in the old "Quiet Rubber"; Mr. Wilson Barrett's robust and sincere method has been welcomed in "The People's Idol," "The Acrobat," and "The Stranger," as well as in some old favourites; while Mr. Edward Terry has triumphed over poor new material in the case of "Culprits" and "The Director," and revelled in good old material in the case of "In Chancery" and "The Rocket." Mr. Hawtrey and Mr. Brookfield in "Jane," Mr. Sugden in "Hedda Gabler," Messrs. Weedon Grossmith and Brandon Thomas at Terry's, and Messrs. Arthur Roberts and Arthur Williams in burlesque, have all maintained their artistic positions. Miss Marriott, in "Ravenswood," demonstrated anew the enormous value of a sound histrionic method. In "The Struggle for Life" and in "Serge Panine" Miss Genevieve Ward has been as keen and as powerful as ever; while in "A Million of Money" Miss Alice Lingard made us regret that she is seen so rarely in London. The *comédiennes* have again done wonders. Mrs. John Wood at the Court, Miss Lottie Venne at the Comedy, Miss Maud Millett at the Avenue and the St. James's, Miss Atherton at the Strand, Miss Fanny Brough at the Avenue, Miss Annie Hughes at the Shaftesbury, Miss Laura Linden at Terry's, Miss Kate Phillips at the Vaudeville, Miss Cissy Grahame at the Opera Comique, and last, but not least, Miss Rose Leclercq at the Haymarket, and Miss Florence St. John at the Gaiety—all have done clever and delightful work. Miss Kate Rorke was not well suited in "Lady Bountiful," nor had Miss Olga Brandon much scope in "The English Rose." Mrs. Bernard Beere likewise has been seen as Lady Gay Spanker and as Lady Teazle, but in neither instance at her best. Playgoers will hope to meet these ladies again shortly, and under more favourable conditions.

WILLIAM DAVENPORT ADAMS.

July 15th, 1891.



Suzette: A Love Story.



PERHAPS I should explain the circumstances in which this little history was related to me.

It was the evening of a cold autumn day. Graham, Graham's father, Wilson, and I, had been to hear Senor Sarasate play. Afterwards we were lingering over tea, and comparing the relative merits of the Senor and Doctor Joachim, when Graham's father peeped at his watch, rose hurriedly, and bade us good-bye. Graham escorted him as far as the landing, and we heard the footsteps die away on the last flight of stairs. Graham came in again, and locked the door, and pulled the screen across it.

"Shall I light up or not?" he asked.

We decided that he should not light up, for the flickering firelight made the semi-darkness of the studio very cheerful. And then, after Wilson had made a vain attempt to resuscitate the conversation, we sat in silence, smoking and staring wisely at the fire.

My mind wandered back to the Senor's concert, and to the marvellous, impetuous music he made, and thence to the part Graham's father had taken in the subsequent criticism. Finally my thoughts became words.

"Your father should have been a fiddler, Graham."

"Yes, he knows a lot about it, doesn't he? He studied it for a time in Germany. I thought you knew that."

"But he never plays?"

"No, he hasn't played for thirty years or thereabouts. Sheer superstition. I have told him so dozens of times. But it's no good. Every man has a pet weakness. That's his."

Silence again.

The smoke wreaths curled fantastically across the fireplace, and hung like incense fumes around the plaster cast that stood on the mantle-piece. I wondered how superstition could affect fiddling, but I hesitated to enquire into what might be a private family affair.

Graham laughed.

"All right," he said, "don't look so embarrassed; it doesn't suit you. I'll tell you about it; but you must keep it dark. The governor mightn't care to have his love affairs paraphrased."

He leaned over to the fire to light a fresh cigarette, and then he told us the story almost in the same words in which I have written it.

Has the need for reticence passed? Have I changed the names?
 "Que vous importe. C'est sûrement une fiction pour vous."

* * * * *

"My father," said Graham, "took naturally to fiddling when he was quite a youngster, and his people put him through a course of drilling that would have made the average boy hate the violin for the rest of his natural life. But the hard work had no adverse effect on the pater; he stuck at it through thick and thin, so that, when he was about nineteen, he was sent off to somewhere or other, near the Black Forest, to learn German philosophy and German fiddling.

"About that time he grew poetical, and began to write verses and to compose weird music, *à la Berlioz*. He used to jump out of bed, scribble a line or an air, and jump back again. The professors frowned at the result, but the students applauded, and at their beer-drinking festivals, after they had shouted themselves hoarse, they used to send for the Englishman to bring down his fiddle and improvise for them. Altogether, they treated him with so much respect that, to this day, he considers residence at a German University an essential part of a decent man's education. Tastes differ; I have no desire to seek the Fatherland.

"Well, after a while, naturally, he grew weary of the Teuton, and a fancy came upon him to visit the Alps. His ability to write prettily was just then developing, and in his letters home he talked of skies that were ever blue, of brooks that babbled through sunny uplands, and of the urgent necessity, in this prosaic age, for a man to rightly educate his sense of the beautiful. In due time, the parental purse-strings were sufficiently loosed; and he had started off for the mountains, and was travelling with a knapsack on his back, scorning hotels and such-like indolent ease, that he might thereby the better imitate Heine. At the end of a month he had settled down for a long stay at an *auberge* in Semstadt.

"The *aubergiste* had a pretty daughter, Suzette. She was slightly younger than my father, and the two of them very soon exchanged confidences. The twilight crept along the valley, and the wind stirred the vines into music, and *mon père* talked like a Rossetti sonnet, and finally the youngsters fell very much in love—continually telling each other all about it.

"The weeks fled by unnoticed, until the time drew near for the lover to return to Germany. Then he had to kiss pretty Suzette's tears away as he told her that he mustn't stay longer at Semstadt. It rather cut her up, because she was quite as seriously in earnest as he was, and you know how terribly serious a fellow is in these matters at twenty. The poor girl grew more and more melancholy, and began to cry in the most alarming manner at the oddest possible moments. Her father was disturbed about her, because, he said, her mother had suffered sadly with hysteria. But the old gentleman had no suspicion of the true state of affairs, and he was looking on the wrong side of the street.

"Mademoiselle Suzette refused comfort, and continued to cry, and became ill. Then happened the strange part of the business.

"It was late on the night before the governor's departure. He was loafing about the balcony in a very depressed and limp condition, pondering how he would go home and tell his people, and then come back and marry; or, if his people refused consent, how he would come back and marry all the same. Suddenly a door creaked, and to his intense surprise Suzette came out and walked towards him. Her face was set firm and her eyes were fixed. She stared full at and, as it were, through him, and passed silently by. He couldn't speak or move, but just stood, as he had started up, and trembled from head to foot. It was not until she had disappeared in the darkness that he regained his presence of mind. Then he followed her.

"Across a narrow meadow she went, along through a tiny copse, and up by a winding hill-path, to where, from a secluded ledge, the rock broke away in sheer precipice to a torrent bed below. It was an old haunt of hers, and, as he recognised this, he concluded that she was walking in her sleep, and he remembered dimly to have once heard that a sleep-walker must not be roughly wakened. So, though the girl passed to the extreme margin of the ledge, until he held his breath as he watched her, he dared not speak or stir.

"It is awful to hear him tell the story himself. How, to his strained nerves the torrent flow sounded like a thousand human voices; how the noise of the wind sweeping up through the fir-trees in the valley made him shudder; and how the great mountains, still as death, loomed phosphorescent in the darkness.

"Suzette stood muttering to herself, uncannily, as one talks in sleep, so that no word could be distinguished. Then she began to sing, brokenly and indistinctly, as if her tongue refused its office. Then when all was silent again, she went as she had come, passing so close to him, as he crouched down beside the path, that her robe brushed his face. He rose and followed, down the winding hill-path, through the tiny copse and across the narrow meadow. In his room, afterward, he sat dazed until his eyes closed and he slept heavily.

"To tell the truth, the governor had been visiting a great deal during the preceding afternoon, bidding good-bye, and he had swallowed as much wine as he could conveniently carry. Naturally, therefore, when he awoke next morning and found himself in an arm-chair still tired out with his mouth parched and with just a faint recollection of some mysterious journey, he rubbed his eyes, and could not for the life of him decide whether he had or had not been dreaming. He called the maid-servant who slept with Suzette and questioned her. Yes, Mademoiselle was much better and had passed an undisturbed night and would see Monsieur before he went away. It had been a dream. He shook himself free from its enchantment, bade everybody farewell and went away, journeying almost direct to England. There his courage failed him, and his plan of defiance fell through. When he related the story of his travels he said nothing of little Suzette. As soon as he dared do so he returned to Germany and to his studies.

“But the dream music—the midnight song—lingered obstinately in his brain. The burden of the air haunted him night and day. To relieve himself he wrote a *fantaisie*, telling of his travels, and having for *finale* the mournful song-tune. The students, his friends, heard and were delighted; the professors said that it was sad waste of time for any young man to attempt that which it was beyond his power to accomplish. My father played the music for his own consolation and didn't heed either praise or blame.

“For six months letters passed to and from Semstadt—love letters, of course. Then they ceased abruptly. In vain he wrote. The suspense unnerved him, and life seemed unendurable. He felt that at any cost he must see Suzette again. A journey *sub rosa* was already planned, when news came from her father that she was very ill. In less than an hour *mon père* was on his travels.

“He found Suzette very weak and rather light-headed, but more beautiful and more innocently bewitching than ever. And he wrote home to England—it doesn't matter what—and arranged for a second stay at Semstadt. Suzette pulled round slowly. The whole romance came to be known, and every maiden in the village had it off by heart.

“At the time of the vintage Mademoiselle was convalescent. When the ingathering was ended there was held a festival. Fires were lighted in a great meadow, and the villagers ate, and drank, and sang and danced among the fantastic shadows. An old man fiddled for the dancers. After a while, my father to satisfy Suzette, borrowed the violin and played.

“The folk gathered round to listen. He played the *fantaisie*, which told, in the most approved style, of the free air, and the glorious hills, and the murmuring woods, and the majestic mountains; and finally, of the sorrow of the spirit that dwells in the mountains—the plaintive dream-tune.

“Suzette watched him as he played. The sound filled all the darkening meadow. She listened, completely happy, completely content. But, as the strain changed to the melancholy *finale*, she started visibly, her face blanched, its expression faded into vacuity, her lips moved, she rose and sang.

“The listeners drew away appalled. My father's arm lost power. The fiddle slipped from his nerveless grasp and fell emptily to the turf. But she sang on—slowly—more slowly—in a terrible broken tone. She paused—began again—paused again. Then, with a shriek of unearthly laughter, she fell heavily.

“A week later she died—mad.

“My father went back to Germany carrying his secret with him. He came straight on to England, and he has never touched a fiddle since.”

* * * * *

The studio was quite in darkness and the firelight had sunk to a dull red glow. Graham's half consumed cigarette was cold; he threw it from him. For full five minutes there was complete silence.

Then Wilson spoke.

"I expect it was a case of dual personality," he said, thoughtfully.

But Graham rose abruptly and turned on the gas, and whatever solution psychology had to offer remained unspoken.

EDWARD A. FRANCIS.



How to Write Dramas for Music.



T has been most truly said by Schopenhauer that "Music reveals the inner significance of things." Any thinking person can convince himself of the truth of this by observing how actually music is the "half of life," how every public function, every performance before an audience, necessitates the assistance of music. The performance of the most marvellous acrobat, athlete or juggler, would be wearisome deprived of musical accompaniment. All actors and public performers acknowledge how great an assistance music is, alike to physical, emotional, or intellectual effort. Again, how remarkably expressive and forcible is music in a ballet, not less in the pantomimic passages than in the dances; how it brings home the interest of the story! Yet music is not descriptive; if it is good music, it is more, it is a means of revelation. That is why the baldest and crudest *libretti*, so long as they contain the *suggestion* of natural emotion or poetic *intention*—such, for instance, as "The Bohemian Girl," "Satanella," or "Luisa Miller"—are so overpoweringly effective in performance. It is because of the sublimating effect of the music. "For only the passions, the movements of the will, exist for it, and like God, it sees only the hearts. It never assimilates itself to the natural, and therefore even when it accompanies the most ludicrous and extravagant farces of the comic opera, it still preserves its essential beauty, purity, and sublimity; and its fusion with these incidents is unable to draw it down from its height, to which all absurdity is really foreign. Thus the profound and serious significance of our existence hangs over the farce and the endless miseries of human life, and never leaves it for a moment."*

The dramatic art has its basis in humanity, and like all other phenomena has evolved from a simple germ to a complex organisation. The prototype of the highest form of drama, the music drama,

* *Vide* "Schopenhauer on Music."

is found in the early Greek tragedy. In Mr. J. F. Rowbotham's "History of Music" a full and graphic account will be found of the excellent manner in which the Greek chorus supported the illusion, the ideal atmosphere of the drama. The art of the stage so nearly approaches the confines of reality, that the power of its illusion is apt to be destroyed by its ideal progressions being brought into too close contact with the logic of actual fact, or the abrupt dissonances of actual life. Thus the opera, or music drama, has generally been the more popular with cultured people, or people naturally refined, because they perceive that in it emotional ideality is the most perfectly preserved. So great has been the effect of music that in Italy it has been adapted to dramas of intellectual intrigue and vulgar crime, such as "Rigoletto" and "Luisa Miller," with which it really has little affinity. The French, whose sense of dramatic propriety has always been keen, and who are a subtle-minded people, yet prone to emotional pleasure, felt that music became mere noise when employed in certain classes of drama; so they invented the vaudeville, in which the intellectual progression of the drama is conducted by action and verbal dialogue, and the emotional situations intensified by decided musical expression in the form of songs, duets, and occasional concerted pieces. This method was found especially effective in comedies containing a romantic interest. Beethoven's fine opera, "Fidelio," is really only a serious vaudeville, fortified by grand chorus, fine symphonies, and four fine overtures. The modern comic opera, so popular in London now, is really only an elaborated form of the vaudevilles written by Scribe, Auber, and Adolphe Adam; the choruses being introduced more for musical effect than in dramatic significance. Unfortunately this form of art is incapable of healthy development. It is a hybrid form, in which two component parts that are not mutually dependent all through, do not blend, but trammel one another in all phases of the work wherein they do not harmoniously touch. The emotion does not travel with the action, but too much impedes it, in the same way that over-elaborated dialogue may impede the action of a poetic drama, in which discursive poetic speech predominates over human action. It is, therefore, clear that all dramas of subtle intrigue are as unsuitable for musical expression as dramas of coat and waistcoat realism, dealing with vulgar crime, or familiar episodes, are unsuitable for treatment in rhythmical verse. In writing a drama for music, then, two things have to be carefully considered: first, the selection of a subject; second, the form in which that subject is to be cast, and the style of poetic speech to be employed in it. For, as music has affinity only with poetic conception, so it can only aid and *intensify* poetic speech. And this is why the highest poetic drama demands music, and also why the most definitely expressive music demands speech. The subject of a music drama must always be one of pure emotion, *i.e.*, wherein the motives of the action proceed rather from *subjective* passions of the characters than from *objective* influences of outward circumstance. The

finest feelings of the heart, the noblest instincts, the highest aspirations of the soul, these must be the *fundamenta*, the baser passions coming into play as contrast, in characters with proclivities to evil. But the intrigues which are so interesting in good oral drama, and which spring from the head, are outside the province of music which interprets the depths of nature; the instincts of the *genus* rather than the circumstances surrounding individual life. For instance, the passion of a love marriage finds expression in music, but the intrigue surrounding a court or society arrangement of matrimony wherein the passions are subordinate to diplomacy, though intensely interesting, accompanied by terse dialogue and cunning manœuvre of one wit to outwit another, lie quite outside the province of musical expression. The form of the drama should be regulated by the rush and the pause, the rise and the fall, of its emotional phases. In regard to the poetic verbal expression, there is no doubt that for light romantic comic opera, polished, rhymed stanzas in varieties of metre are the best; but for pure comedy, or serious drama or tragedy, the metrical verse which gives the form of the *Arsis* and the *Thesis* is the more suitable for dramatic music or song. Rhyme is of very little use to a composer, and its jingle jars in a subject of any vigour or intensity. Blank verse is not sufficiently flexible to admit of graceful musical form. Rhyme indeed is always dangerous, except in the hands of a master, for commonplace rhymes are as unpleasant to a cultured ear as vulgar sequences in music, and in good rhythmical verse any maceration of language is hateful and antagonistic to melodic expression; for good poetry requiring musical accompaniment must contain in itself an analogous rhythm and harmony, the constituents of music, which are the parents of melody. And only such verse can inspire a composer with pure melodic sequences at once dignified and refined.

One of the most essential things in words for music is that there should be a decided *ictus*. Accent is the basis of all formal beauty, both in declamation and composition. It has been found, therefore, that the ancient form of alliterative verse gives the most assistance to the singer who declaims the song, and the composer who gives melodic expression to ideas conveyed by the words. It is true that this form of verse is not suited to the *cantabile* style of melody; but then in pure music drama this form must be used sparingly, for a song is a complete work of art in itself, and is undramatic on the stage unless brought in naturally. The making an opera a string of songs, duets, etc., is what reduced it to the condition to which it arrived under the combined influences of vain singers and unpoetic composers. And it is a point in all good singing of whatever kind that it shall be declamation, more or less severe, according to the nature of the subject matter; for it is the essence of good singing that all words should be clearly enunciated, the mumbling of words in a singer being as gross a fault as the slurring of musical accent or expression. And it is mere truism to say that elocution is as

necessary for a singer as for an actor in oral drama, though, judging by what we are inflicted with on our modern stage, the fact seems to have been forgotten.

Few, I think, will venture to deny that the above given lines are those upon which every music drama should be laid down ; but a curious instance of how easy it is to preach principles of art and yet fail in practice to carry them out, was revealed by the late Franz Hueffer, who, though a severe critic, actually wrote one of the worst dramas for music ever perpetrated. I allude to the opera of "Colomba," set to music by Dr. Mackenzie. His choice of subject was not a happy one ; a romantic tale of life which in Corsica is vulgar ; and his treatment of his subject was neither heroic nor poetic, but in the style of theatrical realism, while his versification is commonplace and unreal, because both unideal and unnatural. Stories of horror and mere savage butchery are mainly alien to pure music, or poetry, and are quite distasteful to the imaginative spectator. For the man of real imagination is too keenly alive to the horrors and cruel unnecessary pain of the actual world to take any pleasure in seeing such things reproduced merely for the sake of effect. It is only a callous nature that delights in a gross spectacle of death, misery, or grief. The butchery contained in Shakespeare's plays is painful when acted, and would be unbearable but for the poetry and philosophy which depict the characters ideally and truthfully. Moreover, in the 16th century people were far more callous to the miseries of life than now, and Death was used as an implement of terror and punishment both by priest and ruler. Again, Shakespeare merely uses horrors as the results of great passions perverted ; and no more significant sign of how vulgar realism has destroyed art in these days can be found than in the fact that people applauded Mr. Irving's Macbeth, wherein he makes an ambitious soldier, hurried into crime by perverted passion and diseased fanaticism, a mere vulgar assassin, who creeps in to murder Duncan, in the spirit of a common burglar setting to work to kill a miser for his gold. But we digress from Hueffer's unfortunate drama, which is a strange jostling of the romantic and the commonplace, the vulgar and the picturesque ; a mixture of theatrical effect and musical display, while the language is a strange compound of commonplace rhymes, inflexible metres and unrhythmical lines. Because in this story there are a few musical opportunities, Hueffer appears to have fancied it would mould into an opera ; but one or two musical episodes will not make a music-drama, nor will two or three dramatic scenes make a play. A music-drama must be musical all through, as a play must be dramatic all through. And this is why Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," though the least mature of his seven grand works, is so immeasurably superior to all operas previously composed. For, with the exception of about a score of works by the best composers, the great mass of operas by all musicians prior to Wagner are really hybrid creations, laboured in birth and abortive in final result. Yet the worst opera ever composed is more edifying

to the fine natured spectator than any stage play below the level of poetic drama or high comedy ; because, wherever there is any pure music, there is revealed to us the inner significance of things more prominently than the vulgar symbols, so that the vulgar becomes idealised, and even gross horror becomes sublimated into the tenderness of poetic emotion. The poems by Arrigo Boito, for his own opera, "Mefistofele," and "Otello," as set by Verdi, are two of the best in recent work of this kind ; and if only our best poets would realise the parallel between fine poetry and pure music, modern composers would obtain that which they are always seeking for, a really fine poem for music. But the vicious habit of many musicians of regarding the opera rather as a means of artificial musical display than as a piece of lofty drama, has caused the best poets to refrain from writing words for music, because they feared that the consistency of their work would be marred by the stupid reiterations of musical artifice. Consequently, the writing of dramas for music has been chiefly left to second-rate poets. But now that music is understood clearly to be the highest of all the arts, and poets can see, by the study of such a work as Wagner's "Tannhäuser," the astonishing inherent power revealed by a perfect wedlock between music and poetry, and can convince themselves by seeing vast audiences of truly cultured people sitting spell-bound under the sublime influence of such a creation as "Lohengrin," how perfectly poetry inspires music, and music preserves the poetic aroma, they will no longer hold themselves aloof from the musician.

For the poet can say to the musician :—

"Clasp hands with me, that you may draw forth the essence of my creative force, so that my verse shall not only charm the ear and enrapture the mind, but touch the hearts of my hearers."

And the musician can say to the poet :—

"Give me a firm basis, upon which strong groundwork I may conceive and rear beautiful forms of sound ; raise thou me a stem and branches, and I will clothe them with glorious foliage and blossoms of divine hues, and together we will rear a noble tree, bearing knowledge and delight, that, to the hardened and careworn of the world, shall prove a refuge of shelter and sweetness, under which their hearts shall nestle, even as the birds of the air in the forest, during hours when the sky is dark, and the winds rush by, and the clouds roll low, and the thunder echoes in the heights and in the depths."

F. ALLAN LAIDLAW.



Hints to Young Actors.



AMONGST all the numerous text-books published on the art of acting, there is not one, in my opinion, which really gives sound advice to the dramatic student. They nearly all mention the necessary accomplishments required by would-be actors, and they give technical instruction in the art (or science) of making-up; but it is hardly necessary to remark that these do not constitute acting.

I have therefore drawn up a few hints which nearly all young actors will be pleased to take, as I believe they are in accordance with their own views.

To begin with Shakespeare. The juvenile reader will of course not expect to play "Hamlet" until he has been at least six months in the profession; and therefore we will suppose that Rosencrantz is the character to be represented. The student should bear in mind that every one of Shakespeare's characters bears the stamp of his genius and is necessary for the completeness of the drama. The smallest character should be played with as much earnestness as the principal character. Yet I have never seen Rosencrantz properly played. He is not made to stand out as a marked individuality; so far as stage representation is concerned, no one would ever know the true character of Rosencrantz. We will point out the way in which the young actor may give an original and subtle reading of the part.

Take plenty of time to study the character. Try to find out the poet's hidden meaning, or better still, some hidden meaning which is not the poet's. This course is pursued by all the leading actors of the day, when they play Shakespeare. When you greet Hamlet, step out boldly to the footlights, address yourself to the audience, and, after getting rid of your line in as loud a voice as possible, turn round and give Hamlet a hearty shake of the hand. This will produce an immense sensation amongst the audience. They will at once recognise the new reading of the character; so will Hamlet and the stage manager. (As a means of protection in private life I should advise the young actor to always carry a sword-stick).

I have said enough to show how the whole of the complex character of Rosencrantz should be treated. Let us proceed to melodrama. There are only two types of character that present any difficulty: the first is the hero, and the second the villain. With regard to the latter, if the student can keep his eye rolling he is safe; a good working roll of the eye is always very effective. Heroes only need hold their heads very high and as far back as possible, so as to throw

the noble words allotted to them into the farthest corner of the gallery. This is always done. I have not been able to ascertain the reason, but it must be right, or it would not be practised by Mr. —, and Mr. —, late of the A— Theatre. Always use your voice to the best advantage; if you can manage to shake the chandelier, you will produce a thrill of excitement in the pit.

With regard to your conduct off the stage, I am a believer in judicious self-advertisement. If the student is in a touring company, he should make himself known in every town visited. He may get up a fight and appear at the police court, which will bring his name before the public. “Disgraceful Conduct of an Actor” on the newspaper contents-bill always produces a full house. A reputation for fighting may also introduce him to good society at the Pelican Club. If he can get himself implicated in a divorce case, his fortune is made.

These hints are very brief, but if the young actor follows them carefully, further instruction will be useless to him.

T. C. E.



To — as “Juliette.”



STAGE-LAND had vanished, and thine art intense
 Made me forget the garish lights, the throng
 Of eager faces,—all things save the sense
 Of thy sweet presence and impassioned song.
 Far hence in fair Verona it was night—
 The night of the warm south for lovers made—
 Filled with the moon's soft splendour, and the light
 Of golden stars that round her pathway played.
 The revels ended, all was still around
 The house of Capulet, save for the low
 Susurrus of the wind-stirred leaves, the sound
 Of thine own wondrous song, whose ebb and flow
 Of perfect music thrilled the night's dull ear,
 Till heaven itself seemed bending down to hear.

GEO. L. MOORE.



Our Portraits.

No. CCLXX.—MISS BEATRICE LAMB.

The rising young actress, whose portrait we give this month, made her first appearance on the stage, April 20th, 1887, simply as one of the guests in "The Red Lamp," at the Comedy Theatre, when Mr. Beerbohm Tree took up the reins of management and went with his company to the Haymarket. Strange to say, up to this time Miss Beatrice Lamb was unacquainted with any actor or actress, but feeling a strong desire to join the dramatic profession, Mr. Joseph Knight, a very old friend of her family, who had heard her recite, introduced her to Mr. Tree. At the Haymarket, Miss Lamb was understudy to Miss Marion Terry in "The Ballad-Monger," but had no opportunity of playing Loyse until it was afforded through the genuine kindness of the original, who allowed Miss Lamb to appear in the character on the afternoon of January 11th, 1888, and show what capability she possessed. This one performance obtained Miss Lamb an engagement with Mr. Hare at the Garrick Theatre, where she appeared in "The Profligate," as Irene Stonehay, a most unsympathetic character, but one which tested her powers and in the acting of which she showed great promise; this was April 24th, 1889. Miss Lamb remained at the Garrick for a considerable time, and then joined Mrs. Langtry's company at the St. James's to play Phœbe in "As You Like It" (February 24th, 1890). Being at liberty in May, the young actress had the good sense to commence hard work in that month, and throughout Miss Sarah Thorne's stock season at Margate played in melodrama, comedy, and Shakespeare, and here learnt the *technique* of her art and also the value of quick study. Miss Lamb's opportunity came on October 29th, 1890, when, through the kind assistance of Miss Fanny Brough, "Moths" was produced in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, and Miss Lamb played Vere Herbert and obtained universal and unstinted praise for the delicacy, refinement, and power she exhibited. Miss Lamb also "created" the part of Harriette Milbanke in Walter Frith's four-act play "In the Old Time," at the St. James's Theatre, May 31st, 1888; and this year (1891) that of Lily in "Our Angels," by G. H. R. Dabbs and Edward Righton (Vaudeville, March 3rd), and Mrs. Annesley in the play of that name by J. F. Cooke (Criterion, July 1st), all of which performances were highly esteemed. Miss Beatrice Lamb has had but little encouragement from her family, who were much averse to her becoming an actress, but she mentions with deep gratitude the kindness and assistance she has experienced at the hands of her professional brothers and sisters from the highest to the lowest, and also to the valuable lessons in elocution which she received, without any sort of charge, from Mr. John Millard. Miss Lamb avails herself of every opportunity of learning that which may improve her. She has taken both fencing and dancing lessons; the latter stood her in good stead when, at less than twenty-four hours' notice, she took up Miss Neilson's part of Drusilla Ives in "The Dancing Girl." This, with the character of Mrs. Sampson Paley in "Sowing and Reaping" at the Criterion, is at present Miss Lamb's theatrical record, but we think we are safe in prophesying that her admitted talents will quickly secure her a prominent position.

No. CCLXXI.—MR. C. HADDON CHAMBERS.

The youngest of our popular and deservedly successful dramatists was born at Marrickville, in the neighbourhood of Sydney, New South Wales, April 22nd, 1860, and is descended from an old Scotch family. His father, John Ritchie Chambers, left Ulster as a young man to seek his fortune in the Gold Fields, Australia; but not being one of the lucky ones, joined the New South Wales Civil Service, and eventually occupied one of the highest official positions in the



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MISS BEATRICE LAMB.

VERE: "But surely the world, as you call it, means men and women:
it must be what they make it,—they might make it good
if they liked."
—"MOTHS."



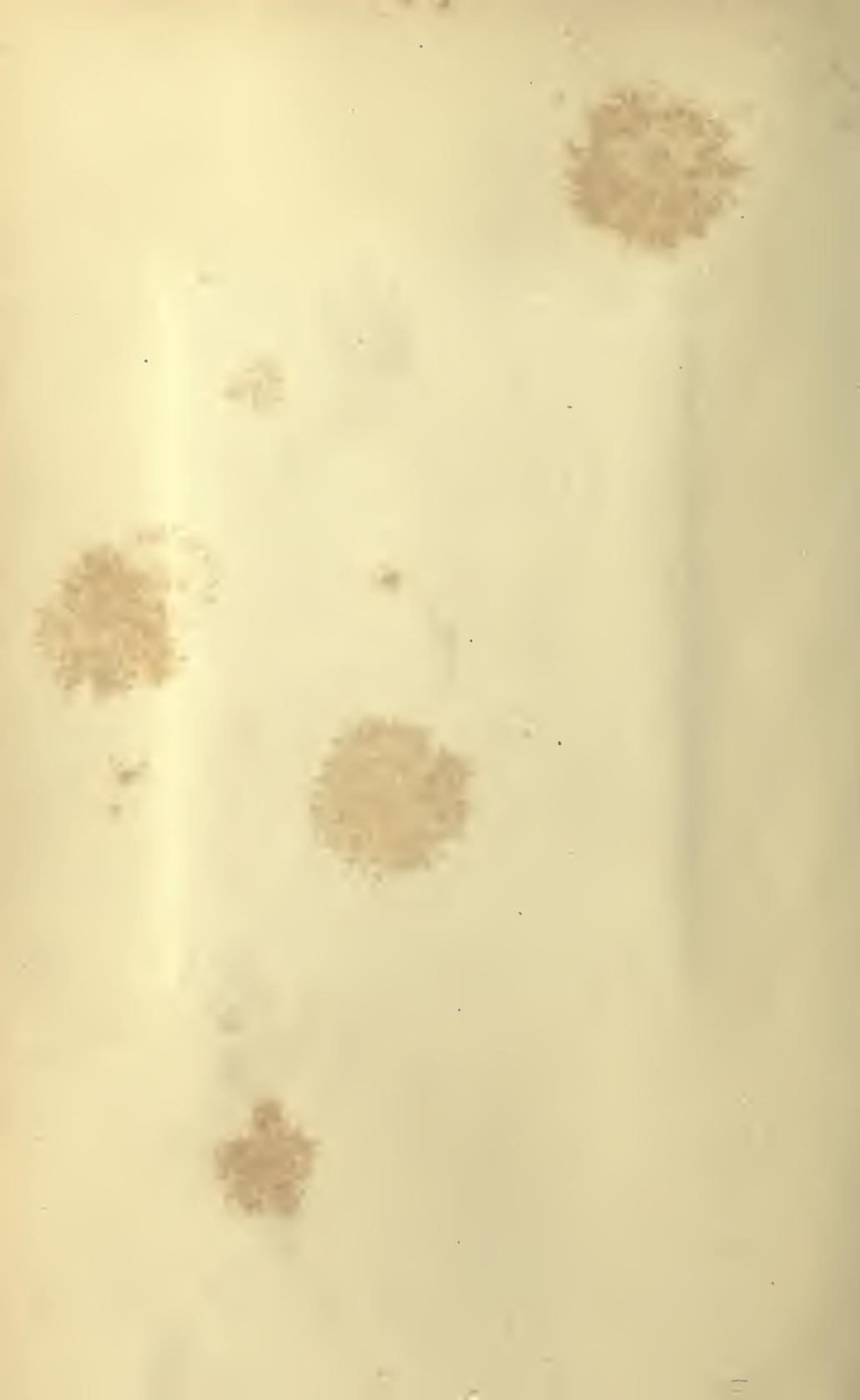
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C. MADDON CHAMBERS.

CROTOLON: " for, as I take it,
The budding of your chin cannot prognosticate
So grave an honour.

—FORD'S "THE BROKEN HEART," *Act I.*



Department of Lands. His son passed the necessary examinations at the Sydney University and entered the Survey Department in the same service, but soon tired of the monotony of office routine and joined a squatter friend in the Bush. Here he, no doubt, from the life of adventure he led as a "boundary rider" and general "station hand," acquired some of those ideas that he turned to such good account in "Captain Swift." Mr. Chambers paid a flying visit to his Irish relatives in 1880, and coming to London made up his mind to settle in the metropolis. He was, however, compelled to go back to Australia for a while, but in 1882 practically took up his residence in England, and has only left it since for holiday jaunts on the Continent and to produce his present London success in New York. Turning his pen to advantage in 1883, *Society* (the 6d. magazine now defunct), first accepted one of his short tales, and *Cassell's, Belgravia*, and other magazines quickly followed suit. He also contributed some "Queer Stories" to *Truth*, and among some forty short works of fiction such as the "Underground Tragedy," "White Cat," "Ne'er do Weel," "Little Gold Nugget" (since published in "Collections of Stories") appeared "The Pipe of Peace," which the author has dramatized and in which form it has been accepted by Mr. George Alexander for production. Mr. F. Dietz purchased Mr. Chambers' first drama "A Mere Cipher," for America, where it has been successfully played. His play, "The Open Gate," his first production on English soil, was played at the Comedy under Mr. W. D. Calthorpe's management, March 28th, 1887. The hardship of the (late) American copyright law was shown in the case of this play. When the author was in New York producing "The Idler," he was asked to contribute a little play for the Actors' Benevolent Fund there. He suggested "The Open Gate." A copy was obtained and it was played and has been played ever since at the (New York) Lyceum. The local dramatic librarian, Mr. French, has reaped a profit from the number of copies he has sold; but the author *has not had one single fee*. Mr. Chambers next wrote, in conjunction with J. Stanley Little, a powerful play, "Devil Caresfoot," produced at the Vaudeville, July 12th, 1887, and though it did not quite hit the public taste, Mr. Chambers was not deterred from immediately setting to work, and wrote in four months "Captain Swift," which proved an immense success on its production at the Haymarket, June 20th, 1888. "The Idler," his latest work, produced at the St. James's, February 26th, of this year, has only been withdrawn in the height of its prosperity, and with it Mr. George Alexander will re-open his theatre in the autumn. It has been erroneously stated that this latter play was written for Mrs. Langtry; the manageress only acquired the rights; and previously to its having been seen in this country it had been successfully played first in America and subsequently in Australia. Mr. Haddon Chambers' time is fully employed, for he has in hand a play for Mr. Thomas Thorne with which the Vaudeville will re-open, and has also three other plays "in commission."



Reviews.

"*A Leading Lady: A Story of the Stage*," by Henry Herman. (London: Chatto and Windus).

Mr. Herman has chosen a sufficiently attractive subject for a not too serious novel of one volume; and he has projected a story dealing with that subject, which, if a little commonplace, is yet not without the merit of being interesting. But it cannot be said that he has been very successful in dealing with his idea. The story is too improbable in detail at times, and too barren of characters in whom the reader can find anything to admire for the book to be very satisfying; neither on the other hand is there sufficient individuality about the characters to render the book instructive. Still, notwithstanding these faults, "*A Leading Lady*" is entertaining enough to while away two hours of a tedious journey withal. And if the reader has yet any time to kill, he may amuse himself, and tax his ingenuity, by endeavouring to account satisfactorily (if he has the admiration for Sybil Collier that he is presumably expected to have), for the compromising situation into which the "*Leading Lady*" gets herself eventually. The author has not had space for the explanation himself.

"*Diary of a Pilgrimage*," by J. K. Jerome. (Bristol: Arrowsmith).

Mr. Jerome is always successful in his very humble line, and so long as he can tickle the long Midas ears of the public, with profit to the latter and himself, it would be unkind to cavil at his unpretending methods. And he is really sometimes extremely amusing, and passably grammatical, if only he would learn that first principle of the literary beginner, not to treat "like" as a particle of comparison in place of "as." Then he is so unkind to the reviewers—but nearly every author is that who can trace his first success back to the indulgence of these unfeeling persons. Yet, after reading one of the so-called "essays" in this volume, which concerns itself with that never-failing pathetic question of the wanton *diablerie* of the whole body critical—particularly, we assume, towards such authors as have achieved an immense fame with the great ungrammatical, and really it must be said illiterate, majority, without succeeding in gaining the approbation of the minority—it is sad, if instructive, to find the good opinions of some of these same sneaking fellows quoted at the tail of the volume, to advertise another work by our very author of the "essay."

"*The Life of Henrik Ibsen*," by Henrik Jaeger. Translated by Clara Bell. (Heinemann).

Ibsen's enemies in England are countless, while his friends as yet are few; but the victory is not yet won. The philosophy associated with his name, alas, is in the air, the wide world over. Cling as we may to our idealism, the wave of realism it is to be feared may yet be too much for us. His is the cause of the Individual; he sides with the poor against the rich. Every inch his cohorts gain is something won, while his foes are fighting merely to preserve the *status quo*. His are the Ironsides, strong stern men, fanatics, grimly dogged, picked soldiers every one; and against them as of old are the Cavaliers, dashing free lances, chivalrous, dauntless, but upheld by nothing more inspiring than contempt for sober Shovel-hats. It is this abiding sense of conflict which gives his personality such interest, and carries us through his biography as through the pages of a novel. In reading his life we trace the process by which a leader is made. Noble or infamous, a genius or "an egotist and a bungler," it really matters not which, the live truth is here, that Ibsen single-handed has fought the world, given articulate expression to the aspirations of a strong, if worthless, minority, and headed a social rising that threatens danger to our most cherished landmarks. His record is therefore profoundly instructive, and the recital of his daring combats with the enemy is bold with the crude colouring of primitive warfare. Pathos—the pathos of grinding poverty—is the prevailing note throughout his early years; but impressive as this part of the

history unquestionably is, English readers will dwell with more persistence upon the crisis of thought and feeling, the germs from which sprang the haunting, the unbinging, the terrible dramas which lately have set artistic London in a blaze. These pages are nothing less than a psychological romance, so intense is the interest aroused in the development of Mr. Jaeger's sturdy, revolutionary hero, and many, we fear, will straightway be converted to iconoclastic Ibsenism, upon reading here what Ibsen is, and how he has become so. Since he realised that the fall of Rome, the decay of ancient Egypt, the "rotteness of the times in which we live," are to be attributed to an absence of individuality, his life has been devoted to the preaching of a gospel in which he recognises the only means for the regeneration of "the compact majority." To deny the force of such a character is quite impossible. Rightly or wrongly he is working against fearful odds for what he believes the truth. Even were his literary achievements confined to polemical essays, in denunciation of the diseases of the body politic in his own little state, his powers would claim for him wide notoriety, but they are greater than these. Condemned or approved, his dramas do what they profess to do, deal bitterly with that social "morality" which too often is found wanting. He holds up the mirror and in it we see the egoistic chattering men, the silent self-sacrificing women, not uncommon in every town and village in civilised countries. "Truth, liberty, and love," his biographer says, "are the corner stones of the grand and solemn fabric which Ibsen has constructed in the course of years." With that we cannot agree, but this book proves the man honest, evil counsellor though he be. The analytical method may seem dull at first, but once an Ibsen play has been experienced, a new world, it must be owned, lies within sight, and it is difficult to regard the old one with the cheery confidence we once enjoyed. Wherever Ibsen goes he unfurls the banner of revolt. In his own country, in France, in Germany, and now in England, he is the best-discussed man of the age. He is indeed epoch-making. And whether we consider him an angel of light or of darkness, his individuality is one of which we cannot afford to rest in ignorance. Admirers and abusers alike will admit the masterful powers of the man, before they have got half-way through this fascinating book, and much misunderstanding will inevitably be swept away.

"*The Coming Terror*," by Robert Buchanan. (Heinemann).

From the first moment Mr. Buchanan began to write, he has been endeavouring, he assures us, to vindicate the freedom of human personality, the equality of the sexes, and the right of revolt against arbitrary social laws conflicting with the happiness of human nature. It would appear, then, that his aims and Ibsen's are identical. Yet, strange to say, Ibsen is singled out, in this second essay upon "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," for the weightiest missiles of contumely and wrath! This fact is the key to Mr. Buchanan's seemingly irreconcilable contradictions. He must and will stand alone. His foot is on his native heath and he'll hack and slash at all, till the crack of doom. His Individualism shall be actual. There shall be none like unto him, neither in the heavens above, nor on the earth beneath, nor across the waters of Acheron that are under the earth. For this the man is to be admired. The splendid audacity of the challenge, the glove flung down by one to millions, reconciles us to a hundred worthless foibles, and a thousand unjust and hasty verdicts. The spirit Macaulay breathed into Horatius stirs within us still. "For how can man die better than facing fearful odds For the ashes of his fathers, and the temples of his gods." The sentiment which leads us to canonise Robert Bruce, and to accept Rider Haggard as a novelist, now urges us to read every page of "The Coming Terror," and thank its author for having written it. Within its covers we find a literary Umslopogaa, and the play he makes with that deadly axe of his is worthy of Mr. Haggard in his most Homeric vein. No odds are too great. The Home Secretary, "the new Pilate PUNCHINELLO;" ex-Justice Stephen, "the Caiaphas of the Bench;" Mr. Labouchere, "the Paul Pry of journalism, and the Scapin of politics;" Professor Huxley, "a moral troglodyte;" Emile Zola, "a merry and dismal gentleman" devoted to "questions of moral drainage and social sewerage;" Lord Wolseley, "a droning Military Person;" Paul Bourget "ridiculous mus of a social mud heap in parturition;" Henry James, "a fatuous young man;" Ouida, "that classic of the Langham;" Guy de Maupassant, "whose lovers find out each other, like animals, by the sense of smell;" Mr. William Archer, "a dull young man of saturnine proclivities;" Mr. George Moore, "a cockney Bohemian of the Latin Quarter;" Mrs. Lynn Linton, his

"matron militant;" Mr. John Morley, "a belated Hume;" Louis Stevenson, "a hard bound genius in posse;" Mr. Andrew Lang, "the prophet of modern Nepotism;" Mr. Rider Haggard, "a teller of tales to the marines, a disseminator of the philosophy of the preposterous;" Huxley again, "the Pharisee who passes by," "the quasi-scientific Boanerges;" "the impeccable albino, Mr. Howells;" "the nerve-shocking, negroesque M. Zola;" are a few of the adversaries this braw Scot, with Gargantuan appetite for slaughter, sets himself to demolish. Up swings razor-edged "In kosi kaas" and down it comes with sledge-hammer force, maiming, disfiguring, crippling, and strewing the ground with corpses. The Grand Old Zulu, to continue the metaphor, never falters. Not for an instant does he pause for breath. He is fleet of foot, supple of limb, and never a blow does he strike in vain. The lust of war is in his flaming eye and his distended nostrils. And a good deal of sympathy must go out to this dauntless warrior who keeps the bridge against an army. Mr. Buchanan's pungent and pregnant sentences always repay perusal, but of "The Coming Terror" more than that may with justice be said. It is indeed something of a *rara avis*, a store of original thought and lively speculation, without a dull page to endanger its worth.

"*Crispus, a Drama*," by H. Guthrie Smith. (Blackwood & Sons)

Is a three-act tragedy founded on the piteous tale, as related by Gibbon, of credulous Constantine and his martyred son. Its sole claim to distinction lies in its dedication to Mr. Herbert Spencer, to whom the author is anxious to make an "acknowledgment of intellectual obligation." Blank verse prosings, academically correct, but spiritually and dramatically barren, are the pet weakness of all the characters. They indulge in them to a terrible extent. Of action, there is next to nothing; of luminous thought, nothing; of passion, tragic grandeur, vivid character painting, nothing. The play obviously was not written for the stage. Yet it would be hazardous to assume that it was meant for the library. As a book, however, it is not without merit—it looks pretty, and is pleasant to handle and read.

"*The Halliwell Phillips Shakespearean Rarities*," a Calendar edited by Ernest E. Baker, F.S.A. (Longmans).

"What's in a name!" Not much perhaps when lovers and lady-loves are all the matter; but everything where plays and players are concerned. The stiff and formal title of this work, and its dingy catalogue-y look, will deter many from trying it, who thus will lose some pleasure worth the having. For in this guise of a "calendar" of curiosities, lovingly collected by an enthusiast of enthusiasts, are several hundreds of quaint notes, each casting its own queer side-light on Shakespeare's life, companions, home, and methods of work. Everything was fish that came to Halliwell Phillips' net. First editions, autographs, portraits, title deeds, leases, anything that could throw a glimmer of light upon the "greatest of Englishmen," was eagerly sought and secured. Here are many chap-books, plays, poems, used in the foundation of his comedies and tragedies; for Shakespeare, like Molière, "took his good things where and when he found them;" and "old volumes" recording the impressions of the dramatist's contemporaries, upon the moral worth of his prose and poetic utterances. Of these a very curious one is "The Anatomy of the English Nunnery at Lisbon, in Portugal," dissected by "a younger brother of the Convent;" in which the Confessor is accused of reading "Venus and Adonis," the "Jests of George Peele," or "some other scurrilous booke;" "for there are few idle pamphlets printed in England which he hath not in the house." But all these records are interesting in a rare degree, and the most cursory perusal will vastly enrich the "gentle and intelligent reader's" store of archæological acquirements.

BOOKS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

"*Sheridan: The Critic*." Edited by W. H. Low, M.A., (London: W. B. Clive and Co.).

"*Crushes and Crowds in Theatres: The Remedy*," by René Résuche. (London: S. Wilkins).

"*Scenes and Stories of the North of Scotland*," by John Sinclair. (Edinburgh: J. Thin).

"*Rosmer of Rosmersholm*." (London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.).



Our Play-Box.

"DRINK."

Drama, in seven acts, by CHARLES READE.

Revived at Drury Lane Theatre, Tuesday evening, June 23rd, 1891.

Coupeau	Mr. CHARLES WARNER.	Adolphe	Mr. RONALD POWER.
Lantier	Mr. CHARLES GLENNEY.	Gervaise	Miss JESSIE MILLWARD.
Gouget	Mr. EDWARD GURNEY.	Phœbe Sage	Miss KATE JAMES.
Poisson	Mr. JULIAN CROSS.	Virginie	Miss ADA NEILSON.
Mes Bottes	Mr. WILLIAM MORGAN.	Little Nana	Little DAISY STRATTON.
Bibi	Mr. STAUNTON.	Madame Rouge	Mrs. BILLINGTON.
Bee Sall	Mr. ALFRED PHILLIPS.	Juliet	Miss ALICE KINGSLEY.
Pierre Colombe	Mr. REGINALD COX.	Louise	Miss ALICE SELBY.
Jacques	Mr. HERBERT TERRISS.	Delphine	Miss LILY BROOKING.

Washerwomen, Work Girls, Citizens, Workmen, &c.

Charles Reade's adaptation of Busnach and Gatineau's drama, written on Zola's "L'Assommoir" (produced at the Ambigu, Paris, January 18th, 1879), was first seen in England, at the Princess's Theatre, June 2nd, 1879. Charles Warner was the original English Coupeau; G. Redmund, Lantier; William Rignold, Gouget; H. Beauchamp, Poisson; T. P. Haynes, Mes Bottes; Strickland, Pierre Colombe; Amy Roselle, Gervaise; Fanny Leslie, Phœbe Sage; Ada Murray, Virginie; Katie Barry, Little Nana. The play has been revived since then, and has invariably created a great sensation, from the terrible realism of Charles Warner's acting, when falling once more under the influence of drink, and his death from delirium tremens. The actor has lost none of his power; his features appear to be completely changed and his form shrunken under his sufferings from the awful disease, and he shows its ravages so effectively as to exercise a horrible fascination over his audience. The story of "Drink" is too well known to require being told over again. We see how Gervaise is deserted by Lantier, her first husband in the play; how Virginie, her rival, brings about the ruin and death of Coupeau; and throughout we have the steadfast love of the abstaining Gouget for the industrious Gervaise, which is finally rewarded, Virginie, and her paramour Lantier, meeting their deaths at the hands of Poisson. The novel has been considerably altered to suit English notions. In the present cast, Mr. Charles Glenney is an admirable representative of the worthless villain, Lantier, and Mr. Edward Gurney is a fine noble fellow as Gouget; his "abstinence" speeches were splendidly delivered, and were much applauded. Mr. Julian Cross played firmly as Poisson, and Mr. William Morgan was a characteristic Mes Bottes. Miss Jessie Millward quite understood the gentle, yielding nature of Gervaise, roused only once to indignation by the insults of Virginie in the "Wash-house" scene, where the two women fight like demons, and deluge each other with pails of real water. Miss Ada Neilson was altogether too stately as Virginie, and was not at all the debased creature the author intended. Miss Kate James was a very bright and saucy Phœbe Sage, and Little Daisy Stratton was an endearing child as Nana. The other parts were well filled, and Mr. Augustus Harris has staged the piece with that perfection that is always found at his theatre. The revival has been a distinct success.

“CLEOPATRA.”

Three-act farcical comedy, adapted from the French “Les Amours de Cleopatre,” by ARTHUR SHIRLEY.
First produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre, Thursday afternoon, June 25th, 1891.

Simon Rawkins	Mr. HARRY PAULTON.	} Mr. E. STIRLING.	
Edwin Vane	Mr. FRED MERVIN.		
Bob Lupton	Mr. SCOTT BUIST.		
Jelks	Mr. A. NEWARK.		
Montague Mowler	Mr. H. DE LANGE.		
		Landlord of the “Compass”	
		Policeman	Mr. STEPHEN CAFFREY.
		Milly Rawkins	Miss LILLIAN HINGSTON.
		Cleopatra Collins	Miss MAUD MILTON.

“Les Amours de Cleopatre” had already been used by Tom Robertson for the ground-work of his play, “A Breach of Promise,” produced at the Globe, April 10th, 1869, and which was specially written with a view that the late E. L. Sothorn should appear as the gentleman who, engaged to one woman, wishes to marry another. Cleopatra Collins, the engaged lady, is an actress, and a determined woman, and she takes care that Edwin Vane shall not escape her. He has had the audacity to put up the banns for his marriage with Milly Rawkins, and had locked Cleopatra up in her room, but she escapes and comes to Simon Rawkin’s house, representing herself to be Vane’s sister, and mad. The marriage is postponed for a week, and this time, Vane takes Cleopatra out in a boat, and leaves his persistent lady-love on a rock; she gets back in time to accuse him of having murdered her, for she is known to the Rawkins’ household as Mrs. Jellicoe, Vane’s sister. In the meantime, Milly has discovered that Vane’s friend, Bob Lupton, is a much more engaging young man, and so pairs off with him, and Cleopatra is rewarded for her perseverance by eventually securing Edwin Vane for herself. Though very amusing, there is scarcely material enough in Mr. Shirley’s farce for three acts, and I think it would prove more acceptable to provincial audiences than London ones. Miss Maud Milton was so full of spirits, and acted so cleverly, that to her may be ascribed the success of the afternoon, and Mr. Fred Mervin was very nearly as good. Mr. Harry Paulton was quaint as a wealthy retired sausage maker, whose thoughts are always running on his late business, and Miss Lillian Hingston played well as his more aristocratically inclined daughter. Stephen Caffrey was excellent as a policeman of nautical turn, and Scott Buist amusing as a rather silly but very good-natured young fellow; Mr. H. De Lange made much of a small part as a heavy tragedian, a friend of Rawkins’.

“JASPER’S REVENGE.”

One act play, by WYNN MILLER.
First produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre, Thursday afternoon, June 25th, 1891.

The Earl of Denesbrook ..	Mr. JOHN BEAUCHAMP.	Jasper Langley	Mr. LIONEL BROUGH.
Ernest Bagot Chumley ..	Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH.	Mary Langley	Miss WEBSTER.

Mr. Wynn Miller’s “Dream Faces” has been so universally admitted to be one of the most charming pieces ever written that we all hoped this new play of his would be of something like equal value. We were doomed to disappointment. “Jasper’s Revenge” told a conventional story, possessing neither freshness of incident or dialogue. In a small cottage live Jasper Langley and his adopted daughter Mary. The pretty girl has won for herself the heart of Ernest Bagot Chumley, the heir to an earldom. His uncle, the Earl of Denesbrook, an impoverished peer, feeling that it is necessary his nephew should marry money, comes to Langley to persuade him to prevent the union. Jasper then shows his hand. His life has been devoted to one scheme of revenge. He has accumulated wealth, bought up all the mortgages on the Denesbrook estate, and means to ruin the Earl, because he imagines the nobleman betrayed and

deserted the woman Joseph loved. The Earl explains that instead of betraying he had married her, that he was forced to go on foreign service, that his letters to her were returned to him, and that he has ever since been seeking his daughter, who, it is needless to say, turns out to be Mary Langley. The parts were well acted, Mr. Lionel Brough appearing in the character of an almost morose, embittered man to considerable advantage.

"KATTI."

Domestic comedy, in three acts, by CHARLES S. FAWCETT.
 Revived at the Strand Theatre, Saturday evening, June 27th, 1891.

Mr. Finnikin Fluffy..	Mr. WILLIE EDOUIN.	Mrs. Finnikin Fluffy..	Miss MARIE LLINGTON
Bob	Mr. H. EVERSFIELD.	Mrs. Richard Fluffy..	Miss RUTH RUTLAND.
Mr. Richard Fluffy ..	Mr. DAGNALL.	Alice Somers	Miss GEORGIE ESMOND.
Dr. Easyman, M.D. ..	Mr. S. BARRACLOUGH	Miss Perkins	Miss VIVIANE BENNETT.
Mr. Jolliffe	Mr. T. SYDNEY.	Katti	Miss ALICE ATHERTON.

A full description of the plot of "Katti" was given in THE THEATRE, April number, 1888, Mr. Fawcett's "domestic" farce, as it was then called, having been first produced at the Strand Theatre, February 25th of that year. The humours of the play turn on Katti, the family help, a soft-hearted German girl, who is so moved by her master's (Mr. Finnikin Fluffy) playing "Ehren on the Rhine," that she invariably smashes some crockery. Richard Fluffy is a madly jealous individual, secretly married to a lady who has been known as "La Sylphide" at the Alhambra, and to whom the young cad Bob, not knowing who she is sends presents and bouquets; which Mrs. Finnikin Fluffy is the fond and doating parent of Bob in whom she can see no fault. The piece is a very amusing one, and gives full scope for drollery on the part of Mr. Willie Edouin as the clarionet-playing hypochondriac, and for that pretty stolidity and charming singing of which Miss Alice Atherton is mistress. Mr. H. Eversfield was wonderfully natural as the caddish Bob, and Miss Ruth Rutland played with much spirit, her dance being very well done. The remainder of the cast gave satisfaction, with the exception of Mr. Sidney Barraclough, who was very stiff and "stagey."

"THE RULE OF THREE."

Original play, in four acts, by PIERRE LECLERCQ.
 First produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre, Tuesday afternoon, June 30th, 1891.

Arnold Seago	Mr. F. MERVIN.	Stephen Banks	Mr. HENRY NELSON.
Valentine Mayhood ..	Mr. F. MELLISH.	Bernice Seago	Miss ALMA MURRAY.
Dr. Banvil	Mr. JOHN CARTER.	Gertrude Banks	Miss MARY JOCELYN.
Tom Chantler	Mr. W. EVERARD.	Annie	Miss PHYLIS AYRIAM.
David Banks	Mr. JULIAN CROSS.		

It was nearly as impossible to understand why Mr. Leclercq had given the title to his play as it was to follow the strange complications of the play itself. It appeared to be an attempt to modernise a story of hundreds of years ago, when the vendetta in families was handed down from generation to generation; and there was just an unpleasant taste in the idea that a half-brother and sister had for a time fancied themselves in love with each other. Then both of these people were so extraordinarily contradictory: the girl almost in the same breath hated, and despised, and loved; and the man all the time that he was plotting her ruin respected and almost worshipped her. I gathered that Valentine Mayhood has vowed to revenge the betrayal of his mother by Arnold Seago, and for this purpose becomes a welcome guest at the latter's house and plots to ruin Bernice. Seago, broken by illness and misfortune, does an extraordinary thing: he confides to his daughter that years ago he had

betrayed the daughter of the Earl of Flinthouse, Lady Constance, and that a girl was born, but what became of the child he never could learn. Bernice says that the girl must be found and share with her her father's love. She is led to believe that Gertrude Banks is the child, in which we may at once say she is mistaken. Then the scene shifts to Flinthouse Castle, an old semi-ruin, and Bernice, separated from her companions, who have come to view it, is locked in a room with Valentine, now Earl of Flinthouse, who drugs some wine which she is to drink ; but she is so fearless, and true, and noble, that just as the glass is touching her lips, Valentine takes it from her and drinks it himself, and Bernice, who has taken down a sword, presumably to defend her honour, snaps the blade in half and stabs herself with the point—why, no one can possibly imagine—and the curtain falls on two apparent corpses. In the last act, however, Valentine has recovered, and Bernice's wound is not a mortal one ; and we learn through the evidence of David and Stephen Banks, two old family retainers, that Valentine is not Earl of Flinthouse, but that he is Lady Constance's child, which was not a girl after all, and that, therefore, he and Bernice are brother and sister ; and the finale consists of Arnold Seago blessing both his children. Some of the lines were both picturesque and poetic, and there were some happy moments when the author showed the good and evil nature fighting for mastery in a man ; but taken as a whole the play was wearisome, and has not added to the author's reputation. Miss Alma Murray looked remarkably well after her long absence from the stage, and acted with her wonted delicacy and fervour, but the part was unworthy of her. Mr. Fuller Mellish was painfully nervous, and did not altogether do himself justice in a difficult character ; he dropped his voice painfully at times. Miss Mary Jocelyn was fresh and natural as a little unsophisticated country girl, and she and Mr. Walter Everard brightened up the piece, the latter especially by his light airy manner. Mr. Fred Mervin was true to nature and pathetic, and it was not his fault that the maunderings of Arnold Seago occasionally became a little tedious ; in less able hands they would have become absolutely wearisome.

“MRS. ANNESLEY.”

Play, in three acts, by J. F. COOKE.

First produced at the Criterion Theatre, Wednesday afternoon, July 1st, 1891.

Mr. Brandreth	Mr. BASSETT ROE.	Rackstraw	Mr. COMPTON GOUTTS.
Mr. Annesley	Mr. JOHN BEAUCHAMP.	William	Mr. WARDEN.
Father André	Mr. WILLIAM HERBERT.	Walter	Mr. DUVAL.
Frank Seagrave	Mr. F. HARRISON.	Estelle Brandreth ..	MISS MAY WHITTY.
Dr. Ellis	Mr. CHARLES ALLAN.	Mrs. Annesley	MISS BEATRICE LAMB.

Mr. J. F. Cooke wanted but a very little more knowledge of stage-craft to have made “Mrs. Annesley” a very good play ; as it stands, if a little sombre, it is interesting and infinitely above the average of maiden efforts. Without there being anything specially new in his plot his characters are freshly drawn and human. Mrs. Annesley is a widow, who having married an old man out of pique and for his wealth, so soon as she is free sets to work to win back Frank Seagrave, a former lover. He is now engaged to Estelle Brandreth, and Mrs. Annesley separates them for a time, but Estelle's health failing from her disappointment, she and her lover are reconciled, and then the widow establishes herself as Estelle's most attentive and sympathetic nurse, all the while that she is slowly poisoning her rival. The widow, determined to wait no longer for the death of

Estelle, prepares an extra strong dose of poison for her, and is led to suppose that Frank Seagrave has swallowed it. Despair and horror induce her to take poison herself, and as she dies she learns that she is the half-sister of the girl she has done her worst to kill. Miss Beatrice Lamb showed remarkable power and yet was extremely fascinating as the handsome, revengeful Mrs. Annesley; her ruthlessness of purpose was artistically veiled. Miss May Whitty was quite in sympathy with her audience as Estelle, and Mr. Frederick Harrison's clear, incisive delivery and earnestness made me wish he were still a regular actor instead of being only occasionally seen. Mr. William Herbert played with the nicest discrimination the part of a young cleric, who catechises himself as to whether he still is or can ever have been in love with Estelle.

"GABRIEL'S TRUST."

Domestic drama, in one act, by ALFRED C. CALMOUR.

First produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, Saturday evening, July 4th, 1891.

Gabriel Stroud ..	Mr. ALFRED C. CALMOUR.	Constable	Mr. J. WHEATMAN.
George Field ..	Mr. PHILIP CUNINGHAM.	Mary Mason	Miss ALICE BRUCE.
Thomas Rhodes ..	Mr. H. NELSON.	Janet	Miss F. HAYDON.

Mr. Harrington Baily opened the Vaudeville Theatre, on July 4th, with Mr. Calmour's play as a first piece. It was one of the author's earlier efforts (written in 1877), and I think he would have acted wisely in not producing it in London; although it shows how much better he can write in the present day. It is merely the story of a very old, kind-hearted cowkeeper, Gabriel Stroud, being led to believe that his grandson, George Field, is everything that is bad, through the evil reports of Thomas Rhodes, a malicious gamekeeper, who is trying to separate the young fellow from Mary Mason, Stroud's adopted daughter. To strengthen his statements, Rhodes steals some money from a bureau, and taxes Field with the theft, but the money being found on the real thief, his schemes are frustrated. Mr. Calmour threw considerable feeling into his character, but his voice was at times strangely at variance with his apparent great age; his make up was that of a man of ninety, and he assumed the gentleness of a patriarch well, but every now and then his voice was that of a strong, lusty man. Miss Alice Bruce played the *ingénue* part very naturally, and Philip Cuninghame acted well, but his dress, faultless in itself, was too aristocratic for his surroundings. Miss Florence Haydon was excellent as an old housekeeper. "Gabriel's Trust" was followed by "The Mischief-Maker," a three-act farcical comedy, by Edith Henderson. This was tried at a *matinée* at the Globe, on June 12th, and the verdict then passed upon it scarcely warranted placing it in an evening bill. Since its trial performance the piece, particularly the third act, has been strengthened, and appeared to afford plenty of laughter to the cheaper portions of the house. Oliver Tapperton is a meddlesome old gentleman, who goes about with a "Demon" camera, taking likenesses of everybody with a view to discovering if there be any indications of future crime in their physiognomies. Through his little tattle he separates Mr. and Mrs. Loggerhead, a young couple; and all the characters eventually, including Miss Pryce, a middle-aged spinster, who still has an affection for Tapperton, her first and only love, find themselves visiting a private asylum, kept by Dr. Middleton, and one and all mistake each other for inmates confined in the *maison-de-santé*. The acting was good. Mr. Harry Paulton as the "Mischief-Maker" Tapperton, played with that grim humour which distinguishes him. Miss

Florence Haydon was clever as Miss Pryce; Charles Fawcett and Miss Edith Bruce gave the requisite "go" to the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Loggerhead; and Mr. John Carter was thoroughly professional, yet kindly, as Dr. Middleton. Master E. T. Smith was very amusing 'as a precocious page, Alfred, and Miss Alice Bruce, smart as the *soubrette* Alice. The play would have gone better had some one else filled the character of Lucy Wentworth, Mrs. Loggerhead's sister; Miss Phyllis Ayrian was quite unsuited to the part.

"HUSBAND AND WIFE."

Original farcical comedy, in three acts, by F. C. PHILLIPS and PERCY FENDALL.
Placed in evening bill at the Comedy Theatre, Tuesday evening, July 7th, 1891.

Sir George Muddle (Stipendiary Magistrate)	Mr. C. BROOKFIELD.	Clerk	Mr. E. COSHAM.
Adolphus Greenthorne	Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS.	Usher	Mr. C. MILTON.
Montrevor Smith	Mr. W. F. HAWTREY.	P. C. Blunt	Mr. G. A. VAUGHAN.
Alfred Stepit	Mr. JAMES NELSON.	Mrs. Springfield	Miss LOTTIE VENNE.
Philip Softdown	Mr. GERALD GURNEY.	Mrs. Greenthorne	Miss V. FEATHERSTON.
Mr. Delamere	Mr. S. H. LECHMERE.	Mrs. Montrevor Smith	Miss ADA MURRAY.
Walter	Mr. S. HANDEL.	Mrs. Phillip Softdown	Miss ETHEL NORTON.
Inspector Thickhead	Mr. W. WYES.	Mrs. Delamere	Miss E. MATTHEWS.
		Mary	Miss EDITH KENWARD.

In the June number of THE THEATRE I gave the plot of this farcical comedy, and recommended the revision of the play, and an alteration in the third act. Since its trial on the afternoon of April 30th at the Criterion, the authors have entirely rewritten the last act, changing it altogether. It now takes place in a London police court; all the *dramatis personæ* are brought as prisoners before Sir George Muddle, except Mrs. Springfield, who figures as a witness and captivates the too susceptible magistrate. The examination is most amusing, full of point and humour, though of course very improbable, and ends with the dismissal of the prisoners, by the discovery that Inspector Thickhead has arrested the wrong parties, and the reconciliation of the "Tiger Lilies" and the opposing faction. Mr. George Giddens, Mr. James Nelson, and Miss Edith Kenward are seen in their original characters, and better exponents could not be found; Miss Lottie Venne as the delightfully coquettish widow, and Miss Vane Featherston as the strong-minded, self-assertive wife are excellent; and Mr. Charles Brookfield is as quaintly humorous as one may desire as the magistrate; in fact, he carries the third act on his shoulders and produces continuous laughter. The remaining characters are all more than satisfactory, but a little extra praise must be bestowed on Miss Ada Murray and Mr. W. F. Hawtreay. "Husband and Wife" will certainly have a long run at the Comedy; it is now one of the most amusing plays that has been seen, and its fun is healthy and legitimate.

"THE SCAPEGOAT."

Original play, in four acts, by WILTON JONES.
First produced at the Globe Theatre, Tuesday evening, July 7th, 1891.

Aubrey De Vaux	Mr. LEWIS WALLER.	Mabyn Laidlaw	Miss ANNE HUGHES.
Bruce Laidlaw	Mr. WM. HERBERT.	Lady Ermytrude Laidlaw	Miss C. LECLERCQ.
Mr. Smith	{ Mr. S. HERBERT- BASING.	The Marquise de Vaux	Mrs. T. WRIGHT.
Dr. Marsden	Mr. JOHN BEAUCHAMP.	Eliza Granville	Miss G. WARDEN.
Burton	Mr. A. NEWARK.	Miss Fox-Willoughby	Miss ADELA HOUSTON.
Lola	Miss FLORENCE WEST.	Jennings	Miss FLORENCE.

It is hardly just to say that "The Scapegoat" is an Ibsenite play, although its theme is hereditary insanity, for Mr. Wilton Jones has founded his play on a novel published by Gertrude Warden two years ago. The fact that the authoress is a great admirer of the Nor-



"HUSBAND AND WIFE" AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

wegian writer may have influenced her style, and suggested the idea which her husband, Mr. Wilton Jones, has developed in his work. It will probably be generally admitted that the author has shown his greatest strength in the character of Aubrey de Vaux. This is a young fellow whom the world would take for sane, but the germs of insanity are only lying dormant. To please her father, Lola Marsden accepts Aubrey when he proposes. Immediately on his mother, the Marquise, becoming cognisant of the engagement, she hurries to England and imparts the one dread secret of her life to the doctor. Her husband is a homicidal maniac; is now, though supposed to be dead, kept in strict confinement, and as insanity has been in his family for generations, she fears it may break out in her son. So the doctor withdraws his consent, and after a time Lola makes a happy marriage with Bruce Laidlaw. Aubrey, after travelling for some time, re-appears, and his passion for Lola is consuming him, and bringing on his dread disease. Ella Granville, a woman who wished to marry Laidlaw, lays traps for Lola, into which she falls, and her husband is led to believe that she has a lover in Aubrey. He confirms the suspicions by persistently following her and forcing his presence on her, till at length Laidlaw drives his wife from him. And here comes the specially weak part of the play. Lola, an innocent woman, loving her husband, goes straight to Aubrey's hotel. By this time he is a raging lunatic. He first tries to strangle her, imagining her to be Laidlaw, and then hurls himself from the window believing that he is taking her with him to another world. There is very much that is powerful in Mr. Wilton's Jones's play. Careful revision and the strengthening of the character of Lola (most admirably played by Miss West), and of Laidlaw (with which part Mr. Herbert did all that was possible), would make of "The Scapegoat" a play that would be thoroughly acceptable in an evening bill. There is another point that could be improved. The Marquise is such an interesting character (it was most impressively acted by Mrs. Theodore Wright) that we regret her dropping out of the action of the play during two entire acts. A turncoat journalist, Mr. Smith, is an amusing character, and Mabyne Laidlaw was winsome in the hands of Miss Annie Hughes. The Rosa Dartle-like character of Ella Granville did not suit Miss Gertrude Warden, and in more able hands the character of Miss Fox-Willoughby, a lady society-journalist, might have stood out well. Miss Carlotta Leclercq, as the Tory Lady Ermytrude Laidlaw, horrified at anything approaching to Radicalism, was full of humour. I shall hope to see "The Scapegoat" again, and when that occurs I trust Mr. Lewis Waller will once more be the Aubrey De Vaux, for a more sterling performance I do not wish to see. The young actor must have thought out every intonation, look, and action, and his last scene was most powerful in its maniacal frenzy.

"A MIGHTY ERROR."

A mediæval romance, in two acts, by LEONARD OUTRAM.
First produced at the Avenue Theatre, Tuesday evening, July 14th, 1891.

Joan (Queen of Spain)	Miss FRANCES IVOR.	Miguel (Husband of the Queen)	Mr. FRANK WORTHING.
Inez (The Queen's favourite)	Miss MARY ANSELL.	Amadis (A Lover)	Mr. LEONARD OUTRAM.
		Xante (A Politician)	Mr. HERBERT-BASING.

Some years ago Mr. Outram wrote a five-act tragedy on the late Robert Browning's poem "In a Balcony," but finding it, I suppose, impracticable for production, he turned the subject to account in the

present "romance." Mr. Outram is undoubtedly a poet; his lines are vigorous and smooth, there are delicacy and lightness in his love scenes, and his situations are dramatic. It was a true pleasure to sit out a play in which there was so much evidence of noble thought, so robust and soul stirring compared with the inanities one sees so much of now-a-days. I must admit the pleasure was greatly enhanced, indeed I should say assured, by the grand delivery and dramatic instinct of Miss Francis Ivor, who made every line tell, and who seemed so thoroughly to understand the strange mixture of tenderness and savagery, humility and pride that formed the character she represented. Although the main idea has been taken from Browning's poem, important changes have been made by the author in its development. Joan has been embittered against the world by the faithlessness of her husband and her almost sister, Oriana, who intrigued together, Miguel, indeed, who was only prince consort, endeavouring to drive his wife and sovereign from her throne. Joan has adopted Inez, the daughter of Miguel and Oriana, and in taking the child from her dead mother's home, has contracted the plague which scarred her features and destroyed the little beauty she possessed. Inez, now grown to budding womanhood, is the only creature the Queen loves. From her solitary broodings, she has become at times almost demented, and is possessed with the idea that she cannot inspire affection. Her neglect of her kingdom has brought its natural consequences—the towns are in revolt. Miguel, still plotting, is at her gates, and she has no one to turn to for assistance, when Amadis, for love of Inez, becomes the Queen's champion, restores order, and takes Miguel prisoner. To comfort Joan in her loneliness of spirit, Inez has persuaded her that Amadis has done all this for love of her as a woman. The Queen deceives herself, confirmed in her self error by the artful suggestions of Xante, who, being a follower of Amadis, wishes to rise with him. That she may raise Amadis to the throne with her by marriage, Joan orders the execution of Miguel, and then offers herself to Amadis. He is bewildered at first, but then respectfully and firmly tells Joan that he loves only Inez. The slight put upon her rouses all the cruelty of the Queen's nature. She determines on the deadliest revenge. She will die herself, but the lovers shall die with her. She hands them poisoned wine to drink the betrothal cup, but her vengeance falters, she has loved them both, and so she stays their hands and drinks alone, in her dying moments proclaiming Amadis her successor to the throne. I have already spoken of Miss Frances Ivor's acting. Nearly approaching to it in the excellence of the girlish character of Inez, was Miss Mary Arsell's; it was only weak in the more emotional scenes, but Miss Arsell is very young, and the strength will come. I have always maintained that an author can never do himself or his character justice, if he performs in his own work on its first production, and I fear my opinion was confirmed in Mr. Outram's case, though there was much to admire in his impersonation of Amadis. Everybody was pleased with the manliness and vigour shown by Mr. Frank Worthing, as well as the conscientious delivery of his lines; and Mr. Herbert-Basing has not done anything so good of late as the servile courtier, Xante. The verdict on the play, and on those representing it, was most favourable.

“A SUMMER’S DREAM.”

Original sketch, in one act, by ROSE MELLER.
First produced at the Avenue Theatre, Tuesday evening, July 14th, 1891.

Garth	Mr. HENRY DANA.	Joan	Mrs. BENNETT.
Farmer Fielding	Mr. RAWSON BUCKLEY.	Dahlia	Miss ISABEL MAUDE.

Miss Meller’s sketch is unpretentious, but it has much poetry of feeling and the dialogue is natural and human. Dahlia has run away from home to follow the fortunes of a man who deserts her. Joan, her sister, has always pleaded the absent one’s cause with their father, Farmer Fielding. Garth, who has been jilted by Dahlia, transfers his affections, apparently, to Joan, and makes her very happy, for she has always loved him. A week before their intended marriage, Dahlia returns, Garth’s old love for her revives, he forgives everything, and behaving shamefully to poor Joan, takes the selfish, vain and heartless Dahlia for his sweetheart again. Mrs. Bennett acted tenderly, and Miss Isabel Maude’s portrayal was clever. Mr. Henry Dana made love so naturally that it was not surprising the two women were fond of him. The authoress was called for on the fall of the curtain.

“THE SEQUEL.”

Play, in one act, by LOUIS N. PARKER.
First produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, Wednesday evening, July 15th, 1891.

Lord Henry Somerville	Mr. P. CUNINGHAM.	Clarissa	Miss ALMA MURRAY.
Mr. Foljambe	Mr. C. FAWCETT.	Mary	Miss ALICE BRUCE.
Peters	Mr. H. NELSON.		

This is a sad but beautifully touching story of illicit love and its “sequel.” Clarissa, believing that her husband, Captain Wayford, as bad a man as can well be imagined, is dead, becomes engaged to Lord Somerville. The husband arrives to dispel their dream of happiness ; but Clarissa is persuaded to face the world’s obliquely and give herself to the man she loves. For one short year all is happiness for her, her lover is ever with her, and that is all she cares for. They have hidden themselves away in a little Greek island, to live as she imagines only for each other. Foljambe, an old friend of Lord Somerville, discovers his retreat and comes to urge him to resume his position in the world, and the great political career that was opening so fairly for him. Lord Somerville will not leave the woman whose whole existence is centred in him ; he is only a man, however, and though he feels bound by honour to her and still loves her, he bitterly regrets his ignoble idleness and longs for the strife and battling with his compeers, and tells his friend this. Clarissa overhears him ; she will let him return to his great world, but without her. The “bond, as it is not the bond of man and wife, should have in it absolute trust, to make up that defect.” The absolute trust is over, the bond may in the future be broken, and so she takes morphia, and dying in her lover’s arms, frees him to the world again. It is exquisitely written and was delicately played by the two principals. Mr. Parker’s work was fully appreciated, and Mr. Fawcett aided in success as the shrewd, worldly-minded Mr. Foljambe. “The Sequel” will live.

"MOLIERE."

Original play, in one act, by WALTER FRITH.

First produced at the St. James's Theatre, Friday evening, July 17th, 1891.

Louis XIV. : "Quel est le plus grand des écrivains de mon règne."

Bolleau : "Sire, c'est Molière."

Molière	Mr. G. ALEXANDER.	1st Chairman	Mr. HOWARD RUSSELL.
Dr. Dacquin : .. .	Mr. HERBERT WARING.	2nd Chairman	Mr. GEORGE GAMBLE.
Baron (a young actor)	Mr. ALFRED HOLLES.	Armando Molière ..	Miss MARION TERRY.
The Marquis	Mr. BEN WEBSTER.	Catherine (Her	} Miss LAURA GRAVES.
L'Épice (Molière's	} Mr. V. SANSHURY.	Maid)	
Valet)			

Scene Molière's Home in the Rue de Richelieu, Paris (H. P. HALL).

Time February 17th, 1673.

This work of Mr. Frith's is essentially a one-part play, that enables Mr. Alexander to exhibit the anguish of mind and death agony of the unfortunate actor and author whose wife, Armande, he believes to be false to him. Molière has just returned from performing in "Le Malade Imaginaire," and finds that Armande is entertaining a gay Marquis at supper. Molière is dying, but he musters up strength to request his wife and her lover to listen, as he says, to a new comedy that he has written. Its subject is Georges Dandin, no longer the befooled husband, but a man roused to the sense of his dishonour. He taunts the Marquis, in his imaginary character of the lover, with his bitterness and his baseness, and at the same time brings home to Armande the shame that she has brought upon herself, and at length orders the nobleman from his house. The fit of passion has exhausted Molière; he sinks into a chair, and Armande beseeches his forgiveness, recalling their early days of love. The dramatist wishes her to play to him the music that Lulli composed for them as Iris and Corydon. It soothes him to slumber for the moment, when his friend, Dr. Dacquin, who is in attendance, calls to Armande to come to her husband. As she kneels to him, Molière suddenly rises, muttering the words, "The King! His Majesty must not be kept waiting," and falls back in his chair dead. Though the subject is impressive, only Mr. Alexander's fine acting saved the piece from becoming wearisome, for there is but the one fine moment of Molière's assertion of his manhood that really holds one completely interested. Miss Marion Terry has really nothing to do but to look bewitching and almost scornful. Mr. Ben Webster sketches the character of the dissipated Marquis skilfully; and Mr. Waring gave the idea of an attached friend as Dr. Dacquin. The author was called for on the fall of the curtain. The piece was very handsomely mounted; the scene was beautifully painted by H. B. Hall, the artist attached to the theatre; and the dresses by Messrs. H. and L. Nathan were rich and thoroughly appropriate. Although "The Idler" has had a considerable run, on this, the last night's performance of the season, it went as freshly and as well as ever. I may mention that Mr. Wilton Lackaye, an American actor, played the part of Simeon Strong; he has scarcely the refinement of his predecessor. Mr. Alexander, in a few parting words of gratitude for the patronage afforded him through his first season, announced that he would re-open his theatre at the end of September with "The Idler" and "Molière."

CECIL HOWARD.



Our Amateurs' Play-Box.

THE CHANDOS A.D.C. AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

"Young Mrs. Winthrop," is well beloved of those curious sections of the populace languishing in exile at amateur shows. They like its homely pathos and its homely fun. Now too more particularly are they snared by the incident of the separation, for here is the Jackson case in a sentimental light. Well, they show their good taste. Mr. Bronson Howard has written a true and sweet and touching little play; and it reflects bitterly upon the national taste that such work should be rejected. Amateurs are generally at sea with it, unfortunately, otherwise everyone would be the gainer from their intelligent choice. The play does not move of itself; a vast deal of propelling is indispensable. And it is in this sort of work that actors periodically out of practice must of necessity fall short of the mark. Mr. Marshall was excellent for instance so long as he had to show Douglas's impatience, petulance, courtliness, and filial affection; but when it came to baring the bottom of his soul and picturing a breaking heart, he was overweighted altogether. So with Miss Closeburne as his wife, quiet moments were natural and charming, stormy ones unreal and unimpressive. Miss Stewart as the blind girl was quite remarkable. The part was well within her compass and she played with a sensibility and a tenderness rarely found upon the stage. Almost as good, too, in its own way was the Herbert of Mr. Walther, a bright, boyish, impulsive piece of acting, and always in the spirit of the scene. Mr. Cross got plenty of humour out of Buxton Scott, as he ought; but forgot to look for the pathos. Miss Chester gave an air of gentleness to old Mrs. Winthrop, but did not quite realise the sweet old lady, and Miss Thrupp and Mr. Capper spoke the witty lines allotted to Mrs. Dick Chetwyn and her spouse with a real and keen enjoyment of them.

THE IRVING A.D.C. AT ANERLEY.

If all clubs were like the Crystal Palace and played each piece at least four times—consecutive evenings too—or if all had the energy and persistence of the Irving and carried their work east, west, south, north, till they had run up a score productions of one play, how much less agonising it would be to do one's duty in that state of life to which it has pleased our Editors to call us. The Irving "Engaged" was perhaps the best novelty the C.P. Athenæum could arrange, for it will leave a sting of high achievement, and that will spur the Athenians on to emulation in the future. The natural law of the day was very much in evidence. The woman was undoubtedly the better man. Indeed, without Mrs. William Bell and Mrs. Herbert Waring, as Belinda and Minnie, the play would probably have been robbed of half its humour. These clever actresses, vivacious and alive to fun as any to be found, set the pace for their companions as well as for themselves, maintained it, and kept the play spinning. Better leaders could not be, and they won at least half the commendation that met the ear at every turn among the crowded audience. Mr. Sherbrooke played with spirit and ludicrous earnestness as Cheviot Hill, and Mr. Buckley made a good deal, though not the most, of posing Belvawney. Mr. Grout's Simpson takes its place alongside his Dogberry and his Dr. Dozey, as a piece of finished work, of a bulk and force of humour almost inestimable. Mr. Cyril Beaumont was within measurable distance of perfection as Angus the maudlin; and Mr. William Bell as McGillicuddy, flashed a splendid make-up before expectant eyes and then was lost to sight. Miss Da Silva showed a keen appreciation of character as the mercenary Maggie, and but one weak spot in the whole cast was in any way noticeable. As a production it did honour to the Irving Club and to the judgment of their hosts and friendly rivals.

"THE RECKONING" AT CHELSEA TOWN HALL.

This was a three-act drama by Ernest Genet, the first performance of which he entrusted to the Dramatic Society of the Chelsea Conservative Club. Well, the author knew his people, but it was a risky proceeding, for his work wanted playing. It told of the misfortunes that overtake one Allen Rayment, who weds a lady of noble birth, and discovers after marriage that she has only accepted him to hide her shame. The poor wretch goes to the bad altogether and undergoes a term of penal servitude, and, when he is released on ticket-of-leave, is used as a tool by a late fellow convict, Bernard Currie, to prey upon the Rev. Victor Stapleton, his false wife's son. She obtains Rayment's forgiveness, and he demands restitution of his accomplice; they quarrel, and Rayment is killed, and Currie is handed over to the tender mercies of the law to answer for the murder. Charles W. Glassington was a very villain as Currie, and the author was a strong melodramatic hero as Rayment. The young clergyman was neatly played by Mr. Harry Peach, but Miss Louie Franklin scored the most as Daisy Brudmore the cleric's sweetheart. Miss Kathleen O'Connor had not the self-possession for such a part as Mrs. Stapleton, the peccant spouse of the convict. It is scarcely wise of amateurs to attempt melodrama. They shine more in lighter parts, witness Mr. Will Roxby's and Miss Louie Franklyn's success as Cymon Slowcoach and Phebe Flutter in "Keep Your Eye On Her," which preceded. In this Mr. Harry Edwards was good as Phil Foster.

THE BECKENHAM A.D.C. IN "NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES."

Will the London County Council stop at tramways, in taking over things that have served their time and made their owners' fortunes? If not, will they please make a note of this comedy. It deserves rest. Not in the cause of the public is this urged, for they crammed the Public Hall three nights to see it recently, and relished it hugely, but for the sake of the critics who know that one-eyed peacock so sickeningly well. "New Men" would be intolerable without Lillian, so it was a grand thing that she was good. Miss Bretherton (the Fates preserve her from adopting Mrs. Humphry Ward's actress of that name as her ideal) was tremulous and charming. Bertie could not have loved another while she was by, but this dangerous gentleness with him was her only mistake. In all else she was delightful, fresh, impulsive, and captivating. Mr. Carey was a boyish and sunny Bertie; Mr. Sturges a solid and reliable but rather formal Brown; Mr. Dutton, broad and comical as Bunter; Mr. Beck, dry, vigorous, and menacing as Blasenbalg; Miss Jones and Miss Stevens, as the *matres-familiarum*, hardly experienced enough to maintain the needful contrast; and Miss Mary Stewart, a pretty and earnest Fanny, not quite sure what Ruskinism means. On the whole, though, a very promising production for such a young club.

"THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE" AT WIMBLEDON.

We live in an age of miracles. Here is the latest. No herbal cigarette the cure for cancer, or journey round the world for five-and-six, but a Savoy opera with full chorus on a stage no bigger than a Hyde Park platform, and managed without a hitch and with no appreciable loss of effect, scenic or histrionic, either. Prodigious! No wonder the applause was deafening, and the medicine-man or miracle worker, genial Mr. Trollope, of course—there is but one—was brought on to bow comprehensively for all. His scenes and his lighting and his crowds were the wonder. Mr. Gilbert himself would have opened an eye. But the actors were less of a triumph. Some sang well, and some played—timidly; but none was at all like a blot, and so none was disposed to be critical. Miss Nora Forde was hugely popular as Mabel. They would not have deserted to Miss Hood herself had she laid claim to her old part. And Miss Fydel Rogers acted with intention as the Piratess. Mr. Grundtvig was a perky Major-General, and sang his patter song with amusing expression. Mr. Percy Bull used a fine voice with full effect as the Pirate King. Mr. Elles made an attractive hero 'prentice. Miss Martyn, Miss Yonge, and Miss Forde were a pretty trio of daughters; and Mr. Rogers, a jovial sergeant of police, won promotion straight away.

"TIME WILL TELL" AT WANDSWORTH.

The dramatist here has worked his plot so neatly that his words have only to be spoken with simplicity and no slight effect is attained. But Mr. E. W. Richardson, the devoted librarian, has a quota of power as well as sincerity, and the sympathies of the audience soon were actively engaged. Mr. Dicketts gave a clever sketch of the dissolute duke; Mr. Chisman played with energy as Fayniant; Mr. Ravenscroft was amusing as Smart; and a very touching picture of Lettice Grey's distress was contributed by Miss Amy Chisman. This actress was also the lively Lettice Green of the after acts, and here her spirit and decision were of great value. Mr. Ravenscroft was the unpolished manufacturer, and he kept the ball rolling in capital style and provided the pleasantest relief from the gloom of Ravenshaw's depression. Mr. Chisman was alert and bright and not without humour as the modern nobleman; Miss Z. Herbert played with tact and taste and true feeling; and Mr. Dicketts, though not the sly, insidious, crafty foreigner we all somehow expected him to be, made Czernowski a striking personality and one of decided dramatic significance.

"PENTROBIN" AT WINCHESTER AND ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

Mr. A. M. Heathcote, the witty author of "The Duchess of Bayswater and Co.," has been moved to write a comedy abreast of the day; and two trials, one in the country and one in town, have proved it almost if not quite fit for full honours at a London theatre. Here there is no space in which to describe the doings of the many characters, mostly well and naturally drawn. It must suffice that the play deals with democracy in high places, and that love, as ever, is the prevailing factor in the story of the Marquis of Pentrobin's struggles towards freedom. The author has still much to learn in the direction of construction, but his language is so good and pointed, and his people are so interesting, that he is fairly entitled to the consideration habitually dealt out in regard to this weakness, to some of our best known dramatists. A company of amateurs presented the work on both occasions, and did fair justice to their opportunities. A striking study of a jealous woman, a character to tax a Bernhard, was energetically played by Mrs. Macnaghten, whose skill is not very far behind her energy and caring. Lady Freeling, too, exhibited undoubted talent, and Miss Heathcote was really excellent. A capital sketch of an old butler was contributed by Mr. Paley. Captain Costigan, without the Captain's humorous audacity, Irish accent, and taint of the footlights, a Costigan indeed of our staid day, was well played by Mr. Macnaghten, and Colonel Heathcote was most effective as a classy peer. More, however, will be made of all the parts when an enterprising manager is found to back the piece, and stage it as it deserves.

"PRUDES AND PROS" AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

The various acts of this farcical comedy are flat and thin and regular as laths, and what value in art has a bundle of laths. There is humour to be got from the conjunction of "Prudes and Pros.," but when men like Mr. Grundy and Mr. Jones—who, at any rate in the opinion of the wide-awake editor of *The New Review*, have "The Science of the Drama" at their finger's ends—have not exactly succeeded in extracting it, what hope is there for a not especially gifted young authoress like Miss Adelene Votieri? It has been stated that she is still in her teens! Was this intended to whet the critic's scalpel, or to strike him palsied, nerveless, dumb? No doubt the latter, but the result inevitably was otherwise. For what knowledge of life and what mastery of a most difficult and evasive art is it likely that a young lady of seventeen or even nineteen can possess. John Stuart Mill knew most things when he was twelve, and Marie Bashkirtseff a great deal more than was good for her at the same mature age, but these, Providence be thanked, are not human fruits that grow on every tree. One a century is as many as we want, and it looks as though a watchful guardian will see that we don't get more. The authoress, Miss Thomson, Mr. Godfrey, Mrs. Percival, Mr. Wilson, and others worked very loyally and very hard to force the audience to laudatory recognition of the humours of the play, but though laughs were not infrequent the applause was of a friendly character, and in all kindness Miss Votieri may be recommended to pursue her studies for some time without venturing on further creative work.

"THE JACOBITE" AT HOLLINGBOURNE.

The one thing that reconciles us to these curious products of the drama's most artificial period is man's and woman's interest in dress. Such pitiful stage plays as this, for instance, would be quite impossible if clothed in frock-coats, silk hats, and tailor-made gowns. And, acting on this principle, the Kentish village amateurs costumed the piece to perfection, each looking his part supremely well, and leaving the acting to look after itself. Well, that's a little hard, perhaps. Not quite to look after itself, but to struggle along with only an occasional helping hand. The scheme worked admirably. To the simple-minded men of Kent, the fact that the players looked their characters was equivalent to their being them also; and crammed houses cheered them to the echo. Mrs. Keays-Young wore a beautiful gown as Lady Somerford, and Miss Macnaghten might have stepped from a Sir Joshua as Patty Pottle. Mr. Dering Harrison and Captain Goldsmid acted well and spiritedly; the hero was cleverly suggested by Lieut.-Colonel Keays-Young; and Dr. Whitestone proved most amusing as the widow Pottle. "Ici on Parle Français" followed, not in dumb show, the honours falling to Sir Frederick Goldsmid for his comical rendering of Victor Dubois and to Miss Jessie Goldsmid for an uncompromising piece of realism in her fearlessly faithful portrait of the grimy Anna Maria. The Spriggins family were funnily played by Miss Goldsmid and Mr. Roger Morris; Colonel Maloney was a fiery Rattan; and the colourless "female lodger" and the fair Angelina were prettily acted by Mrs. Gibson and Mrs. De Uphaugh.

"IVANHOE A LA CARTE" AT CAMBRIDGE.

Mr. Russell Lowell somewhere says that it is quite an ordinary fact that a blaze may be made with a little saltpetre that will be stared at by thousands who would have found the sunrise tedious. Could he perchance have had the great original A.D.C. in view? A dozen, a score, of clubs do worthier work, and do it better, but they don't attract the same multitude, attention, admiration. That's a pity, for nothing is so wholesome, when a patient hangs out danger signals of a plethora, as a term of fasting. The A.D.C., denied their special correspondents, their crowds of hungry admirers, and their indigestible feast of flattery, would speedily turn from flashy burlesque and try something difficult of achievement, artistic in aim, and academically worthy of their history and their renown. "Ivanhoe," the irrepressible Byron's most perfect parody, formed the groundwork for Mr. Dalton Stone's up to date perversion. Mr. J. K. Stephen, too, the new Calverley, and Mr. R. C. Lehmann, author of Prize Novels in *Punch*, were called on for some songs, and the book was about as smart and topical as it well could be. The piece suffered no loss in the acting, of course. Mr. Bromley Davenport was a highly original "old clo'" Isaac of York, Mr. Skarratt danced into favour as Brian, a warbling Wilfrid and a mashing Bracy were found in Mr. Forster and the Hon. I. C. Guest, and Mr. Norman and Mr. Balfour—not the Chief Secretary, irreverently nick-named Clara—assumed the airs and graces of Rowena and Rebecca with wonderful dexterity; but burlesque for a 'Varsity team, which should set the fashion for all, is a grievous sign of the times.

"THE ANOMALIES" AT WEST NORWOOD.

"Hush, hush, hush, here comes the Bogie Man!" how the immortal words of our national poet haunted my ears on that last journey to Norwood. Really "Jim the Peman" is no longer a novelty, and clubs have no right to palm him off as such. He is old—old as the hills, and oh! would he were quite as far away. There would be excuse for many a toil-worn critic, if he ventured a prayer on the inimitable Marie Bashkirtseff's naïve lines, "Grant that I may never have the small-pox, and that I may be rich and clever and write brilliantly, and oh! grant that I may never see that odious 'Jim the Penman' again." It is not that the amateurs treat the poor man badly. They don't. They play him, as Bret Harte's gamblers play their soft-headed victims, "for all he is worth." But he has become by process of repetition so weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable, that one need not be a misanthrope like Hamlet to cry out upon the world that holds him. The Anomalies, however, had been fascinated like dozens of others, by this *cobra di capella* of forger-heroes, and they kept him on view for three

nights, the show-room being packed every evening. He was in excellent condition and delighted everyone, to whom he was a comparative novelty. Mr. Wyld played the criminal with a dangerously natural air, and gave vent to some first-rate remorse when an opening for penitence occurred. Mr. Curling Bates, most adaptive of character-actors, enjoyed himself vastly as the squirmy baron, acting with resource and variety. Mr. Owen was the gentleman-detective, and more of the former than the latter. Mr. Richie Ling, Mr. Nettlefold, and Mr. Rhode were a very presentable trio of more or less romantic young men; and Mr. Campbell and Mr. Claude Meller eked out their few minutes fretting on the stage with some undeniably effective touches of "character"—sometimes appropriate and sometimes not. The auxiliary ladies' parts in this play cannot very well be under-played, and Miss Foley, Miss Schreiber, and Miss Mead, were pretty and pleasant and well-dressed, and artistically ornamental. Mrs. Ernest Renton had of course the one big chance as the heroine, and though in some ways unsuited to heavy parts, made an impression by her persistent sincerity and a charming gift of tenderness.

"THE ROMANY" AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

Another grand old fossil, "Dan'l Druce." But there was no thought of adding it to the Critic's Litany, for by some means the Romany had given a new turn to it, and spasmodic interest resulted. Shrewd gentlemen these, and if I could remember that pregnant line of the unpronounceable Cardinal's, descriptive of his chief opponent's infernal sagacity, I should quote it. However, there's another nearly as good. "What did Plutarch say of the Greek, Lysander? that where the lion's skin fell short, he eked it out with the fox's." It applies very well to the Romany. They are old Amateur Dramatic hands. They know, none better, that to adopt the lion's tactics and make a bold fight in the open, strength and dash the only qualities of use, would be to court defeat, over such a play as "Dan'l Druce." Why, did it not tax all the energy and calculated fire of giants like Vezin and Forbes Robertson, John Clayton, and Miss Marion Terry, to carry it to success in this fashion! The lion's skin then being short, they act as did Lysander. Flinging aside the romantic they clothe the play in realistic methods, and like conjurers turn what should have been a tame rabbit into an excellent counterfeit resemblance of the monarch of the woods. Mr. Trollope was least bitten with this novelty-fever, and by the side of the modernly-restrained lover, heroine, maudlin father, and rollicking comedy merchant, his Dan'l at times seemed over-strung; but it was powerful acting and moved the house. Miss Floyd's Dorothy was pretty and sweet as could be, wanting only in passion, which, presumably, even puritan maids could feel upon occasion; and Mr. Homfray rarely declined from picturesque and lover-like behaviour upon the lower range of melodrama. Mr. Spencer's weepy old gentleman had dignity and real pathos about him, and he looked the elderly cavalier to perfection. Mr. Bright was not built for the Sergeant, but if his inches are few, his humour is immeasurable, and the performance was too clever to be cavilled at. Well-staged and well-dressed, the old play took an air of youth and pleased the huge audience hugely.

"THE RIVALS" AT THE LADBROKE HALL.

Things move so fast now-a-days, that possibly an instructive little skirmish between critics and actors, only a few short months since, has faded from sight. On playing old comedy in too modern a spirit, was the text from which managers thundered over the footlights, and antipathetic pressmen roared in leaded type. Questions, posers some of them, were put to the last-named gentlemen and not a few were found hard to answer. How was the mantle of antiquity to be cast over the antics of Tony Lumpkin, was one! by what alchemy was the actor to stay the trickling of the anachronistic tear, was another! and these were but fair samples of all. The best answer was a very comprehensive one. Goldsmith's comedy must be played in the style of Goldsmith's players. Tradition records what that style was. It is an actor's business to become an adept in the art of self-moulding. As the politician changes his views at the call of the party-whip, so the actor changes his style to meet the author's demands. Now breezy and buoyant, anon ponderous and *gauche*, now natural, anon artificial, his duty is to

hold the mirror up to nature *as his author represents it*. This fact unfortunately is grasped only by the minority, among whom few amateurs may be counted. And of these scarce one made his appearance at the Ladbroke Hall on the occasion in question. Mrs. Newton Phillips has come to attach importance to tradition, and her Mrs. Malaprop was sound as a bell and full as cheerful. Her humour was broad, her style was broad, she was not without comedy distinction, and Sherry's fine old crusted port lost but little of its bouquet, its colour, or its warmth from her handling of it. Miss Scánlan was pretty and graceful, and restful to the eye as a modern-modish Lydia, and Mr. H. R. Robinson had moments of cleverness as Sir Anthony. As a rule, though, the attempt was a poor one, and respectable at times as were Mr. Legal, Mr. Millward, Mr. Layman and Mr. Grace, to say nothing of stately Miss Rivers, and sprightly Miss Davies, there was little justification apparent for this interference with a classic's rights.

"FOR ALL SAINTS, BATTERSEA PARK" AT THE QUEEN'S GATE HALL.

In an old *Cornhill*, I think (rare hunting ground for good little plots!), I read years ago a story of two fellows naturally anxious to marry the same girl. Papa was averse to both, of course. Otherwise of what use would he be, in nature or in art: opposition being indispensable if there's to be enjoyment or romance. The four were weather-bound in a hamlet high up among the Alps. One of the lovers, to both of whom the girl was exasperatingly just in her encouragements, resolved to win over papa and so force the daughter's hand, in every sense. And with the devilish cunning of a Machiavelli he planned an accident for the poor old boy, and then arrived in time to save him. Papa took to his hero and petted him as a prospective son. The rival's chance was now not worth a cent, but this rival was a student of human nature, too, and he reflected that although gratitude forms a tie, a sense of obligation bestowed and not received creates a stronger, so what does he do but arrange an accident from the perils of which *papa shall rescue him*. That settles the question. A hen with one chick is nothing to the puffed-up rescuer, and the daughter is handed over to the shrewder man. This story is that of Mr. Lynch's comedietta, "The Golightly in Switzerland," but it does not lend itself to stage treatment. In addition, the stage management was of the most elementary order; people wandered in and out as aimlessly as a crowd at the Palace on bank-holiday, and the dialogue was none of the brightest. Mr. Hay Whitty got some fun out of papa, a cockney tourist, but it was old wine without much sparkle in it. The non-novelties were more attractive. Julian Sturgis is worth listening to, if he is never quite dramatic, and Miss Gould, Mr. Sieveking, and Miss Pattinson, played his studio sketch "Apples" with drawing-room airs that were highly effective. To finish, there was "My Lord in Livery," with an interpolated gavotte, a sop to Mr. Justin McCarthy's omnipresent "Dancing Girl." Miss Gould's "stepping" was delightful, and the acting of Miss Sieveking, Mr. Clark, Mr. Pattinson, and Mr. Warry, full of simple humour and spirit.



Art Notes.

GOUPIL GALLERY, &c.

At the Goupil Gallery is now on view G. Léon Little's wonderfully vivid landscape, "Ploughing : early Morning," and Détaillé's work "Vive L'Empereur." At the Gainsborough Gallery Holman Hunt's "May Day, Magdalen Tower." At Raymond Groom's Gallery, Pall Mall, are some spirited pictures of the Crimean Campaign, by Robert Gibb. At the Fine Art Society are some charming bits of English rural life and scenery, by Mrs. Allingham, and some Alpine pictures, by M. G. Loppé. At Stacey's Gallery Felix Moscheles' series of water-colour drawings of places in London, Venice, etc., connected with Robert Browning's name and work are on view, as well as the poet's portrait, and also, in a separate room, a wonderful piece of flesh colouring, by Rudolph Blind.

THE HANOVER GALLERY.

Messrs. Hollander & Cremetti never admit any but the choicest works to their exhibition, and therefore we find there nothing but some of the best examples of Corot (one painted jointly with Daubigny), and of Rosa Bonheur, Beulliure, Troyon, Descamps and Meissonier, Diaz, Casin, Isabey, Millet and Montalba.

FRENCH GALLERY.

In the French Gallery is to be found in the 38th Annual Exhibition not one picture in the eighty-nine but which is, in its way, a gem. They are contributed of some by the best artists of the Continental schools, among whom we have L. C. Müller, Corot, Diaz, L. Knaus, Israels, Wopfner, Falkenberg, Thérèse Schwartz, Ten Kate, Weiser, G. Chierici, Munier, Favetto, and some delightful pictures of the Norfolk Broads, by Karl Heffner.

THE NINTH CENTURY ART SOCIETY.

Messrs. Freeman & Marriott are steadily improving the quality of the pictures they exhibit. Both landscapes and sea-pieces are most in prominence, and there are many pictures by young artists that will prove valuable in the future to the fortunate possessors. It is impossible to afford the space required for a due comment on the 475 subjects that form the exhibition, but we may draw attention to works by Hamilton Marr (24), Norman P. Davies (25 and 83), some good drawings of horses belonging to the 12th Lancers, by Kate Sowerby (27 and 31), the dogs (though a little fat) in J. Fitz Marshall's "Keeper's Fireside" (52), Charles C. Read's "Luccombe" (69), Alfred Williams's "Near Trefriwo" (75), Hamilton Marr's "Breakers" (98), F. J. Aldridge's "Strong Breeze" (107), Sophie Marr's "Grapes" (127), J. Thomson Dunning's low-toned "Done for the Day" (161), Arthur Dodd's "Silent Sympathy" (183), Marmaduke Langdale's seascape (200), Hely Smith's "Confidences" (226), John Nash Peake's two pictures (232), and especially Alfred W. Williams's landscape, "Ewhurst" (241), and A. Daniel's "Shrimpers" (243); "The Top of the Hill" (270), by Fred Milner, shows some good work. The water-colours are particularly good this time and will amply repay a visit.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL'S GALLERY.

The Messrs. Dowdeswell's gallery is rich in a collection of works by old English masters, works that have in many cases become almost priceless now, and which have been painted by Cotman, Crome, Constable, Morland, Richard Wilson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Peter Lely, Gainsborough, Turner, Bonington, Stannard, and numerous others.

THE DUDLEY GALLERY ART SOCIETY.

The Dudley Gallery Art Society are holding their Summer Exhibition of Water Colours at the Egyptian Hall. The drawings number some 450. Of these the President, Walter Severn, has seven, of which we prefer "A Sandy



A SOUVENIR OF "OLIVIA."

Published by the Belgravia Fine Art Co., 25a, Lower Belgrave Street, S.W.

Bunker on the Conway Rinks" (40), and "Gorse, in full Blossom" (140). R. Wane has a fine strong picture in "Spanish Head, Isle of Man" (60), and a good sea in "Bowling Along" (255). Of other works that will repay notice are George Cockram's "Storm Cloud" (47), Rose Barton's "Piccadilly" (58), full of life, Hubert Medlycott's "Antwerp from the Scheldt" (84), a delicate portrait of "Lady Granville Gordon," by Catherine Devine (101), a "Sketch on the Upper Wharfe" (141), by Susan A. Arkwright," some Jan Van Beers-like studies, by "Menta," the "Roman Forum" (191), by Settimo Giampetri," "Lambeth Palace (209), by Fred Burgess, R. A. K. Marshall's "By-ways near Abergavenny" (226), Percy Dixon's "Grey Boulder and Black Tarn" (252), and the works of B. J. M. Donne (264), Henry B. Wimbush (270), Frank Angell (288), very tender in feeling, F. A. D. Hawker (367) characteristic, Celia P. Culverwell's "After Glow" (369), F. Fairman's "Head of Dachshund" (394), A. B. Wynne's (426 and 437), and finally W. P. Nichol's "View from the Steps of the Palais de Justice, Brussels" (442).

Messrs. C. E. Clifford & Co., of 12 Piccadilly, have recently published in photogravure Mr. W. H. Bartlett's skilful painting of "A Saturday Evening at the Savage Club," a smaller reproduction of which we are enabled to here present our readers with by the courtesy of the firm above-mentioned. The Savage Club having removed to Adelphi Terrace, Mr. Bartlett's picture was painted as a memento of its old quarters in the Savoy. The picture contains portraits—more or less true to life—of some forty or so prominent "Savages," for the identification of whom by the uninitiated a "key," as given below, is published with the engraving:—

1. J. M. Le Sage	16. Henry Pettitt	30. Sir Somers Vane
2. Lieut. Dan Godfrey	17. J. T. Carrodus	31. Henry Irving
3. G. A. Henty	18. Sir Albert Rollitt, M.P.	32. Luke Fildes, R.A.
4. Phillip H. Rathbone	19. Phipps Jackson	33. Alfred Gilbert
5. A. Gordon Salamon	20. Arthur Oswald	34. M. H. Spielman
6. Wm. Woodall, M.P.	21. Crawford Wilson	35. E. J. Gregory, A.R.A.
7. William Rignold	22. Fred Cowen	36. D. Christie Murray
8. Harry Furniss	23. J. N. Maclean	37. E. J. Wade
9. David Anderson	24. Herbert Thorndike	38. Bowdler Sharpe
10. John Proctor	25. A. Duvivier	39. Sir Fred. A. Abel
11. Franklin Olive	26. Brandon Thomas	40. Wm. Senior
12. J. L. Toole	27. Chas. Townley	41. Charles Jones
13. A. W. Phero	28. W. S. Penley	42. Wm. Nicholl
14. Theodore Drew	29. G. S. Jealous	43. Charles Stuart
15. Harold Frederic		



Musical Notes.

"THE NAUTCH GIRL; OR, THE RAJAH OF CHUTNEYPORE."

New Indian Comic opera, in two acts, written by GEORGE DANCE, composed by EDWARD SOLOMON, the lyrics by GEORGE DANCE and FRANK DESPREZ.

First produced at the Savoy Theatre, Tuesday evening, June 30th, 1891.

Punka	Mr. R. BARRINGTON.	Baboo Currie	Mr. FRANK WYATT.
Indru	Mr. COURTICE POUNDS.	Hollee Beebee	Miss LENORE SNYDER.
Pylama	Mr. FRANK THORNTON.	Banyan	Miss LOUISE ROWE.
Chinna Loofa	Miss JESSIE BOND.	Kalee	Miss ANNIE COLE.
Suttee	Miss SAUMAREZ.	Tiffin	Miss CORA TINNIE.
Cheetah	Miss LAWRENCE.	Bumbo	Mr. W. H. DENNY.

It was a very happy thought of Mr. George Dance to bring to life an idol that had been seated in its niche in the temple for some 2,000 years, and there is no doubt that the introduction of this episode materially strengthened "The Nautch Girl," and considerably aided in achieving the success of the new comic opera. The subject is comparatively a fresh one; we have not had a comic musical work on Indian lines, and the rigorous laws of "caste" afford fruitful



1905

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40

A SATURDAY EVENING AT THE SAVAGE CLUB.
By W. H. Bartlett.

matter for humorous treatment. Punka, the Rajah of Clutneypore, is a gentle ruler, whose too easy-going nature allows him to be victimised by a horde of blood-suckers, who, claiming to be relations, absorb all the officers of the State, and render their ruler painfully impecunious. Besides this, Pyjama, his Grand Vizier, is ever plotting against him. Then poor Punka has other troubles. The left eye of Bumbo, the presiding idol of the temple, has been stolen by some miscreant, and the Rajah is always in dread that some misfortune should befall him in consequence of the abstraction of the diamond. Next, his son and heir, Indru, has fallen in love with Beebee, but cannot marry her as she has lost caste through a pariah having pulled at the rope which saved her respected parent from drowning. Indru sinks to her level by publicly partaking of "potted cow," but unfortunately just after he has done so, the case which has been going on for forty years is decided, and it is found that Beebee has *not* lost caste, so as Indru and his love are now married, by the laws of the State they must die for having infringed the laws. Baboo Currie, the manager of the troupe of Nautch girls, of which Beebee is the bright particular star, saves her by taking her with all his company to Europe. In the second act, Indru is confined in prison, but is liberated by Chinna Loofa, a young lady who is ever seeking her affinity. She presses her love upon him, but he asserts himself to be true to his Beebee, and so departs for awhile. And then Bumbo suddenly appears in a very lively state of vitality, and in a remarkably incensed frame of mind. He is especially angry at the loss of his eye. He considers that for a considerable time past he has not had that attention paid him in the way of painting and gilding that an idol of his importance demands, and he looks upon the *mésalliance* that Indru has formed as deserving condign punishment, and so he decrees that Punka and all his relations, numbering some 374, shall be thrown to the sacred crocodiles. Punka, whose milk of human kindness has been turned to the bitterest gall by the persistent "squeezing" of his relatives, is in a high state of glee, for he has been promised that he shall be the last on the string of sacrifice, and he will have the satisfaction of witnessing the consumption of his uncles and his cousins and his aunts by the sacred saurians. In the meantime, Chinna Loofa has found her affinity in the idol Bumbo, who is on his side much struck with her personal appearance, and she consents to be the "idol's bride" and "sit" with him on a shelf for ever. All those who are to be thrown to the crocodiles having repudiated any relationship with Punka, his joy is much damped, but he has the satisfaction of denouncing the wily Pyjama as the stealer of the diamond eye, which is restored to Bumbo by the timely return of Beebee, who is wearing it as a charm, it having been left as an offering for her from some youthful admirer at the "stage door" during her European wanderings. Bumbo is so delighted at the recovery of his eye that he forgives everyone but the wicked Pyjama, who alone is to serve as a toothsome morsel for the expectant reptiles, and we see the last of Bumbo as he takes his seat with Chinna Loofa by his side in the palanquin, gradually assuming the appearance of wood images preparatory to resting in the temple on the shelf for ever. Much has been said of the difficult task any author and composer would have at the Savoy, after the long succession of Gilbert-Sullivan operas, but I think it is quite possible for fresh ones to be written that shall be acceptable, and though I do not hold that "The Nautch Girl" is quite as good as some operas heard there, still it is amusing, and were the first act only as good as the second, the whole would be entirely satisfactory. There are altogether some very quaint ideas, such as the song descriptive of himself sung by Punka, and written after the style of "The House that Jack Built;" also the description of Beebee's long law suit, and the hunt after the diamond and its sundry vicissitudes and changes of proprietorship. Pyjama's song giving the secrets of his success in life is very droll, as are Bumbo's couplets, "That one's put upon the shelf." There are some very pretty numbers, especially Indru's and Beebee's ballads and their duets, a charming duet for Indru and Chinna Loofa, a very droll duet and comic *carmagnole* for Bumbo and Chinna, and an excellent song and accompanying dance for Baboo Currie (a character of which Mr. Frank Wyatt made a great deal more than could have been expected). There are some very taking choruses, but that which struck me most was the admirable orchestration of Mr. Solomon's music. Mr. Dance's book is certainly in parts highly amusing, but he is much indebted to Mr. Frank Desprez' lyrics, all of which were either pretty or clever as occasion

demanded. Mr. Rutland Barrington was very droll as the much-put-upon Rajah; and Mr. Courtice Pounds sang very sweetly. Miss Lenore Snyder (the new American singer) is attractive and sympathetic, but is a little inclined to strain her voice; Mr. Frank Thornton showed that he was a humourist; and Miss Cora Tinnie was very arch and piquante; Miss Jessie Bond was as delightful as is possible, her gaiety and fun are so natural. I am afraid that it will be difficult to replace her effectively when she leaves the Savoy for her autumnal tour. As to Mr. Denny, that marvellous stolidity of his was just suited for the idol Bumbo, but I thought he might have taken greater advantage of his opportunities. Mr. D'Oyly Carte has given us an exquisitely beautiful spectacle, rich and tasteful to a degree, and the piece has been produced with that care and efficiency which distinguish anything with which Mr. Charles Harris has to do.

C. H.

 TONIC-SOL-FA FESTIVAL.

We are constantly being reminded, by the recurrence of Jubilee celebrations, of how much was done for us in the late thirties and the early forties. In the month of July, 1841, occurred three events, each of which was destined to produce a permanent impression on the social life of our little island: Mr. *Punch* issued his first number, Mr. Cook organised the first railway excursion, and—Mr. Curwen visited Miss Glover at Norwich. To the uninitiated this last episode may possibly appear somewhat trivial. *Punch* they know and are ready on each recurring Wednesday to renew his acquaintance; railway excursions, too, they know whether to welcome or to avoid; but who and what were Mr. Curwen and Miss Glover that their strictly platonic conference at Norwich fifty years ago should be deemed worthy of a Jubilee Celebration?

Well! the fact is that Miss Glover was an elderly lady with a hobby—a device of her own invention for teaching children to read music by means of letters and dots instead of lines and notes; while Mr. Curwen was an enthusiast on the subject of psalmody, with a special genius for organisation. Their discourse was on the subject of the movable *do*, and before they separated, the Tonic Sol-fa system had begun to have a being.

There may be some who think this a matter of very minor importance, but, if so, they very much underestimate the work which this movement has done. No doubt it had a small beginning; even its aims were lowly, for it intended nothing more at first than teaching Sunday School children to sing hymns with the least possible expenditure of time. For many years it worked thus underground, spreading gradually from one conventicle to another throughout the North of England and the Midlands. But, at last, came the day of its recognition by musical authorities. The great Helmholtz on his visit to this country heard a body of Tonic Sol-fa-ists sing some part-music at sight, and expressed his unbounded astonishment and admiration. Helmholtz's translator, Dr. A. J. Ellis, added his certificate to the merits of the system: Mr. Ebenezer Prout has lent the weight of his authority in its favour. Finally it completed its conquest over the primary schools of the country, and has compelled My Lords of the Committee of Council to recognise its vast superiority over the time-honoured notation of crotchets and quavers. Eight years ago only nineteen per cent. of the children in state-aided schools were taught singing by the Tonic Sol-fa; in the year 1890 the percentage had risen to sixty, and it is pretty safe to assume that in a few years more Mr. Curwen's Modulator will be used in every elementary school in the land. Its progress in private schools cannot be so exactly measured, but it is certain that in those which are under the control of governing bodies, and which, to a certain extent, set the fashion for the private schools, the Tonic Sol-fa system has been adopted to a very large extent. It has not yet indeed been recognised by the official side of music as represented by the Council of the R.A.M.; but that is only a question of time. No one can say how many of those who study at the Academy or the Royal College received their first musical impulse from some Tonic Sol-fa teacher; and two, at all events, of our leading vocalists—Mr. Ben Davies and Mr. Durward Lely—are indebted to their early training in the system for their facility in sight reading.

The meaning of all this is that in the next generation everyone, except the rich, will be able to read music at sight with certainty and precision; that in the homes of the people, after the day's work is done, the glee books will be

passed round the table and four-part harmony will take the place of selections from the *Police Gazette*. This is the true way to become a musical people, for the saying about seditions and revolutions which Tallyrand borrowed from someone else is no more true in art than in politics. Revolutions do not begin in the Privy Councils or the Academies, they begin in the workshops and the cottages; and he who teaches the humble to appreciate and to perform those simpler compositions which are within their reach does more to build up national musical taste than all the pomp of Covent Garden or the culture of St. James's Hall.

The Tonic Sol-fa people have, therefore, something to celebrate, and they have adopted a very appropriate mode of expressing their jubilation by holding first a Choral Service in St. Paul's Cathedral, and secondly, a festival in the transept of the Crystal Palace. With regard to the former, the design of the promoters was not carried out in its integrity. It had been intended that the whole building should be occupied by the Sol-fa singers, but the Dean and Chapter insisted that the general public should be admitted to the nave, and the special effect which the promoters designed was thereby somewhat interfered with. Still, they succeeded in demonstrating that Handel's "Hallelujah" chorus, and Dr. Stainer's anthem, "O, Clap Your Hands" could be rendered with perfect accuracy by a congregation of nearly five thousand persons. At the Crystal Palace the choristers were, of course, heard under much better conditions, and they once more afforded a practical proof of the excellence of the system by a sight reading test which could certainly not have been stood by any large body of voices trained to sing by ear, or even by note.

J. B. CARLILE.



Our Omnibus-Box.

A country correspondent speaks most favorably of the new farcical comedy "A Lost Sheep," written by Walter Parke and Arthur Shirley. It was so well received and created so much laughter when produced at the T.R., Bradford, that it should be good enough for London.

There were two noticeable features in Miss Florence St. John's *matinée* at the Gaiety on July 1st. One specially was the resumption by the *beneficiaire* of the character of Bettina in "La Mascotte," in which her Glou-Glou duet with Mr. Frank Celli as Pippo was enthusiastically redemanded. Mr. Arthur Roberts was the Laurent XVII, Mr. Arthur Williams, Rocco, and Miss Phyllis Broughton, Fiammetta. The other great attraction was the "play without words," "Moonflowers, a Cobweb;" music by Ivan Caryll. It afforded Miss Norreys and Messrs. Herbert Pearson and E. Webster Lawson the opportunity of displaying skill in the almost lost art of pantomime, and for the lady to dance with much grace, but the "cobweb" was very attenuated and would not bear much pulling at. For a play without words you must have an easily understood story, and passion and incident that can be conveyed to the audience in dumb show. All these were wanting in "Moonflowers."

At the Steinway Hall on the afternoon of July 14th, a very smartly written duologue, "Both Sides of the Question," by Malcolm C. Salaman, was brightly played by Mr. Robb Harwood and his sister, Miss Lucia Harwood. The trifle would do well for a first piece or for amateurs. Miss Harwood also gave some recitations that were enjoyable; and Miss Effie Chapuy sang very sweetly.

At the Ladbrooke Hall on Tuesday evening, July 7th, two comedy-operettas, written and composed respectively by Frank A. Clement and Oliver Notcutt,

were produced, and were found to be very amusing, for the dialogue in each was humorous, and the music bright and at the same time scholarly. They were entitled, "Waiting for the Coach" and "Bumble," the latter being taken from the beadle's proposal to Mrs. Corney over tea and muffins in "Oliver Twist."

"Love in a Mist," the musical fairy tale produced at the Crystal Palace on July 9th, did credit to Mr. Louis N. Parker's vein of poetic fancy, and to Mr. Oscar Barrett's music. Miss Alexes Leighton as the enchanted Queen Eglamour, Mr. Roland Attwood as Oberon, Miss Florence Tanner as Titania, Mr. G. R. Foss as the gnomé Oakapple, Mr. Frank Rodney as the conceited knight, Sir Gengaline, were worthy of much praise in their several parts.

The dramatic season will have closed on Saturday night, July 25th, with Miss Ellen Terry's benefit at the Lyceum, when she will appear as Beatrice to Mr. Henry Irving's Benedick in "Much Ado About Nothing," and the manager will no doubt speak a few words as to the future. It can scarcely be looked upon as prophesy when we say that the burden of his speech as to his own and his company's doings will be the production of "Henry VIII." in December, with some reference to the arrival of the Augustin Daly Company in September.

Too late for notice this month, we may mention that at the time of writing, "Miss Decima," the operatic comedy adapted by F. C. Burnand from the French "Miss Helyett," by Audran and Boucheron, will be produced at the Criterion on Thursday, July 23rd. From the success that has attended the original in Paris, the adaptation, which we are told is clever and amusing, should, supported as it will be by a strong cast, prove a lucky venture for Mr. Charles Wyndham.



New Plays

PRODUCED AND IMPORTANT REVIVALS in London, from June 21st, 1891, to July 17th, 1891:—

(*Revivals are marked thus*°).

- June 22 "Leaves of Shamrock," five-act drama, by J. P. Sullivan (first time in London). Sadler's Wells.
- „ 22 "The Unfinished Story," duologue, by Ina Leon Cassilis. St. James's Hall.
- „ 23 "Watching and Waiting," three-act comedy, by Archibald and Agatha Hodgson. *Matinée*. Terry's.
- „ 23° "Drink," five-act drama, by Charles Reade. Drury Lane.
- „ 25 "Jasper's Revenge," one-act play, by Wynn Miller. *Matinée*. Shaftesbury.
- „ 25 "Cleopatra," three-act farcical comedy, adapted from the French, by Arthur Shirley. *Matinée*. Shaftesbury.
- „ 27° "Katti," three-act comedy, adapted from the German, by Charles S. Fawcett. Strand.
- „ 29 "The Daughter of the People," five-act drama, by Frank Harvey, (first time in London). Grand.
- „ 30 "The Rule of Three," four-act play, by Pierre Leclercq. *Matinée*. Shaftesbury.
- „ 30 "The Nautch Girl; or, The Rajah of Chutneypore," two-act comic opera, written by George Dance, music composed by Edward Solomon, lyrics by George Dance and Frank Desprez. Savoy.

- French plays, Royalty Theatre, June 22nd, "Margot," three-act comedy, by Henri Meilhac. *25th, "L'ami Fritz," *30th, "Les Fourberies de Scapin," * "La Joie fait Peur." Comédie Française season. July 1st, "Le Député de Bombignac." *3rd, "Le Gendre de M. Poirier," * "Les Surprises du Divorcee."
- July 1 "Moonflowers: a Cobweb" (play without words), music by Ivan Caryll. *Matinée*. Gaiety.
- " 1 "Mrs. Annesley," play in three acts, by J. F. Cooke. *Matinée*. Gaiety.
- " 2 "For Claudia's Sake," original comedy-drama, in three acts, by Mabel Freund Lloyd. *Matinée*. Vaudeville.
- " 2 "Sacrificed," original one-act drama, by Mabel Freund Lloyd. *Matinée*. Vaudeville.
- " 4 "Gabriel's Trust," one-act domestic drama, by Alfred C. Calmour. Vaudeville.
- " 4 "The Mischief-Maker," three-act farcical comedy (placed in evening bill). Vaudeville.
- " 6 "A Big Fortune," drama, in four acts, by William Bowne (first time in London). Surrey.
- " 7 "Husband and Wife," farcical comedy, in three acts, by F. C. Phillips and Percy Fendall (placed in evening bill). Comedy.
- " 7 "The Scapegoat," original play, in four acts, by Wilton Jones. Globe.
- " 7 "Waiting for the Coach," and "Bumble," one-act comedy-opereettas, libretti by Frank A. Clement, music by Oliver Notcutt. Ladbroke Hall.
- " 9 "Love in a Mist," musical fairy-play, in three acts, by Louis N. Parker. Crystal Palace.
- " 14 "A Summer's Dream," sketch in one-act, by Rose Meller. Avenue.
- " 14 "A Mighty Error," mediæval romance, in two acts, by Leonard Outram. Avenue.
- " 15 "The Sequel," original play, in one act, by Louis N. Parker. Vaudeville.
- " 17 "Molière," original play, in one act, by Walter Frith. St. James's.
- In the Provinces, from June 12th, 1891, to July 16th, 1891.
- June 29 "The Wealth of the World," four-act drama, by Edward J. Lampard. T.R., Blyth.
- July 1 "Hazard," one-act farce, by Herbert Burnett. T.R., Margate.
- " 9 "The Workbox," original one-act comedietta, by Tom Craven. T.R., Weymouth.
- " 13 "A Lost Sheep," three-act farcical comedy, by Walter Parke and Arthur Shirley. T.R., Bradford.
- " 16 "The Ballad Singer," original musical comedy-drama, in three acts, by Tom Craven. Gaiety Theatre, Hastings.
- In Paris, from June 17th, 1891, to July 11th, 1891.
- June 18 "Le Rêve," lyrical drama, founded on Zola's story, by Louis Gallet, music by Alfred Brundean. Opera Comique.
- " 19 "Les Aventures de M. Martin," Vaudeville, in four acts, by Albin Valabrègue. Gaieté.
- " 23 "Les Héritiers Guichard," three-act comedy-vaudeville, by Gaston Marot. Variétés.
- " 30^c "L'Idole," four-act drama, by Henri Crisafulli and Leopold Stapleaux. Ambigu.
- July 8 "Madame la Maréchale," three-act play, by Alphonse Lemonnier. Ambigu.
- " 10 "Le Gendarme," three-act comedy-vaudeville, by Pierre Decourcelle and Henri Debrit. Vaudeville.
- " 11 "L'Article 231," three-act comedy, by Paul Ferrier. Français.



THE THEATRE.

SEPTEMBER, 1891.

The Life and Adventures of an Old Play.



EARLY a century ago—that is to say, on the 24th of March, 1798—there was introduced on the boards of old Drury Lane Theatre, a naturalised foreigner of German parentage, called, appropriately enough, “The Stranger.” It had the valuable assistance of the stately John Kemble, the majestic Siddons, and the accomplished John Palmer, with the advantages of the humorous efforts of Dicky Suett and Wewitzer, the melodious voice of Mrs. Bland, the most popular ballad vocalist of the day, and was supported by others of less note, perhaps, but all favourably known to the audience. The author of the play was a young German named Augustus Frederic Ferdinand Kotzebue, whose adventures and diversified life—including the experiences of a lawyer, poet, state secretary, essayist, Siberian exile, member of the Berlin Academy of Arts, historian, promoter of a weekly paper, the author of ninety-eight dramas, and the father of thirteen children—were terminated by assassination at the hands of a young political enthusiast and theological student, one Charles Louis Sand, who at the age of twenty-four was executed for the crime. Few dramas had produced such controversy and such wide difference of opinion. That a faithless wife, having by her own admission no excuse for her lapse, should be, presumably, forgiven by her injured husband, and restored to the position she had disgraced, was so new and so startling—on the stage, at least—that it was resented in some quarters as an outrage of public decency. This may be accounted for in some degree, when we remember that our dramatists of that day had not that facility of access to the French drama that is enjoyed now; and it is quite possible that our Camilles and our Frou-Frous, with their pathetic consumptions and very artful and artificial artlessness, and the heroines of some of our lady novelists’ dramatised works, would have been hardly acceptable to our simple old grandmothers, with their respect for the observance—in public—of the Seventh Commandment.

There were some sponsorial difficulties attending the adoption of "The Little Stranger." A Mr. Schinck, probably of the same nationality, claimed to have sent to the management of Drury Lane a version of the play, before Mr. Benjamin Thompson, whose name stands as the translator and adaptor, had submitted his own. The two versions would be mainly the same no doubt, but differences did exist between them. Thus in deference to our "insular prejudices," Mr. Schinck had permitted his lovely, but imprudent heroine, to seriously contemplate an elopement, but to see her error in time and to pause before it was too late. The "Mrs. Hallier" of Mr. Thompson, on the contrary, is less circumspect. Very properly, she suffers for her fault ever afterwards, and proposes to sustain exhausted nature by "a morsel of bread moistened with the tear of penitence," reminding one of the fare occasionally awarded to sinners and criminals.

Boaden, in his life of Kemble, speaks of the interest that R. B. Sheridan, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, took in the play; how he contributed the pathetic song for the Savoyard, to the melody composed by the Duchess of Devonshire, and how expressively it was rendered by Mrs. Bland, a sister of the famous Mrs. Jordan. He dwells with intense admiration on the performance of Kemble; and remembering the portrait by Lawrence of the same actor, as Hamlet, we can easily realise how exceptionally suited to the character Kemble's appearance would be. The melancholy dignity, the classical, perhaps slightly artificial, bearing of "the noblest Roman of them all," as one of his enthusiastic admirers called him (or "Black Jack," as he was irreverently styled by his great rival, the gifted but irregular George Frederick Cooke), would be exactly adapted, we should think, to the gloomy and misanthropical egotist, whose occupation in life appeared to be in reading "Zimmerman on Solitude," in caustic comments on the utter worthlessness of human nature generally, and in alternate rudeness and apologies to his faithful attendant.

But Kemble was the god of his biographer's idolatry, and Boaden seems to enjoy his own description of the effect that the study of the character exercised over the object of his worship; how for the time he purposely exchanged his habitual kindly and courteous bearing, for a brusqueness of tone and manner, and even his usual neatness of attire, for the personal carelessness befitting a confirmed misanthrope. This involuntarily reminds one of the artistic enthusiasm that is said to have caused a tragedian to black himself all over when he played Othello; or of yet another devotee to his art, who when about to enact William in the nautical drama of "Black-eyed Susan," secured some seaweed beneath his under vest that he might smell like a sailor.

But the old play must not be condemned for the air of antiquity that undoubtedly surrounds it. Whatever faults it may possess in the eyes of a modern audience, they were not considered defects at the time of its production. Tall talk was listened to and admired in

those days. A simple story, plainly told in five uneventful acts, with no pretence whatever to scenic effect, and perfectly transparent from the end of the first scene, must have some strong inherent vitality about it to attract and interest an audience at the end of ninety-seven years. It is a question whether any drama of the same age has been more frequently played, and at the same time, more ridiculed and laughed at. It has been used as a butt and for comic capital, from the year of its birth to the present day. As far back as 1812, when the play had been a stock piece for fourteen years, the Brothers Smith (James and Horace), in those wonderful parodies of theirs called the "Rejected Addresses," introduced it in the form of a comic song, too long to quote in full, but of which one verse may, perhaps, be permitted:—

"One day on a bench, as dejected and sad he laid,
 "Hearing a splash, he cried, 'D—n it, what's that?'
 "'Twas a son of the Count's in whose service lived Adelaide,
 "Sous'd in the river—and squall'd like a cat!
 "When he drew his young Excellence up to the bank, it
 "Appear'd that himself was all dripping, I swear!
 "No wonder he soon became dry as a blanket,
 "Expos'd as he was to the Count's *Son* and *Heir*
 "With my sentimentalibus, lachrymæ-roar'em
 "And pathos (and bathos) delightful to see;
 "And chop-and-change ribs *à la mode* Germanorum,
 "And hi-diddle, ho-diddle, pop, tweedle-dee!"

Many years afterwards, a still greater writer, and also, when he chose, an admirable parodist, held up to merciless derision in his history of Pendennis, the stilted language of this age, emphasised and accentuated by the spasmodic and emotional Miss Fotheringay to the hopeless enthrallment of poor Pen himself, who could not, in his blind adoration of the charming Irish girl, detect the mechanical stage tricks she had learnt from little Mr. Bows the fiddler.

Besides having been the subject for more than one comic song, it has been most effectually utilised for the burlesque stage, and perhaps no stock piece in the old days of provincial theatres, has been more frequently employed as a substitute, when one was required; the shortness of the cast, the simplicity of the scenery and appointments, and the general familiarity with the piece on the part of the performers, rendering it a very valuable stop-gap. Even in a poor theatre and to a thin audience, portions of the play, the later scenes especially, were invariably affecting. I once saw the piece from beginning to end, with only a few in the gallery, still fewer in the pit, and one person—myself—in the boxes. The late Charles Dillon was the "Stranger," and of the eight or ten women in the pit, more than half were crying. In the same theatre, but to a crowded and fashionable audience, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean played the two parts. Mr. Kean's performance was most pathetic and effective. If any one happens to meet with that well informed, but occasionally oppressive authority, an Old Play-goer, he may learn, perhaps, how charming a "Mrs. Haller" was seen in Miss Laura Addison, who under the management of Messrs. Greenwood and Phelps at Old Sadler's Wells,

in 1846, had taken London by storm as "Juliet." When a lady can look the part she is called on to enact, the character is said to be half-played; and it was certainly so in this performance of "Mrs. Haller," though the other and the better half was the bright and pure intelligence behind it. The case was different when, a few years ago, a popular tragedian, describing his girl wife as "a young innocent creature scarce sixteen years of age," by a slip of the tongue, or perhaps insensibly to himself, impressed by the appearance of the "Mrs. Haller" of the occasion, substituted the word "sixty." The audience apparently accepted the alteration as justifiable, and the scene proceeded. There was also once an "Old Tobias," played by a young man, who beyond the assumption of white hairs, had none or few of the marks of his age, seventy-six; and when asked by the Francis, "How old are you?" gravely replied, "Three hundred and sixty-five," at which startling instance of longevity, the "Stranger," who was seated behind, solemnly remarked, "A ripe age!—Yet how well the old man bears his years!" Reference has been made to Mr. Charles Kean's pathetic performance of this part. One night at the Princess's Theatre, on leaving the stage he observed a young lady, who was engaged in the ballet, overcome by emotion. On enquiring the reason, the poor little girl, terribly afraid lest her demonstrative grief should affect her engagement, faltered out, "I couldn't help it, sir, indeed! You do it so beautiful!" She was considerably relieved then, when on Saturday, the treasurer, on paying her modest little salary, added, "Mr. Kean, my dear, is much pleased with your attention to business, and your general intelligence, and I have the pleasure in saying your salary is raised five shillings." Naturally this was soon known, and a shrewd young person, who kept her own counsel, conceived it possible that an advance on her own terms might be arranged by similar means. On the Monday following, therefore, she also was found weeping copiously at the termination of the play. On the manager-actor sternly demanding the reason, the hysterical young thing sobbed out, "Oh, sir, when you play this part it do make me so miserable!" However, the result was not quite the same. The piece on that occasion was "Much Ado About Nothing," with Mr. Kean in his favourite comedy character of "Benedick."

A sad and startling incident in connection with this play occurred in the August following its first production in town. John Palmer, the original "Baron Steinfort," was to have played "The Stranger" in the Theatre Royal, Liverpool. Only a few hours previously he had been informed of the death of a favourite son, of whom he entertained the greatest hopes and for whom he had the strongest affection. But he endeavoured to discharge his duty to the public and his employer, and few knew or suspected the deep grief that lay so heavily on the poor father's heart. But after uttering the line in the third act "there is another and a—better world!" he fell, and on being conveyed from the stage was found to have expired. For many years afterwards "John Palmer's Corner," where the body was laid, was pointed out in the old green-room.

A recent revival of this old play is surely highly creditable to the good taste and the professional spirit of the management. Let it be in fairness remembered that the shortcomings are the defects of the period of its introduction. If the sentiment is somewhat highly pitched, it is still effective and pathetic. If the comedy is not of the most exhilarating kind, it is not coarse nor disfigured by unpleasant suggestiveness, nor is the story unwholesome or devoid of moral. If we have poor Magdalen with her crust and her tear, and her lachrymose retrospect, we are spared at least Phryne and Lais in their cups, or a sickly *Aspasia* entreating in her dying words to be buried in her favourite dress, that in which she "looked so pretty!—Oh, so pretty!"—nor are we constrained to listen to a scientific exposition on hereditary taint.

So, perhaps, all things duly considered, we may take a hint from "Hamlet,"

"And, therefore, as a "Stranger" give it welcome!"

ARTHUR A. WOOD.



"The Drama of the Moment"—and the Moment After.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. H. A. KENNEDY.



Y DEAR SIR,

Your gravely judicial summing up of "the tendencies of the moment" has afforded me much satisfaction. I will confess to you, though I would spare Mr. Knowles the knowledge, that *The Nineteenth Century* is a publication I usually leave on the shelf; but seeing your name advertised among the contributors, and recalling certain admirable work associated with it, in that defunct Review, created by 'Arry beloved of our Whistler, I overcame my repugnance and cut the leaves of the current issue. My enterprise met with reward. Your article is profoundly interesting and by no means uninteresting. You have moreover supplied me with a subject to write upon. Small wonder then that I begin with a brief burst of gratitude.

On one point, however, you have disappointed me, and that grievously. You point no moral!

Now that, I maintain, it was your duty to do. From your perch upon the cliff, you have looked out with calm, far-seeing eyes. You

have noticed this ripple here, that ground-swell there. You little cloud, like a man's hand, does not escape you. And with mathematical precision you calculate the chances of that gaudily painted, lumbering brig, "The English Drama," whose deep roll and slow recovery betray an awkward leak somewhere. But though you see the danger, you utter no warning. So, under cover of combating one or two of your assertions, I propose to supply that warning by pushing your arguments just one step further.

Advancing from your proposition that the playgoer of the moment demands a drama "essentially Thespian," you maintain that "the art generally, has experienced a tendency towards realism, greater actuality of representation, and all-round truth to the effects of nature." You observe that "the acting of to-day shows very strongly the influence of the tendency of the age towards naturalism." The actors of the earlier half of the century were, as it were, "chiaroscurists;" "they produced strong effects by boldness of light and shade, and by depth of accentuation. They thrilled the senses with ringing rhetoric, rather than convinced the reason by recognisable likeness to nature." And upon this important pronouncement I would "challenge candour, To touch the very nerve, how'er it pain."

What is this "naturalism"? I ask, as Audrey asked of "poetical"—"Is it a good thing?" Should Art and Nature be convertible terms? May not heroes dead and gone have been "natural actors," and our players, in their "realism," be mere men from the street?

You will agree, with Johnson, that no representation was ever mistaken for reality; indeed that reality in stage *art* is impossible? You are of a mind, with Lewes, that Art is illusion, not delusion; and that every-day vulgarity of detail is incompatible with artistic effect? You will admit, with me, that the power of the art is measureable by the power of the emotions it excites? Then in the light of those principles, let us examine the achievements of the giants of the past and the giants of the present, and note whither this tendency towards "actuality" is leading our realists, and what is the outlook of the Drama of the Moment.

You speak of Mrs. Siddons, I am sorry to say, much as one would regard church relics or evidence of miracles, with impatient skin-deep respect. Now you will own that Hazlitt was a critic; hear him on the subject. "The effect of her acting was greater than could be conceived before-hand. It perfectly filled and overpowered the mind. Her voice answered to her form, and her expression to both. *Yet she was a pantomime actress.* It was in bursts of indignation, or grief, in sudden exclamations, in apostrophes, and inarticulate sounds, that she raised the soul of passion to its height, or sunk it in despair." You surely have not forgotten that wonderful description of her dumb show as Volumnia:—"The spectator was always carried along with her; wept when she wept, smiled when she smiled, and each motion of her heart became in turn his own. She came alone, marching and beating time to the music, rolling (if that's not too strong a term to describe her motion) from side to side, swelling

with the triumph of her son. Such was the intoxication of joy which flashed from her eyes, and lit up her whole face, that the effect was irresistible. Her dumb show drew plaudits that shook the building." Was not this of "recognisable likeness to nature?"

Again, take Kean, the leader of the rival school. What does Hazlitt say of him? "The effect on the house was electrical. The tone of voice in which he delivered the beautiful apostrophe, "Then, oh farewell," struck on the heart and the imagination, like the swelling notes of some divine music. The look, the action, the expression of voice with which he accompanied the exclamation, "Not a jot, not a jot;" the reflection, "I found not *Cassio's kisses* on her lips;" and his vow of revenge against Cassio, and abandonment of his love for Desdemona, laid open the very tumult and agony of the soul." As Sir Giles Overreach, "he was not at a single fault," in the opinion of this gentleman with the eye of a hawk and the severity of a Cato. Within a step of the grave, "when gout made it difficult for him to display his accustomed grace, when a broken hoarseness had ruined the once matchless voice," so Lewes writes, "such was the irresistible pathos, manly, not tearful, which vibrated in his tones, and expressed itself in looks and gestures, that old men leaned their heads upon their arms, and fairly sobbed."

Can you recall any such scenes? Audiences "electrified," "old men sobbing," women in hysterics, and the like? Does not this amazing art of theirs offer in these records proof positive that it was the highest and grandest art within the player's reach? that this indeed was "naturalistic" art, since it moved whole multitudes, cynical peers in the boxes, Hazlitts in the pit, trulls and footmen in the gallery, and laid bare to them the very heart and soul of humanity? And will you not agree that the acting of to-day, with its "tendency towards actuality," its pitiable terror of emotion, because emotion is bad form alike in Belgravia and in Bow, its drawing-room loafing, its want of imagination, its society polish and tameness and colourlessness, is less "natural" than "real," less "illusion" than "delusion," less introspective than imitative, less art than cheap reality, and therefore an accursed thing?

Let me give you an illustration. In one of the hits of the season was a scene between two men in a bachelor's chambers. Everyone knew that a big struggle was coming; that the hero must be in a highly strung state. The room was furnished with a view to "actuality." Among the appropriate bachelor appointments was a "Tantalus" spirit stand, and a siphon of soda water. The highly-strung hero presently, between tentative, disconnected sentences, mixed himself some whiskey and soda, sipped, and went on with the scene. Very "actual" you say. So it was. Indeed, so actual was it, that the illusion for me was destroyed. The business of the dramatist, and the actor, both exceedingly talented gentlemen, was so to rivet attention upon the workings of that naughty bachelor's brain, that I should be electric with expectancy when matters came to a climax. But that touch of realism, of Piccadilly common-place,

destroyed the romance. It pulled me up. I was no long watching a man paving his way to an infamy, but merely an actor having a drink. The prosaic detail robbed the character of its individuality. Naturalism was exchanged for realism, and art disappeared in the process.

Now it is this whiskey and soda form of art that should be most vigorously contemned. The evil began with the teacup and saucer style. Later on we had a new development in reserved force. And here is the latest form of the vice. Our actors and actresses are invited to be washed-out, nerveless beings. Power is no longer requisite to "fine acting," as the phrasemongers have it. Not to think out the myriad turns and twists of the brain, but to compass the foldings of the newest thing in ties is the task of the coming men. Not to trace to their source the passions that move the world, but to ferret out the "toney"-est colour in gloves and the smartest handshake of the day. Critics and actors bewail the decrease in applause. But why should they keep their eyes shut to the truth. They themselves are responsible for this dearth of interest. The public is responsive as ever to true art, to great acting. But where is it? Ask the playwrights, they are the practical judges. They know. And they will tell you that the acting now-a-days lauded to the skies is little more than consummate self-possession coupled with intelligent appreciation of dialogue; dialogue, it may be mentioned, execrably delivered in nine cases out of ten.

I address this protest to you, since I fear that your erudition as displayed in Mr. Knowles's fashionable magazine may confirm the players and their misleading patrons in the view that things have bettered since the days of Siddons and of Kean, whereas you would have shown them, had you pushed your reasoning to a conclusion—as I still hope you may—that as with the development of strong individualities the art has always flourished and grown in favour, so for lack of these stimulants to high artistic ambition and popular interest it has declined and fallen upon evil days. There may be, as now undoubtedly there is, a wave of indifferentism affecting a certain section of society; but the bulk of the people must inevitably remain true to hero-worship. The minority, and an ever bigger and bigger minority, as the world gets richer, may be so bored that nothing but the *curiosities* of art will amuse them. But the majority will always demand the virile, the full-blooded, the stalwart, the impassioned, the simple, and the bold. And if it is not provided for them at the theatres, they will seek it in the music-halls.

Yes, the music-halls, where art is not refined to the elimination of vigour and of strength. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is wise indeed in advocating the abolition of all restrictions upon the music-hall entertainment. He clearly sees that there is a vast public only too ready to have its imagination touched, its sympathies enlisted, its sense of the heroic quickened, and that from it the theatre public is to be renewed and enlarged, and by it re-vitalised. He believes in appealing to the imagination and he is right. The actors and their

guides, critical and social, mumble with Mr. Scrooge that imagination is humbug. Their reward is that the refined, colourless, artistically finished actualities they present, are tabooed by the masses, who can find in these niminy-piminy trifles nothing elementally human to interest them. Mr. Jones, on the contrary, tries to stir the imagination, produces a poor play with one magnificent moment, and the theatre is thronged eight times a week through a dead season. It is in this that the charm of melodrama lies. The colouring may be crude, gross improbabilities may be rampant, flavour and tone may be strong to rankness, but at least there is appeal to the imagination. Everything is not on a dull level of drawing-room monotony. We do at least breathe a freer air than when mingling with a languid Hyde Park crowd, all turned out of the same mould, all for the life of them frightened to break from the chains of well-bred convention, all weak as ditch-water and mild as milk.

Such were not the men and women of the past, such are not the regenerators of the stage of to-day. This page of stage history has been written by Mr. Irving and Miss Terry. Think of their methods, and compare them with the players into whose hands they must eventually resign their heritage. What a gulf yawns between them! These leaders of ours are of the heroic school. Their art links us with the age of Siddons and Kean. With you, they maintain that "it is obviously not the mission of art to produce effects that can be equally obtained without any art at all." For them coat and waistcoat realism is no art whatever. Though by taking thought they cannot add a cubit to their own stature, by taking thought they can and do invariably add a cubit to the stature of the characters they represent. They recognise the truth of that saying of Mr. Whistler's, of which you will remember that Mr. Tree reminded us on the *première* of "Beau Austin":—"There is something in art that not even a photographer can understand." They tacitly aver that the photographer and the artist are not one and the same person. They represent nature sublimated into the ideal. Nothing with them is devoid of distinction, of nobility, of grandeur. There is no trace of "actuality," of whiskey and soda detail, of trivial commonplace, in any of their work. Everything is idealised, everything is art.

This is the secret of the pre-eminence of the Lyceum. There is to be found a pitch of excellence for which we look in vain elsewhere. There, whatever play you see, is always something to powerfully affect the mind. There only may you see the house held in the hollow of an actor's hand. In your essay you speak of "thrilling" over the superb death-wrestle of Crookback Richard. There are a dozen such "thrills" in every Lyceum play. Times out of number Mr. Irving has had grounds for saying with Kean, "By God, the pit rose at me." I can think of no great scene, in which these thrills have not been flashed through the audience. So also with Miss Terry. It is not necessarily the outcome of "ringing rhetoric" or "physical appeals to the ear." Such actors can work their spell in silence, as in the raging tempests of fury and despair.

For their acting is great; their mastery of their beautiful art is supreme; to their patient siege the secret places of the mind and heart have succumbed; they are scholars in the science of nature.

Now look abroad and say who is to perpetuate the race of artistic actors. The conditions under which our actors are now trained are fatal to the achievement of greatness. Their energies are absorbed by what one of them the other day called their "social duties." Working up a society *clientele* is regarded as of the first importance. Mere details like the laborious borrowing "from each grace and every muse such attributes as lend ideal charms" to art, may go hang for all our coming actor cares. He is no longer the careless creature, living for a free life, with strong impulses, strong passions, and high ambitions. He mixes with people whose existence is passed in doing as others do. Habit is second nature, and insensibly he gets drawn into the fatal circle, and he too does only what others do. His individuality is crushed out of him by the weight of contemptible convention. He sees no more in human nature than may be read in the mincing males and flattering females at Kensington kettledrums and Bayswater bun-fights. Seeing no more, he gives us no more when he gets on the boards. And so long as he speaks his words with intelligent emphasis, and his clothes are immaculate, the "art"—frequently it is called "genius"—in his performance is declared unexceptionable.

The direct result of society's cold-bloodedness and boredom, and of the actor's very natural desire to conquer social heights along with the pinnacles of popularity, is that the future of the drama is about as gloomy as it can be. The mountains of romance are let severely alone. The mole-hills of social intrigue are all that our playwrights and our actors have energy to explore. It is not that talent is wanting to either. The brains are there, the gift is there, but the impulse is lacking. There is such fear of what "society" will say, of "bad form," of Mayfair and Belgravia turning a cold shoulder. It is a kind of moral cowardice. Because a minority of players are Girton girls and 'Varsity men, because a few weaklings sneer at "ranters" and "spouters," therefore the whole body is infected with a dread of incurring their superfine contempt. Therefore we see neither author nor player resolute to maintain the dignity of his art.

No, let me be just; one dramatist there is, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, whose aims are high. He at least has not faltered in pointing the way to the regions of romance; he at least has never shrunk from grappling with the big passions of mankind; sometimes he has failed, sometimes succeeded, but, whatever the issue, he has been steadfast in striving to stir the imagination and in guiding authors, actors and public towards higher ground. And of the crowds of players there are perhaps a handful who, if society does not further sap their strength and then their blood, may yet head a revolution against the present tyranny of colourless "culture" and ultra-refinement. The majority have been directly or indirectly inoculated by society

with a kind of artistic measles, and until this unwholesomeness has been purged from the system, we may look in vain for any robust and vigorous, enduring and invigorating art.

The public no doubt will work the cure. They will hold aloof, as they have done this last season, until managers with empty treasuries and players without engagements come to realise that there must be something seriously amiss. Then will the apostles of indifferentism and "pessimism"—as Mr. Lionel Rignold calls it—be scouted, and this bane of pure emotion and intellectual energy be no more found among the nostrums of our managers—actor, author, or otherwise. Then will the needs of the people, as distinct from "society," be studied; and with the recognition of their hunger for imaginative work, the grand old methods and the grand old schools will once again be drawn upon for those great qualities the modern school has not. Then will the pulse of stage-life be as the pulse of our national life—full and lusty, throbbing with nervous force. Then will pallid "actuality," already shunned by all but the emaculate, the insipid, the used up, be kicked out at the stage door; and then will letters of protest against the championship of "actuality," be, what I think you will upon reflection admit that this is *not*, superfluous or impertinent.

OLIVER BLUFF.



Twilight.



HE light throbs in the western sky,
The blackbird trolls its lay;
Be still my heart, to-morrow comes—
To-morrow brings to day.

Endeavour faints at noon-tide's height,
Love's autumn flames in May;
Rest, rest my heart, to-morrow comes
And grows to yesterday.

Through æons yet Hope's silver gate
Shall ope' to those who pray;
Have faith, my heart, the morrow comes
That shall not pass away,

KOTSLAND FREELING.



The Marquise.



HARRY and Antoine had been friends, in spite of, or perhaps even because of, the very oppositeness of their characters. They were both artists, studying art at the same school in Paris.

Harry—everyone called him Harry—was a young Englishman. He was rich, and had taken up the study of art more as an amusement than as a possible future profession. He was not brilliant, but he had a way of dashing off little sketches that gave the casual observer the idea that he might do great things if he would only take the trouble.

Antoine, on the other hand, had genius and an intense love for what to him was his livelihood and whole future ambition. He was the son of a poor farmer, who had saved for many a weary month to scrape together the few pounds his simple life in Paris cost him, and he had come there with hope in his heart and the words of the kind old village priest ringing in his ears: "We shall not forget you at Fleury, my boy; come back rich and famous; even if I am not here, there are those who will rejoice to embrace you, rich or poor."

Antoine blushed now as he thought of poor little Jeanne, his country sweetheart. Poor child, she had given him a lock of her sunny hair when they had parted a year ago, and had promised to wait for him till he came back, rich and famous, to marry her.

How seldom he had thought of her since, in this great world of Paris. How soon he had forgotten her and their simple life under the trees at Fleury. In this dazzling new world he had seen artists once as poor as he, rich and worshipped now; seen them riding in the Bois, smiled on by fashionable beauties. He had read of great ladies falling in love with poor artists, and coming to their garrets, and he had had his dreams. He had dreamt of the day when La Belle Marquise should knock at his garret door; when she should think her beauty and rank a poor exchange for his love; and one day, in a moment of confidence, he had told his dreams to Harry, his only friend. Alas, from that unlucky day Antoine had known no rest; his fellow students were always asking jokingly if the Marquise had turned up yet, and would give him no peace; and Antoine, always shy and reserved, retreated more and more into his solitude, and became the butt of men who were in reality not worthy of cleaning his brushes.

When he could spare an hour or two from his work, he would wander on the Boulevards or in the Bois, and watch with dreamy

eyes that world he one day hoped to bring to his feet. Sometimes, but only rarely, he had seen a beautiful girl, who had seemed to notice him in spite of his shabby clothes, and he almost fancied she smiled at him once as she cantered by on horseback, surrounded by a little crowd of admirers.

Had she seen his admiration, he used to wonder ; had she noticed him in all that crowd of fashion and wealth ?

One day when he was out, Harry and one or two of his particular friends, light-hearted students, had come to his little room, hoping to find some amusement in chaffing him, and had found him gone. Harry was struck with a brilliant idea.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, boys," he said. "Antoine is thinking too much of that mythical Marquise of his, and he's getting sulkier and sulkier. He wants something to wake him up, and bring him back to the realities of life. I've got an idea. You must know that he's got a way of confiding in me ; everyone has, I don't know why ; and it seems that he thinks he's found his divinity at last, and from his description—ha-ha-ha !—who do you think it turns out to be—you'd never guess—his haughty Marquise—whom do you think ? Why, Pompon !"

The announcement was received with cheers of derision. Pompon was a young lady known to most of the richer students. She was charmingly pretty, and had a great idea of her own importance, as her admirers always found to their cost ; and, as Harry put it, if she wasn't a Marquise, she was prettier than most.

"Now," said Harry, "my idea is this ; we will get Pompon up as a Marquise, and bring her here to look at Antoine's pictures ; she shall pretend to fall in love with him, and we'll have our revenge on him for sulking and behaving generally like a bear with a sore head."

The idea was received with rapture. Pompon was let into the secret ; the promise of a bracelet she had been longing for made her enter into the fun with eagerness.

Harry occupied a well-furnished flat in the Rue de L'Isle with one or two of the other students, and higher up in a little room at the top of the house lived Antoine. Occasionally he had been asked down, when they felt good-natured and, tired of laughing at one another, wanted a new butt. But lately their laughter had made him refuse their invitations, and he had been leading a lonely life, working hard at his painting that was to make him famous and bring the Marquise.

Everything was arranged. Pompon was to be announced by a footman hired for the occasion, was to put on her best manners, feign to have heard of his painting, and ask to sit for her portrait. Then she was to employ her fascinations to bring him to her feet, and they were to come in and enjoy the joke. Pompon's health was drunk with enthusiasm, and they sallied out to make their preparations.

* * * * *

Antoine was in his garret working hard. It was bitterly cold, but he had no fire, and every now and then to keep his hands from

getting numbed he was forced to get up and walk about the room. He didn't care—he didn't mind the cold when his work was getting on so well, and he was approaching nearer and nearer that shining goal of fame and love that he had seen so often in his dreams, when in a few months of cold and hunger SHE might see his work and—

A knock came at the door. Who could it be? He opened it, and in walked a stately footman in livery. "The Marquise Xavier presents her compliments to M. Antoine, and would feel honoured by being allowed to see his studio, and to have a few moments' conversation with him."

His studio! A Marquise! Antoine's heart stood still. Had his dreams come true after all those months of solitude and work? Perhaps she was old—ugly—but a Marquise. A Marquise to see him in his garret, with no fire and only his old coat on—not even his best, which was bad enough—but his old painting coat, ragged and dirty. He had hardly time to stammer out an answer, when the door opened, and in stepped the loveliest girl he had ever seen in his life. He could hardly believe his eyes. It was she—she, the Lady of the Bois! How his heart beat. Then, it was true! Yes, there she stood, a look of half embarrassment, half amusement in her lovely eyes. How he would triumph over the jeering students—how he loved her! He was calm now—he bowed low.

Pompon for the moment lost her presence of mind and tripped over her dress, stopped herself hastily from saying a naughty word, hesitated, and began to wish she hadn't come.

She had expected to see an uncouth clumsy boy, and he was handsome; shabby, perhaps, but what a manner!—she had never been bowed to like that before.

"You were so kind, Madame, as to wish to see my pictures?"

Never long at a loss, she recovered herself, and played her part to perfection; she flitted round the room, looking at the sketches through her long glasses, bringing out cleverly the few art phrases she had caught from the students; then, sinking gracefully into a chair, she explained her coming.

She had seen him in the Bois, she had heard of his painting, she was the Marquise Xavier, and she had come to sit for her portrait.

Antoine bowed, but couldn't trust himself to speak.

"Well?" she went on imperiously; then coquetishly, "am I not handsome enough for Monsieur?"

"Ah, Madame," stammered Antoine, "you honour me too much, I—I, so young, so inexperienced."

"That will do," she interrupted, coldly. "I wish it; when will you begin—to-day? to-morrow?"

"I could begin to-day or to-morrow," he gasped, "as you please."

"Then I will come to-morrow at this time."

How haughty she was; she must mean to humiliate him, he thought sadly, as he bowed her out, and sat down to think at last. A Marquise to sit to him! why his fortune was made, he would be famous. How lovely she was! it couldn't be true that he was to see

her there in his room for hours, watch her lovely face while he painted ; but then such a room, and no fire ! what was he to do for a fire—he almost wished himself back again at Fleury ; there everyone was poor. An idea came to him ; his best coat, his cherished best coat, it must go to buy him fires.

He put it sadly under his arm, and hastened to the nearest Mont de Pieté. Alas ! the man only gave him five francs, pointing out its many imperfections, imperfections Antoine had never noticed before ; it had always seemed such a fine coat. He took the money, wondering what she must think of him in his old clothes, if he only got five francs for his best coat.

He had a fire the next day when Pompon arrived, and set to work with joy in his heart ; and clothes and fire and garret, and all his troubles vanished as he painted.

At the first sitting, Pompon was bored, horribly bored. At first, she tried to amuse herself with gazing round the room and out at the little window ; then she thought of the bracelet, and the fun they would have when Antoine discovered who she was ; then she watched him painting ; how handsome he looked, in spite of his shabby clothes and untidy hair, or because—she wasn't sure—

She began to feel almost sorry for him, he looked at her so admiringly.

The days passed, and Antoine was falling more and more under the influence of this lovely Marquise ; her manner, that queer mixture of hauteur and freedom, her beauty, her rank, all fascinated him.

Every day after dusk another journey was made, with another of his cherished possessions to the Mont de Pieté, to feed that insatiable fire, and at last he began to fear that the sittings must terminate abruptly with the last available portion of his wardrobe.

One day Pompon, tired of sitting so long in the same position, flung herself into the chair near the little fire, and looked at him. He went on sketching in silence.

“How handsome he is,” she thought ; “why don't he talk !”

“You live here alone, have you no friends ?” she asked.

“I had,” he answered, hastily, “but I am poor, and they only—but—no, I have none.”

“No love affairs ?” she went on.

“Love !” he gasped, “no, I—I know no women.”

“We'll change all that,” laughed Pompon to herself, then aloud—
“You speak as if you despised women ; hasn't any girl ever told you you are handsome ?”

“I know no women,” said Antoine, angrily.

She was determined to rouse him. “Nonsense, with your looks !” she laughed. “I'll tell you.”

Antoine was getting desperate. “What does she mean ?” he wondered ; “does she—can she care for me ?”

Pompon rose, and took up the sketch. “Oh, do talk,” she said. “Amuse me—I'm bored. Tell me, am I as handsome as you make me here—am I handsome at all ?”

Antoine flung himself at her feet. "I love you," he gasped.

"Nonsense!" she laughed, trying to release herself, "a boy like you!"

"Yes," he went on passionately, "adore you, for the past six months, meeting you every day in the Bois—you don't know how lovely you looked on horseback, loved you from the first moment I saw you; I've starved here in this garret to paint you as I saw you then; you don't know what I've felt, working here alone, feeling I might never be nearer to you, never tell you how I love you, never feel your kisses on my lips; that some other man would love you, marry you (Pompon laughed bitterly); you must love me, you shall, you're here; I can't go back to that hopeless life again, we can never part—tell me!"

Pompon felt herself giving way. As a girl in the streets of Paris, she had had nothing but blows and curses, and even as a woman, though she had plenty of love, she had but little respect, and this adoration, so humble, so real was too much for her.

Suddenly, a smothered laugh outside recalled her to her senses; she must stop this nonsense; she tore herself from his arms, turned a pirouette in the middle of the room, and fell sobbing in a corner.

The crowd of students rushed in with shouts of laughter. "Bravo, Pompon! Never saw a prettier Marquise. Cheer up, Antoine!"

He saw it all now; he had been duped; that word Pompon told him everything; he had heard of her doings, of her lovers changed as often as her dresses, of men she had ruined. He staggered to a chair. It was too horrible—too horrible, and yet through the shame of it all, would come the thought of how lovely she was, how he loved her still.

Antoine lay with his head in his hands; Pompon was sobbing hysterically in a corner, and the little group of students stood irresolutely in the doorway.

Somehow the joke hadn't gone off as well as they expected. Harry was the first to break the silence—he was a gentleman at heart and he felt they had gone too far.

"Boys," he said, "we'd better go. Antoine, I'm awfully sorry, I didn't think you would feel it so much."

They slunk out, dropping feeble apologies as they went, one by one. Antoine didn't seem to hear.

For a few minutes there was a silence, broken only by Pompon's sobs; she had cried at first because she felt wicked and unhappy—she cried now because she wanted him to speak first; but he wouldn't. How still he lay—a horrible thought struck her—If he was dead—If she had killed him! She rushed to him, managed to drag him to the sofa and undo his collar.

She rubbed his hands—how cold they were—he must have fainted—he wouldn't come round. How wicked all her past life seemed to her as she looked at him. She knew now that she loved him as she had never thought she could love anyone. He must hate her, she thought; what would she not give to see him at her feet as he had knelt so short a time ago.

She kissed him passionately and implored him to wake—to speak to her.

At last he opened his eyes. It all came back to him. She was leaning over him, his head was in her lap and she was kissing him, begging him to speak to her—to love her.

“Where am I?” he gasped. “Ah, it all comes back to me. *You* here—*you’ve* stayed; but the jest is over—you’ve played your part—you’ve ruined my life and broken my heart; made me the joke of those fools, broken a heart that would have given you a love you have never known before. Why don’t you go? why don’t you leave me? I am no use to you; I have no money, you can’t ruin me!”

“Stop, stop!” she cried. “Cruel, cruel; can’t you see that I love you? Do you think I’ve no feeling because I’m what I am? Do you think I’ve been any happier when I’ve rained those fools? Listen! I was born in the slums of Paris—you don’t know what that means for a girl—I’ve been kicked and cursed—in prison twice before I was eighteen. I saw women born as I was, riding in carriages; I saw men give diamonds for their smiles if they were but the fashion. Was I so much to blame? I’ve had lovers—but what lovers! vanity made them, and they tired and left me. I came here, I saw you, you were so different—so cold you seemed, so poor and clever—and I was sorry at first, I really was sorry; but I swore I would do it, and when you knelt at my feet and seemed to love me and to have loved me so long, so humbly, I felt as if I could live here in this garret alone with you for ever. I love you—we will take rooms somewhere, away from everyone, in some quiet corner of Paris; I have money, you will paint and be famous—tell me you love me still.”

She blushed as he knelt again at her feet, and all was forgotten in a passionate embrace.

Antoine lived in a dream for six months. Pompon had never loved so much in all her life before; but she was Pompon—she could not starve, she could not live in a garret for ever—her money ran short.

Antoine had none; he had done no work, his great picture was unfinished; he started at it, worked day and night.

The day he finished he had been out for a walk; he was overworked and he wanted to cool his brain.

He was so happy; his picture was finished; he would sell it; they would have money and be so happy together, with no cares.

“It almost seems too good to be true,” he thought; “how good she is to give up all those gaieties that were life to her till we met, to live here in a little garret, to keep house and think of the thousand things we need, to sit to me, always sweet, never murmuring, content with poverty, with work, content with me.

“This picture finished I shall be great, I feel I shall, I have never done anything half so good; It’s her lovely face that inspires me; it will be admired, talked about, the fashion. I shall take the money and lay it at her feet, and say ‘Here, darling, here is what you have

made for me; you have earned this, they love you even in a picture, but they love you at a distance now.' We will spend a month in Paris—our honeymoon; she shall have gaieties enough, she shall have a reward for being so patient, she shall never regret loving me."

* * * * *

There was a little scented note on the table when he reached home. He took it up and read it :

"MY DARLING BOY,

We have no more money, we can't starve, we can't live in one room for ever. I have gone to X—, he is rich. I will come back soon, and we will love each other as much as ever. I love you always,

POMPON.

A thousand kisses till we meet again."

"A thousand kisses till we meet again." She'd come back, yes, but she'd gone—she'd gone—and he had trusted her; they might have been married and rich. A thousand kisses till they met again—when?—where?

ALFRED W. BARRETT



Humours of the Dublin Gallery.



TIME out of mind the "Terrible Dublin Gallery," as poor Byron called it, has been famous for the extreme personality of its remarks. Woe betide the luckless actor who appears with any marked peculiarity of voice or gait; he is quickly informed of his short-comings, in terms which are sure to set the house in a roar. Moreover, the Dublin gallery-boy is a profound musical and dramatic critic.

His dramatic taste is almost catholic, the sole exception being drawing-room comedy of the milk-and-water type. Needless to say of a critic of his calibre, he is a staunch supporter of Robertson, Byron, Pinero, and other sound writers of "light-pieces;" he also swears by his immortal countrymen, Goldsmith and Sheridan. But your namby-pamby piece, dealing with some social "moral," or your helter-skelter farce, save it hails from the Criterion, he will not countenance. His chief loves, however, are tragedy, melodrama, and comic opera; and I think the first is the favourite love, for Mickey—that is generally his name—dearly loves a broad-sword combat, and in tragedy he, as a rule, has plenty of that business. Custom hath made him inclined to scepticism in the matter of bills and posters. Not to put to fine a point upon it, he does not believe in them until he makes countless inquiries into the truth of their

statements. Accordingly, when a new piece is announced simply as a "Drama," Mickey knows by experience that the "Drama" may be only a "Soort iv a comidy wid carpits," and quietly takes his stand at the gallery door until the first act is over, and the "boys" are coming out for a smoke. One of these boys will be questioned by Mickey, in something like the following terms:—

"Is it a fincin' piece, or is the carpits on?" If he is informed in reply, that the "carpits is on," he will walk away, for he knows the presence of a carpeted stage betokens the absence of broadsword combats.

When a comic opera company comes with the "Latest London Success," Mickey patronises it every night during its stay—if he has the money. He has a marvellous aptitude for music, and after three or four visits, can whistle the whole score of the opera from start to finish. And if an *inferior* company comes with the same opera next year, Mickey won't forget to give some of its members a piece of his mind. He is terribly severe on weak or faulty vocalism. I remember, on one occasion, a lady coming on in the Queen's theatre, to sing a ballad "between the acts." She was nervous and wobbling, and ere she had sung two lines, a young urchin in the gallery, placing his fingers in his ears, bawled forth, in a tone of great distress "Och, tell me whin she's done!" By the way, it was in the Cork theatre that, during a reedy-voiced tenor's efforts, a boy called out to a friend "Eh, Mickey! Is dat singing, or is it th' gas?"

Miss Lydia Thompson was a prime favourite in Dublin, and was the first public performer to introduce there the now well-known song, "Come back to Erin," which she sang in the burlesque of "Ernani." The first night she sang it, the house resounded with *encores*, in the midst of which our friend Mickey called out, "Arrah, to the divil wid *ancoor*! Give us the same agin, Lydia!" and she did. One of the oldest members of the Queen's theatre Stock Company was Saunders, who from the peculiar shape of his legs was known as "Bandy Saunders." He was a small, meagre, melancholy looking man. One night he was performing the part of a "repentant villain," whose daughter vainly besought him to partake of some supper, or dinner, I forget which; and when poor Saunders, with his meagre, hungry countenance, exclaimed "No, child, I could not eat," Mickey remarked, "Ah, thin, Bandy, God forbid I was a mutton chop before you!" About this period, two very funny incidents occurred in old Fishamble street theatre—once *the* fashionable theatre of Dublin, but at the time I write of, on its last legs. One "Mr. Nicholson"—who was by day a shop porter, and by night leading man at the "Fish"—was playing a round of the "legitimate." On the "Hamlet night," the gallery (price one penny), chaffed him awfully, especially in his scene with the ghost. At length the Prince of Denmark stepped forward to the foot-lights, and shaking his fist at the gods, cried, "Look here, me bhoys, if yiz don't stop yer cod-din', me an' the ghost'll g'up there and bate blazes out iv the lot iv yiz!"

I have seen this scene in print, with the plot laid in England, and the humour all squeezed out of it. The incident occurred as I describe. Of course, half the fun consists of the actor suddenly dropping Shakespeare's stately verse for his own Dublin slang. On another occasion the same performer appeared as "Richard III.," and on concluding the "Thus far" speech, was greeted from the gallery with "Arrah, go home an' die!" Such an insult the fiery Richard could not be expected to brook. Evidently recognising the voice, he stepped to the footlights, and ran his eyes swiftly round the gallery. At last he spied the insulter, and shaking his fist towards him exclaimed, "All right, young Murphy, I have you tarred! * Wait till I ketch you outside!"—after which dire threat he resumed his assumption of the wicked king. I saw this actor perform the part of *Robert Emmet* in a drama bearing that title, [some twenty-five years ago, and it was the only part I ever saw him to advantage in.

But to hark back to the Queen's Theatre. A man who had been imbibing a little too much of the "crathur" was one night seated in a corner of the gallery, right over that part of the orchestra in which the four violinists sat. The man soon became very obstreperous, and cries of "Throw him out" resounded on all sides. "Arrah, don't throw the poor ould chap out at all," pleaded a boy; "just sling him over an' *spoil* a fiddler!"

A white hat among the audience is, of course, a mark for all the shafts in the gallery arsenal. I remember on one occasion an old fellow with a very tall and very white hat, taking his seat in the pit. Immediately the storm began. "Take off that hat!" "Who stole the donkey?" "Who killed Palmer?" etc, etc. The old fellow either did not, or would not, understand that the storm up over his head was all raised by his offending tile. His cool indifference only increased the hubbub, until at length the performance had to be suspended. Then the old gentleman rose from his seat, and looking up at the gallery, motioned for silence. The noise ceased for a moment. "Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "if this noise continues, *I shall leave the theatre!*" He resumed his seat amidst a roar of laughter and applause.

When "Douglas" was produced at the Queen's for somebody's benefit, the hero had a bad cold in his head, and when he spoke the line

"My name is Norval,"

a gallery boy promptly called out, "Thin, blow your nose, Norval."

It was a Queen's scene-shifter who, on hearing of Kean's death, exclaimed in dire distress, "Good God! an' is their another iv us gone!"

* NOTE.—Some of the Dublin slang is peculiar. To *tar* a person, is to catch sight of him; to abuse is to *barge*; to go a courting is to *go mottin*; boys are *stickers*, girls, *young irons*, grown-up girls, *pieces*, policemen, *hornies*, detectives, *spots*, money, *twine*, shilling, *bar*, penny, *wing*, halfpenny, *make*, hats, *deckers*, boots, *kickers*, clothes, *dudds*, dogs, *boughlers*, cats, *moulers*, clerks, *ink slingers*, shopmen, *counter jumpers*, bar tenders, *curates*, swells, *howlers*, roughs, *youghs*, food, *peck*, to be drunk, to be *blind* or *parlo*, to steal, *mill* or *fec*.

One night, during the performance of the "Peep o' Day," a curious remark came from the gallery of the dear old Theatre Royal. In the scene in which one of the characters is in the act of firing at the "informer," and is interrupted by the priest, a voice, fierce and loud, called out, "Niver mind the priest; shoot the — informer!"

The late Charles Sullivan was once playing in the pantomime of "Daniel O'Rourke and the Eagle," at the Queen's, if I don't mistake. One night the Eagle, a large property bird, dropped one of its wings as it rose to the skies. The wing fell with a thud which made the audience titter; but the titter swelled to a roar on Charley exclaiming, "Begorra, the bird is moultin'."

Poor Charley! What a fund of wit and humour he possessed! The very last time I met him he told me and others the story of his first visit with his company to the Isle of Wight. Though the story was against himself, he told it with all his wonderful humour. "The evening I landed in Ventnor I stood on the hotel steps smoking my cigar, and viewing the people passing along. By the look of them I began to fear they were too big swells to patronise my poor efforts to amuse. Then I wondered if there was an Irish quarter in the town. Just then, the proprietor of the hotel came out to the steps, and I casually enquired, "Are there many Irish about this part of the world?" "No," said the proprietor, "*we are very free from them.*" The gravity with which Charley told this was delicious.

He was witty to the last. A few hours before he died, the doctor, who did not expect the end so soon, was leaving him with the remark, "Well, Mr. Sullivan, I'll see you in the morning."

"Ah yes, doctor," answered Charley, "but will *I see you?*" He never did.

FRANK HUDSON.



Our Portraits.

No. CCLXXII—MDLLE. NESVILLE. and MR. DAVID JAMES.

Mdlle. NESVILLE, who has at once stepped into public favour by her rendering of the title-rôle in "Miss Decima," at the Criterion, was born in Paris and was educated at a French convent. When eleven years of age, the future *prima donna* was brought to this country and placed in a convent at Clapham to learn English. After remaining there three years, Mdlle. Nesville turned her attention seriously to the study of music, and having attained a certain proficiency, was admitted to the Conservatoire, Paris, when sixteen years old, and there won the second prize for comic opera. A year after this the youthful aspirant for fame was chosen to fill the part of the page Loys in "Jeanne D'Arc" (Mme. Sara Bernhardt) at the Porte St. Martin, January 3rd, 1890. Having then left the Conservatoire, on the third of the following month Mdlle. Nesville created the title-rôle in "Ma Mie Rosette" at the Folies-Dramatiques, appearing in one or two other operas at the same theatre, and there she may be said to have re-created the part of Azurine in "La Fille de l'Air," revived June 20th, 1890, after a lapse of thirty-five years, and also on the following November 8th was the original Djemileh in the spectacular comic opera, "L'Egyptienne." In all of these rôles Mdlle. Nesville was so successful and piquante, that she was secured by M. Boucheron for the title-rôle in "Miss Helyett," when his comedy-opera was produced at the Galeries, Brussels. In the Belgian capital, our Miss Decima became the rage, and was *fêted* continually during the eighty nights' run of the piece. Mr. Charles Wyndham having secured the English rights of "Miss Helyett," heard of Mdlle. Nesville's capabilities, saw her, and at once engaged her to fill the title-rôle in Mr. Burnand's version. Of her performance here, a notice will be found in "Our Play-Box." The great charm of Mdlle. Nesville is her grace and delicacy; though brimming over with fun and humour, *chic* and piquant, the actress is always a *lady*. Nesville is but a *nom de théâtre*, her father being M. Lesle, well known to *gourmets* as having for a long time catered most artistically for them at the Café de la Paix and other celebrated Parisian restaurants.

Mr. DAVID JAMES, the companion figure in the group taken from "Miss Decima," has long been one of the greatest public favourites. Recapitulating some of the data given in the monograph which accompanied Mr. James's portrait in the December, 1884, number of "THE THEATRE," we may mention that the actor's earliest successes were made in burlesque, first at the Royalty, and afterwards at the Strand. It was during his engagement at the latter theatre, which lasted some six years, that the actor exhibited the possession of genuine comedy, and made his special mark in 1870 by his original and powerful reading of Zekiel Homespun in the "Heir-at-Law." It was in this year that Mr. James became joint manager, with Messrs. J. H. Montague and Tom Thorne, of the Vaudeville Theatre, and it was here that he filled the parts with which his name will always be associated: Our Mr. Jenkins in "Two Roses" (June 4th, 1870), Bob Prout in "Apple Blossoms" (September, 1871), Sir Benjamin Backbite in "The School for Scandal" (July, 1872), Goldfinch in "The Road to Ruin" (1873), Sir Ball Brace in "Pride" (April, 1874), Perkin Middlewick in "Our Boys" (January 16th, 1875, which play ran till April 18th, 1879), and Plantagenet Potter in "Our Girls" (April 19th, 1879). On the revival of "Married Life" at the Vaudeville (April 10th, 1880), Mr. James played Samuel Coddle, and on May 26th, 1881, Professor Mistletoe in H. J. Byron's unsuccessful domestic comedy, "Punch." At the Haymarket, October, 1882, we find him playing Mr. Lovibond in the revival of "The Overland Route," and at the same theatre he appeared for the first time as Eccles in "Caste," January 20th, 1883. April 6th, 1885, he created, at the Opera Comique, of which he was manager, the part of Aristides Cassegrain in "The



Photographed by the London Stereoscopic Co.

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MDLLE. NESVILLE & MR. DAVID JAMES,
IN "MISS DECIMA."

DECIMA: "The good young girl!"

JACKSON: "May embrace her sister, brother, father, mother, but no other." .

DECIMA: "If by other ever she be

JACKSON: "Once embraced her husband he—

BOTH: "Her husband he—"

—"MISS DECIMA."







Photographed by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, W.

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MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS.

"One isn't always mistress of one's thoughts."

—"HEDDA GABLER."

Excursion Train" (an adaptation by Mr. W. Yardley of "Le Train de Plaisir"), and on December 26th of that year made a great hit at the Gaiety as Blueskin in "Little Jack Sheppard." On the 29th of May, 1886, Mr. James achieved one of his great successes as John Dory in the revival at the Criterion of John O'Keefe's "Wild Oats," and on November 13th of that year obtained the greatest praise for his Simon Ingot, on the occasion of Mr. Charles Wyndham's first appearance in the title-rôle of "David Garrick," an assumption which created considerable stir, the character being then considered quite out of Mr. Wyndham's line. Mr. James's next original part was that of Townley Snell in "The Circassian" (an adaptation of "Le Voyage en Caucase") produced at the Criterion, November 19th, 1887. It was a most thankless part. "Cyril's Success" was revived at the Criterion, January 25th, 1890, and he then appeared as Matthew Pincher; and it was in the following April, when again playing Perkyn Middlewick, that Mr. James was attacked by that dangerous illness, which kept him away from his profession for quite twelve months. He at length fortunately recovered, and made his re-appearance as John Dory in "Wild Oats" this year (as already noticed); and, as we see, is now playing the Rev. Jeremie Jackson in a manner that will probably enable it to take rank among his finest assumptions. The gaps between the dates mentioned have been filled up by Mr. James's frequent appearance in one or another of his well-known characters, and by the tours which he has taken with his own company. There is scarcely a part this favourite actor has undertaken that he has not made a success; his method is his own, genial, humorous and human to a degree. His Perkyn Middlewick, our Mr. Jenkins, and John Dory will be handed down to posterity as not to be surpassed in excellence.

No. CCLXXIII—MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS.

MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS, who is now playing lead at the Adelphi theatre, as Constance, in "The Trumpet Call," was born in the State of Kentucky, in America, and her home is in Florida. Miss Robins gained her dramatic experience in the old stock company, at Boston, and whilst touring with Mr. Edwin Booth, during which latter engagement she travelled from Canada to the far-away Gulf of Mexico, covering in her last season something like 20,000 miles, and playing Shakespeare's heroines, and in such romantic dramas, as "Ruy Blas," "The Fool's Revenge," &c. Miss Robins's health broke down, under the hard work, and she was fortunate enough to have a friend in the widow of the great Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, who took her away on a visit to Norway. Here in his old home, situate on the island of Lysoën, a few miles north of Bergen, Miss Robins quickly regained her strength, surrounded as she was by the calmness and beauty of the scenery. It was here, doubtless, that she first turned her thoughts to Henrik Ibsen, for she met many of his friends and learnt from them the capabilities for display in a certain type of character. Three years ago, when Miss Robins was returning to America through London, circumstances detained her amongst us, to our gain. In March, 1889, we find her playing with infinite pathos Mrs. Errol in "The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy," at the Opera Comique. At the same theatre, May 8th, she is spoken of as a most sympathetic Alice Varney in "Forget-me-not." Miss Robins next made her mark as Grace Hargrove in "Forgotten," at the Grand theatre, July 5th, of the same year, and played on July 17th, Martha Bernick, a most difficult character, in Ibsen's "Pillars of Society," at the Opera Comique, in a manner that gained her the warmest praise. Whilst a member of the Haymarket company, Miss Robins obtained permission to create the part of Pauline de Lassonquere, in Dr. Dabbs's play "Her Own Witness," a play for which, by her consummate tact and powerful acting, she secured a favourable reception at the Criterion, on November 6th. In quite a different style of character, Miss Robins was successful as Louisa Brown in "Dr. Bill," at the Avenue, February 1st, 1890, and on the 18th of the same month created the strongly emotional character of Rose de Brefour in "Quicksands," at the Comedy. On May 21st, she again showed her versatile powers by playing the light-hearted, merry Sybil Wisdom, in J. H. McCarthy's "The Will and the Way," at the Avenue. Miss Robins displayed the most exquisite tenderness as Nina, in Dr. Dabbs's "Punchinello (Avenue, June 24th). Her Liza in "The Sixth Commandment," at the Shaftesbury, October 8th, 1890, was very highly esteemed for its delicacy and

pathos. But all these assumptions paled before her conception and execution of Hedda Gabler in Ibsen's play of that name. Miss Robins and Miss Marion Lea had such faith in the work, that they ventured on its production at the Vaudeville, on April 20th, of this year for a series of *matinées*, and not only made it the artistic success of the season, but were rewarded for their courage and devotion to art, by reaping a pecuniary benefit. There is no occasion to speak of Miss Robins's performance of this part, for it was universally extolled by the press. There is no doubt that it secured her the present engagement with the Messrs. Gatti, and eschewing the ordinary melodramatic methods, Miss Robins is winning over the Adelphi audiences by her own simple and unaffected, but effective style of acting.



Reviews.

"*The Doubtful Plays of Shakespeare*," by William Hazlitt. (London: George Routledge and Sons.)

Hazlitt is not quite sufficiently in evidence in this reprint of the "doubtful" plays, otherwise it will prove welcome enough to Shakespearean students to whom price is a consideration.

"*Gray Days and Gold*," by William Winter. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

Mr. Winter's muse is a gentle and a smiling and a very softly romantic one. She should be painted in an old-world garden of green lawn and cedar tree, star-girt with coronal of the large moon-daisy, burdened lightly with a strung harp, and on her arm a rosy baby of fancy, who

" on the strings
Paddles a little tune, and sings
With dumb endeavour sweetly."

She is a pretty wench and a kindly, and for this, in addition to feeling tender to her for her own sake, we must throw a flower or two in her path—that she, hailing from over the Atlantic, comes with her pleasant bird song and finds our land beautiful. It is careful nowadays to listen to one who can walk between hedges and find no canker among the dog-roses and crane's-bill there. It is restful to stroll side by side with this gentle observer, and to watch his eyes kindle at view of moss-coated ruins, and dank sweet-smelling lanes, and antique woods where the coney rustles through the fern girding the silent tarn of the local ghost story. We are an undemonstrative race, but a secret joy stirs in our hearts when the critical foreigner eschews the chill of alien reserve, and puts into warm appreciative expression the thoughts that our ancient, beloved, and picturesque history evokes

"*The Critic. University Correspondence College. Tutorial series.*" Edited by W. H. Low, M A., Lond. (London: W. B. Clive and Co.)

A most excellent edition of "The Critic" is this, and one admirably suited to its purpose. The introduction is brief and to the point, the notes few and concise, the text clear and the paper good.

"*Sketches from Bohemia*," by S. J. Adair Fitzgerald. (London: Tarstow, Denver and Co.)

Mr. Fitzgerald's book is full of vivacity and high spirits, and makes capital reading. He has an excellent turn for humour and a notable invention, and some of his little tales have quite a powerful dramatic kernel to them. For ourselves, however, we think most of the short articles in the nature of *Globe* "turnovers"—one at least of these, indeed, having appeared in that paper—and, of such, amongst the best are "Stage Slang," "Stage Superstitions" (a subject recently touched upon in THE THEATRE, by-the-way), and "My First

Pantomime." "Sketches from Bohemia" is a prince of books for a weary journey.

"*Crushes and Crowds in Theatres and other Buildings in Cases of Fire or Fright*," by René R  suehe. (London: S. Wilkins, Mansion House Chambers, 20, Bucklesbury, E.C.)

This pamphlet, on the subject of a remedy for that which is expressed in its title, has lately reached us. We have not had the pleasure of personally examining M. R  suehe's model of his invention. An article which appeared in the Paris *Figaro* gives, however, a description of the system employed, and, under the circumstances, we cannot do better than quote this at length, leaving the public to judge of the efficacy of the various plans for speedy exit demonstrated by their ingenious originator.

"SAFETY IN OUR THEATRES.

"Ever since the police regulations concerning the safety of our theatres have been so rigorously enforced in Paris, the attention of architects and engineers has been directed towards the discovery of methods of preserving the spectators in case of fires. We have before our notice to-day an invention which appears to us to be wonderfully well thought out, and of which it will interest the public to hear

"The inventor, M. Ren   R  suehe, demonstrates, with much ability and good sense, that it is impossible to demand from theatrical managers a series of precautions and reforms, the cost of which would exceed that of pulling down and rebuilding their theatres.

"He seeks, on the contrary, to avail himself as much as possible of buildings just as they stand, only increasing the number of entrances and exits, knowing that in a fire the thing to be dreaded is the crowding caused by panic and by the small number of exits.

"He has been led by his studies and enquiries, and aided by his colleague, M. A. Vailly, to the discovery of a 'system of evacuation,' by means of which thousands of spectators in any theatre can be restored to the open air in the space of a few seconds.

"His invention can be modified so as to adapt itself to theatres standing alone, or built up on two or three sides. All is foreseen.

"There is only one indispensable condition; that on every disengaged side and on each storey there should be outside balconies connected by staircases with those below. But as this condition is already enforced by the police regulations, it entails no additional expense.

"R  suehe's invention deals especially with the walls of the buildings. These movable walls must be made of two sheets of iron, the space between them being filled up with refuse of cork or some such light material, which will retain the heat without injuring the acoustic properties. This ingenious wall is suspended on chains fitted with pulleys and balance weights connected with a windlass placed in the basement. In case of fire the windlass is put out of gear, the iron wall descends by its own weight into the space which has been provided for it in the ground, like the well of a lift, and all the balconies on every side of the theatre are instantly free.

"In the second system of instantaneous evacuation the walls of each storey are mounted on hinges, and connected outside by cables running over pulleys inside with balance-weights for the stoppage. One un gearing is enough, the walls descend like a drawbridge, and resting on the balustrades already in position, form so many balconies.

"In a third system, according to the site of the building, the wall runs horizontally in grooves fitted with rollers and balance-weights, and it then sets free an opening corresponding with its own width.

"But in every case, whether the theatre be detached or surrounded by other buildings, the same method, namely, that of movable iron walls, must be applied.

"That is the real secret.

"We would point out this invention of M. R  suehe's to the Commission of the Department of Fine Arts. It may be of immense service in the modification of theatres already existing; it is in any case a perfect revolution in the construction of the theatres of the future.

"GASTAN CALMETTE."

"*Rosmer of Rosmersholm*." A drama in four acts, by a Respectful Student of the works of Henrik Ibsen. (London: Swan Sonnenschein.)

This work, a prologue to "Rosmersholm," is "venturesomely designed to show" that "Ibsen is not dramatic where the opportunity of being so was (*sic*) afforded." It is also designed to illustrate the latest developments in that form of instruction known as "teaching your grandmother to suck eggs," though it is right to say that the author does not claim this larger honour. Hence it may be inferred that the book has lively moments. It has. There is

not perhaps the same pungency of humour that we find in Mr. Jerome's work, but many a sentence is, as the dramatists put it, "a safe smile." Dropped in here and there, like herbs in an omelette, are delightful parodies of Ibsen's method; palatable morsels of burlesque, pointing the irony of that Respectful Student, who, sly fellow, is really digging the Scandinavian cynic in the ribs all the time. Two or three of these digs are conceived in such a rollicking humour that they really must be preserved. Here, for instance, is a gem:—"Rebecca: 'When we were children we were satisfied with the fanciful tales told us as to where we were discovered. I, for instance, believed as a child that I was found under a gooseberry-bush!' Rosmer: 'And I, that I was found in a manger. Ah, and the appetitiveness of that, to the career to which I was destined, had a great deal to do with reconciling me to its adoption.'" (Rosmer is a parson, who never smiles, not even in his sleeve.) Here is another. "Beata (showing Rosmer a photo.): 'See, dear, you and I standing by the log bridge that spans the cliffs.' Rosmer: 'What a bad photo!' Beata: 'Well of course, Johannes, those travelling photographers who work in the open air cannot compete with the ordinary shop work, but it was sufficient to call to my mind every incident of that delightful day.' Rosmer: 'It is so blurred.' Beata: 'Yes, it is indistinct. But surely you remember that day we went for that long walk along the cliffs?' Rosmer: 'No, Beata, I don't remember it.' Beata (walking towards window, excessively pained)—Invetrate joker! you see, 'window,' 'pained') :—"Oh, Johannes, that was when you proposed to me." (A pause.)" This, as a travesty of Ibsen's dialogue, that dialogue from which the sceptical admit that not a word can be spared, is distinctly precious. These quotations will show that the work is well worth buying and reading. As an effort of humour it should rank with "The Bachelor's Club" and other masterpieces of ingenious wit. No comic reciter's library is complete without it.

BOOKS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

- "Queen Elizabeth: A Drama," by Arthur E. Tregelles. (Darlington.)
 "King James I and King Charles I: Two Dramas." Same author.
 "The Fatal Request," by A. L. Harris. (London: F. Warne and Co.)
 "The University Shakespeare ('Coriolanus,' 'Henry the Fifth,' 'The Tempest,' 'King John,' 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'Julius Caesar')," by various editors. (London: Sutton, Drowley and Co.)



Our Play-Box.

"MISS DECIMA."

Operatic comedy, in three acts, composed by E. AUDRAN, and adapted from the French of M. Boucheron by F. C. BURNAND.

First produced at the Criterion Theatre, Thursday evening, July 23rd, 1891.

The Rev. Dr. Jeremie Jackson	} Mr. DAVID JAMES.	Jules	Mr. H. GORDON.
Peter Paul Rolleston Chevallier Patrick Julius O'Flanagan		} Mr. CHARLES CONYERS. Mr. CHAUNCEY OLCOTT.	La Senora de Varganaz Senora Inez
Bertie Brown	} Mr. TEMPLAR SAXE. Mr. WELTON DALE.		Flora
Marmaduke Jessop		} Mr. F. BENSON.	Jeannie
Donald McQuord			Rosa
		Mlle. Coralie	Miss B. VERE.
		Miss Deelma Jackson	Mlle. NESVILLE.

Scene: Interlaken.

When Mr. Burnand undertook the adaptation of the Parisian success "Miss Helyett," it was generally surmised that he would have considerable difficulty in eliminating that which would prove objectionable



- Mr Welter Dale
as
Marimaduke
Jessop

Mr DAVID
JAMES
AS
THE REV.
JACKSON

MOUE NESVILLE
AS
Miss Decima

I'M THE MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN

Miss Decima

Mr C OLCOTT
AS
O'FLANAGAN

Mr CHAS
CONYERS
AS
PAUL ROLLESTON

Mr TEMPLAR SAXE
AS
BERTIE

THE IDEAL
"SHE"

Miss FINDLAY
AS
INEZ

Miss M AVICTOR
AS
LA SENORA

MISS
DECIMA

PAUL ROLLESTON

MISS DECIMA

to English audiences, and yet retain some amusing motive. He has accomplished this successfully; the piece is droll and is written in a humorous style, and is much assisted by the graceful lyrics contributed by Percy Reeve. "Miss Helyett" was originally produced in Paris at the Bouffes Parisiens November 12th, 1890, with Mdlle. Bianca Duhamel in the title-rôle. When the piece was played in Brussels, Mdlle. Nesville took the town by storm as the heroine. The story is really of the flimsiest, and depends almost entirely on the cleverness of the representatives of the different characters to make it go dramatically. Miss Decima is the tenth and only unmarried daughter of the Rev. Dr. Jeremie Jackson of New Orleans. He has brought up his girls in almost Quaker-like severity of conduct, and has written a book of moral precepts in doggerel verses, one of which, on reference, will invariably be found suitable to advise them in any moral emergency. He and his daughter are touring in Switzerland and are temporarily resting at Interlaken. There a dreadful accident happens to Decima, who slips in climbing a mountain, rolls down it and is caught by a bush, and is rescued from her perilous position by an unknown gentleman, who carries her to a place of safety. She has not seen his face or he hers, for she has held her cloak over it, but according to the "Jackson" tenets, a young woman who has been in the arms of a man must marry that man and none other. She christens her unknown preserver her "Man of the Mountain," and commissions her father to discover him. She has encouraged a good-hearted, silly young fellow, Marmaduke Jessop, to believe that she will marry him, and so her father, tired of his unsuccessful search after her preserver, persuades Marmaduke to pass himself off as the "Man of the Mountain"; but Decima soon discovers the imposture. Then she overhears a conversation which induces her to believe that Chevalier O' Flanagan is her hero. He is a braggart and a poltroon, and is already engaged to Senora Inez, the daughter of the strong-minded Senora de Varganaz. This is nothing to Decima or her father, who in the quaintest way produces a very pretty little revolver which he states that he shall be regretfully compelled to use on O' Flanagan if he does not marry his daughter. Decima, however, has really lost her heart to Peter Paul Rolleston, who is madly in love with the little slyboots and declares his passion, but as she is engaged to another, asks to be allowed to take her portrait. Whilst doing so, Decima looks over his sketch book, and in it discovers a sketch of herself, evidently taken when the climbing *contretemps* occurred. Here is her real "Man of the Mountain," to whom she is only too pleased to give herself and he to accept her. There is a charming *espégle* and piquancy about Mdlle. Nesville that at once rendered her a favourite. Her voice is thin but very sweet, and her English, as she speaks it, though not perfect, is very attractive; added to this Mdlle. Nesville is pretty and sympathetic. In the last act, the young actress has a charming love scene with Rolleston, and in it she was very ably assisted by Mr. Charles Conyers, who, though new to London, has made his mark in the provinces, and has a good voice. Mr. David James and Miss Victor are irresistibly funny, the former in his own quiet effective manner, and the lady in her more pronounced style. She dances a *cachuca* in the drollest manner. Mr. Chauncey Olcott, an American actor, made his first appearance in England, sang with spirit and feeling, and made a very favourable impression. Mr. Welton Dale was seen and heard to advantage; Mr. Templar Saxe, who should have had more to do, and Miss Josephine Findlay were of much assistance.

Among the best numbers may be quoted, "Maiden's Modestee" and "Dear Father used to Say to Me" (Miss Decima); "Shall We Never Meet" (Paul); and the duets, "Coquetting" and "The Portrait," for Decima and Paul; the duet, "The Ideal She," for Paul and Bertie; the trio, "Mother of a Daughter Splendid," for Senora, Inez, and O'Flanagan; and O'Flanagan's serenade, "Divine and True." "Miss Decima" was a distinct success.

"FATE AND FORTUNE; OR, THE JUNIOR PARTNER."

Drama, in four acts, by JAMES J. BLOOD.

First produced at the Princess's Theatre, Monday evening, July 27th, 1891.

Mr. Glendon	Mr. HENRY PAGDEN.	Docker	Mr. C. MEDWYN.
Ralph Glendon	Mr. BASSETT ROE.	Mr. Landdown	Mr. R. ROBERTS.
Walter Halmshaw	Mr. W. R. SUTHERLAND.	Tompkins	Mr. W. F. ANTCLIFFE.
Kopain (<i>alias</i> Varbel)	Mr. W. L. ABINGDON.	Grace Hasluck	Miss MAY WHITTY.
Bob Trantor	Mr. GEORGE BARRETT.	Mrs. Tranter	Miss SALLIE TURNER.
Tom Woollett	Mr. W. CHEESMAN.	Mrs. Prowse	Miss MAY PROTHEROE.
Bilster	Mr. J. F. DOYLE.	Madge	Miss GRACIE MURIEL.
Marklow	Mr. STEPHEN CAFFEY	Miss Ellick	Miss E. BESSLE.
Swadler	Mr. JOHN M. EAST.	Miss Wilford	Miss B. WILDERMERE.
Swagg	Mr. HENRY BEDFORD.	Matilda Jane Tranter	Miss CICKLY RICHARDS.
Springe.. .. .	Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT.		

The public that is fond of melodrama looks for a downright villain, who hesitates at nothing, and in fact rather prefers to go out of his way to commit a murder. As a contrast to this the author must give them the simplest and most confiding of heroines, and the comedy scenes must be of the homely sort—a kind-hearted policeman with a large family of small children with enormous appetites, and a domestic heroine who has an admirer in the force, and who will coquet with a son of Mars. Mr. James J. Blood has accomplished all this in his "Fate and Fortune," and the audience at the Princess's departs after having been highly amused. It does not for a moment consider that twenty times before it has seen the same sort of thing in a dozen different plays. The author is so skilful a workman that, like the Chinese, he can dovetail and join so deftly that one cannot discover where the piece is let in. So Mr. Blood makes the merchant, Mr. Pagden, in very great straits for money, and Kopain, a Russian, immediately appears on the scene, and offers to set him right if he is made the "junior partner," and is thereon without further parley installed in that position. Kopain is really Varbel, a thief, swindler, and card sharper. He has cheated Ralph Glendon in Paris, and as this gentleman is likely to tell his father some unpleasant stories of his antecedents, Kopain gently pushes him over a precipice, and disposes of him in the first act. This gives Swagg, a burglar, his opportunity. He happens to be taking a little relaxation from his more arduous occupation by having a day's innocent "bird's-nesting," and is a witness to Kopain's summary proceeding, and is consequently a thorn in that gentleman's side for the future. Grace Hasluck is an heiress and Mr. Glendon's ward. She has determined she will marry none but Walter Halmshaw, Glendon's stepson, and to plight their troth gives him a ring which he is never to take off his finger. The ruthless Kopain has on his part determined that Grace would make him a very nice wife. Halmshaw opportunely loses his ring, and of course Kopain finds it, and he tells the young lover that he can get it back if he will go to Mr. Glendon's city offices, where it is locked up in the private safe, of which the key is handed to him. Unsuspecting Mr. Halmshaw goes on his errand, and is caught by Mr. Detective Marklow, who has been set on the job by the wily Kopain, and poor Halmshaw is accused of purloining various moneys to which the "junior partner"

has been helping himself. Then Grace takes refuge with her old nurse, Mrs. Tranter, married to the kind-hearted Bob Tranter, the policeman, and we see his voracious youngsters feeding on bread and treacle, and perfect "Oliver Twists" in their demand for more. And here Matilda Jane is made fierce love to by Tom Woollett, who has joined the force for her sake, and the interloper Swadler, a stalwart life guardsman; and the rivals come to blows. Grace is meantime looking for a situation, and is found a supposititious one by Mrs. Prowse, an infamous decoy of Kopain's. So in the last act we find poor Grace very much disturbed at Kopain's forcing his unwilling attentions upon her, and things are getting very serious for her when her lover, Walter Halmshaw, drops through the skylight and rescues her, at the same time that a desperate encounter is going on above on the roof between burglar Swagg and his timorous companion Springe and the police, where shots are fired and life preservers used, etc. This is a cleverly managed scene. The view of the London housetops and the great city by night is picturesque and vivid. Such a melodrama would not be complete without the handcuffs, which are neatly fitted on to Kopain, for he is arrested under the extradition treaty for another murder he has committed in France on an unfortunate bill-broker. Mr. W. L. Abingdon is the most uncompromising of villains. He accomplishes everything with "the craft of smiles," and is "most smiling, smooth, detested;" but there is no doubt that he was powerful, and the gods approved his acting by repeatedly calling for and yelling at him. Miss May Whitty was not by any means the conventional heroine; she struck out her own line, that of a fresh English girl, brave and true-hearted, and was a genuine success. Mr. Bassett Roe played judiciously as the rather scampish Ralph Glendon. Mr. Henry Pagden was good as the staid but troubled city merchant; and Mr. W. R. Sutherland was fairly acceptable as the lover. Mr. George Barrett was a genial Bob Tranter, his style fitting exactly the anti-Malthusian character. Mr. Henry Bedford, as far as acting was concerned, is entitled to the honours of the evening. The part of Swagg is not a great one, as lines go, but it was played with a vigour and characterisation that were most admirable. In a lesser degree, great praise is due to Mr. Huntley Wright as Springe, bird-catcher by profession, but at the same time a sort of amateur "cracksman." Miss Gracie Muriel gave a pathetic rendering of Madge, a match girl, a sort of female "Jo." Miss Cicely Richards was clever and amusing as Matilda Jane; and Misses Bessie and Sallie Turner, and Messrs. Caffrey and T. F. Doyle also deserve favourable mention. Mr. Sidney Herbert-Basing, who produced the play, did so in a most efficient manner, and gave us good scenery, one set in particular, the "Ruins of Abbotslea Abbey," being very beautiful. I was glad to see that Mr. Arthur E. Godfrey directed the orchestra; we are always sure of a good selection of music under his *baton*.

"THE PLEBEIAN."

Comedy-drama, in four acts (author unannounced).

First produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, Tuesday afternoon, July 28th, 1891.

Thomas Armstrong ..	Mr. JULIAN CROSS.	Norah Lefroy	Mrs. BENNETT.
Robert Lefroy	Mr. ORLANDO BURNETT.	Pauline Lefroy	Miss KATE BEALBY.
Dick Everard	Mr. R. STOCKTON.	Lottie Lefroy	Miss HENRIETTA CROSS.
Lord Helham	Mr. T. HILL.	Miss D'Arcy	Miss F. HAYDON.
Colonel Lefroy	Mr. JOHN CARTER.	Ceely Deane	Miss PHILLIS AYRIAN.
Servant	Mr. HENRY NELSON.		

This maiden effort of a Miss Costello, as we were led to believe, was distinguished by clever dialogue and the life-like drawing of the

female characters. The authoress had put such good work into her drama, that it was a pity she had not associated herself with some one of experience in writing plays. Had she done so, I think "The Plebeian" would have had an excellent chance of being accepted for an evening bill. There was no great inventive power exhibited in the plot, which reminded one of "The Wife's Secret," "New Men and Old Acres," "The Ironmaster," and "Sweet Nancy," etc., but the incidents were treated freshly until the third act, and then a melodramatic feature was introduced which was a mistake, and caused the final act to be conventional. Norah Lefroy, belonging to an impoverished family of good descent, marries the *nouveauriche*, Thomas Armstrong, that she may benefit her brothers and sisters, a selfish crew who repay her kindness with the basest ingratitude and sponge upon her generous husband without compunction. Armstrong believes that Norah is beginning to love him for himself, when he overhears her say in an hysterical confession to her aunt, Miss D'Arcy, brought on by the unkindness of those for whom she has sacrificed herself, that she is sick of it all and cannot understand why she married. The mischievous tittle-tattling scandal of Norah's sisters leads Armstrong to think that she had a former lover; and when she, who is beginning to love him, is doing her best to make him believe it, he receives all her approaches with coldness and even with cruel words. His suspicions are confirmed, for she suddenly disappears, and of course he imagines that it is with her lover; when, in the fourth act, she returns after three years' absence, ill and poverty-stricken, and confesses that she went off with her good-for-nothing father Colonel Lefroy, who has brought his family to beggary, and who reappears as a mysterious sort of individual in a large cloak, like the villain of the old order of transpontine drama, and is caught in the act of trying to break into his son-in-law's house, and then makes a highly melodramatic exit, cursing the ingratitude of his children. There was considerable rugged power in Mr. Julian Cross's acting; and Mrs. Bennett was sympathetic, but her method is not quite suited to such a small house as the Vaudeville or to West-end audiences. Miss Kate Bealby did not spare herself in representing the utterly callous nature of the pretty Pauline Lefroy; and Miss Henrietta Cross showed great cleverness as the short-frocked *enfant terrible* Lottie. Mr. Orlando Burnett was good, and gave us a nice little touch of feeling in the last act, though how a few months in the army could have transformed him from the moral cad he was in the opening scenes, to the gentleman at heart that he was at last, I am at a loss to understand. Mr. Reginald Stockton was a manly young English fellow as Dick Everard, soft-hearted and a wee bit soft-headed, but a gentleman; and Miss Florence Haydon was a kind old lady as Miss D'Arcy. The authoress of "The Plebeian," may be encouraged to persevere.

"THE TRUMPET CALL."

Original drama, in four acts, by GEORGE R. SIMS and ROBERT BUCHANAN.
First produced at the Adelphi Theatre, Saturday, August 1st, 1891.

Cuthbert Cuthbertson	Mr. LEONARD BOYNE.	James Redruth	Mr. JAMES EAST.
Sergt.-Major Milligan	Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE.	Flash Bob	Mr. ROYSTON KEITH.
Professor Ginnifer ..	Mr. LIONEL RIGNOLD.	Corporal Plummer ..	Mr. F. O. ANDERSON.
Richard Featherston ..	Mr. CHARLES DALTON.	Bill	Mr. H. COOPER, JUNR.
Tom Dutton	Mr. R. H. DOUGLAS.	Constance	Miss E. ROBINS.
Colonel Englehardt ..	Mr. HOWARD RUSSELL.	Bertha	Mrs. P. CAMPBELL.
Sir William Barton ..	Mr. ARTHUR LEIGH.	Mrs. Wicklow	Mrs. H. LEIGH.
Deputy of the Doss	} Mr. J. NORTHCOTE.	Lill	Miss VIZTTELLY.
House		Lucy	Miss E. HEFFER.
Captain Sparks	Mr. W. NORTHCOTE.	Mary	Miss ALICE BRONSE.
Spriggins	Mr. H. COOPER.	Little Cuthbert	Miss DAISY STRATTON.
Flammy	Mr. E. F. SAXON.	Lavinia Ginnifer ..	Miss CLARA JECKS.
Tompkins	Mr. WILLIE DREW.		

William Makepeace Thackeray wrote a novel without a hero. Messrs. Sims and Buchanan have actually written a melodrama without a villain, and this for the Adelphi; and yet I am not at all prepared to say that their new departure will not prove as successful as they can wish. For they have contrived to give just that suspicion of baseness to one of their characters (Featherston) that keeps the audience on the alert to watch whether he will not develop something villainous; and then Bertha is a very wicked and vengeful woman indeed. Perhaps the "refined" melodrama that we have had at the Haymarket and St. James's has had its influence on the authors, and this is a tentative work to see whether the Adelphi audience will be satisfied with the loss of contrast between almost sublimated virtue and the obtrusive defiant villainy. Whatever may be the ultimate verdict on the play, its reception on the first night was most flattering. The fortunes of the hero and heroine turn on a supposed bigamous marriage. Cuthbertson elopes with Constance Barton, and after a year or so she returns to obtain her father's forgiveness. This he refuses unless she will leave her husband. She clings to the latter, but on the very evening Cuthbertson recognises in a vagabond clairvoyante, known as Astræa, the Bertha whom he has married years before, who had deserted him, and whom he supposed to be dead. The poor fellow, to free Constance, enlists under another name in the Horse Artillery, previously confiding his history to Featherston, and as nothing is heard of him for six years, Featherston, who has been a rejected suitor of Constance's, makes fresh advances to her. Presently Cuthbertson returns covered with glory, having fought in a Burmese campaign, and saved his colonel's life. He is being decorated on parade, when Constance fancies she recognises him, but to her questions he absolutely denies that he is other than John Lanyon, the name he assumed on enlisting. A moody, reckless companion of his, James Redruth, has confessed to him that his life has been ruined by a woman, whom he swears he will kill whenever he meets. Redruth is put in the guard-room for some breach of discipline. He escapes and takes refuge in a "Doss House in the Mint," where he meets with Astræa, who proves to be the wife who had wronged him. He stabs, and would kill her outright, but is prevented by Cuthbertson, who recognises in her the woman who has been the cause of all *his* misery. Redruth is taken prisoner, and we are led to understand commits suicide. In the last act Featherston has persuaded Constance to accept him, and they are at the altar, when Astræa stays the marriage service by confessing that she was already a wife when Cuthbertson married her, and points to him among the spectators as Constance's lawful husband. It will be said that portions of this play are reminiscent of "In the Ranks" and "Lights o' London," but the incidents are quite

differently treated, and if there is only one strong "sensation," the interest is steadily maintained throughout. It would be too great a wrench from old associations if there were not plenty of the comic element at the Adelphi, and this we are supplied with by Mr. Lionel Rignold, who is most amusing as Professor Ginnifer, a showman and a sort of "universal provider" of entertainments, by clever Mrs. Leigh, who is jealous of Ginnifer's "bearded lady," by clever, saucy Miss Clara Jecks, who as a "serio-comic" artist "winks the other eye," and by Mr. R. H. Douglas, as the young trumpeter, Tom Dutton, who makes very comical love to her in excellent bits of low comedy. Mr. Leonard Boyne played the hero most impressively, the audience sympathising with him throughout, and in the scene where he cannot kiss his little child in the barrack yard, he was very moving. Mr. Boyne also deserves great praise for the generous manner in which he supported Miss Robins, whose intensity and earnestness were much to be admired; they were more really artistic than, though not quite so dramatic as, those of the usual Adelphi heroine. Hers is a part with but little relief of brightness; indeed this may be said of both hero and heroine; the exponents are therefore the more worthy of praise. Mrs. Patrick Campbell has an infinitely more showy character as the dissolute, mocking *Astræa*. She has conceived the character well, both as to make-up and execution, but the latter showed signs of the amateur. It was, however, a performance that promises to place Mrs. Campbell among our foremost actresses in the future. Mr. James East worked up the character of James Redruth; moody and reckless at first, he let you see that there was a good, brave fellow spoilt by his misfortune, too weak to combat his despair, who flew to drink to make him forget his troubles; and at the finish, when he met the woman who had destroyed almost all that was best in him, his mad passion and revenge were finely wrought out. Mr. Charles Dalton had a most thankless part, and yet he managed to make a great deal of it and to show how deep and constant his love was. Mr. J. D. Beveridge was the *beau idéal* of a gallant non-commissioned officer, as Sergeant-Major Milligan, cheery and genial; and good work was done by Messrs. W. and J. Northcote, Royston Keith, H. Cooper, and Miss Vizetelly. The scenery was of the best. The interior and exterior of the "Angler's Delight," "The Doss House," and "The Interior of the Chapel Royal, Savoy" (with its choristers, etc.), reflected the greatest credit on the painters, Messrs. Bruce Smith and W. Hann, and on Mr. Frederick Glover, who produced the play.

"THE LATE LAMENTED."

Three-act comedy, founded by FRED HORNER on "Feu Toupinel."
Transferred to the Strand Theatre, Saturday evening, August 1st, 1891.

Mr. Stuart Crosse ..	Mr. WILLIE EDUIN.	Porter	Mr. AKERMAN MAY.
Major Joseph Marshall ..	Mr. H. STANDING.	Mrs. Stuart Crosse ..	Miss FANNY BROUGH.
Mr. Richard Webb ..	Mr. H. EVERSFIELD.	Mrs. Richard Webb ..	Miss EVA MOORE.
Mr. Fawcett	Mr. G. P. HAWTHEY.	Kate Morgan	Mrs. EDMUND PHELPS.
Parker	Mr. FRED CAPE.	Mary	Miss VENIE BENNETT.
Jansen Smith	Mr. S. BARRACLOUGH.		

In the June number of *THE THEATRE* there appeared the notice of the first production of Mr. Horner's adaptation, so that there is no occasion for me to enter again into the plot. But in the height of a prosperous run, Mrs. John Wood was ordered by her medical advisers a complete rest. Some other members of the company also wished for a holiday, and, therefore, Mr. Horner thought wisely that, rather than withdraw the piece for a time, it would be better to transfer it

to another theatre at once. He accordingly made arrangements with Mr. Willie Edouin that "The Late Lamented" should be produced at the Strand the night after the season closed at the Court. With the piece went Mr. Herbert Standing, who had made such a feature of Major Marshall and who has even ripened the humour of his performance, so that it remains one of the most telling bits of light comedy possible. Mr. Fred Cape also resumed the rôle of Parker, the old butler; and his broader method, though a trifle exaggerated, is most acceptable to the cheaper parts of the house. Mrs. Edmund Phelps is also still of the greatest assistance as the good natured Kate Morgan. Fortunate as was Mr. Horner in retaining these three, he was equally lucky in being able to secure Miss Fanny Brough for the part of Mrs. Stuart Crosse. Her method is of course quite different to that of her predecessor Mrs. John Wood, but it is quite as droll and as intense in its mock tragedy, when she discovers what a shattered idol she has been worshipping in the memory of the late Mr. Nicholson. She carries the piece along brilliantly. Mr. Willie Edouin too has dropped the extravagances which are so telling in his usual rôles, and makes of Mr. Stuart Crosse a jaunty individual, until, "perplexed in the extreme" from jealousy at the goings on of the supposed "Larky" his bewilderment and agony are most ludicrous; Mr. Harry Eversfield (whose make up by the way strongly reminds one of a rising young dramatic author) plays Mr. Richard Webb in a cool quaint way that is refreshing; and Miss Eva Moore is delightfully roguish as the reformed flirt Mrs. Richard Webb; Mr. G. P. Hawtrej extracts plenty of fun out of the character of the Cyprus lawyer Mr. Fawcett, and there is no fault to be found with the remainder of the cast. "The Late Lamented" was received at the Strand with quite as great favour as it was on the opening performance, and it looks as though Mr. Horner's clever play would have a long run.

CECIL HOWARD.



Our Amateurs' Play-Box.

THE OLD STAGERS' JUBILEE.

The aged retainer of melodrama is always a safe score. He is "familiar but by no means vulgar." We know his formula as well as we know "God Save the Queen;" and for much the same reason—because its sentiment wakes a dormant loyalty—we withhold condemnation of its crudity. The Canterbury Stagers were, therefore, sure of a big reception when they stepped forward this year, and in "the accents of that well known tongue" repeated, "We have played here, man and boy, these fifty years." Who could restrain his applause? Why, think what it means! Fifty years of play acting! Lots of people would say "only fifty years of pleasant frivolling," but let them try it, or let them get the honest opinion of those who have tried it, or even a tithe of it. Ah, of course, it was our dear delightful Ellen Terry who only the other day was discoursing in her own sweet capricious way upon this very subject. Let's see what she says, an authority unimpeachable. Turn we then to *The New Review*, No. 25, page 507, and hear, Messieurs les Scoffeurs, who imagine its just "good fun," a kind of gentle re-



A DRAWING-ROOM COMEDY.

From an original water-colour drawing by A. Ludovici Junr.

creation, like a paddle in a birch canoe or a spin behind a trotter. Hear, mark, learn, and inwardly digest these words—"Oh, if only half were known of the expense, the knowledge, the industry, the patience, the goodwill exercised behind the scenes before that little curtain rolls up every evening at the same hour precisely, people would be astonished, I think." There, isn't it pretty, and isn't it better than pretty, isn't it true, all ye who know, ye elect who are of the profession, and ye who are not of the chosen, ye doomed to wailing and gnashing of teeth, ye branded with the mark of the beast, which is "Amateur," which being translated is "the lover but never the wedded of art!" And with one acclaim they answer "Yes!"

True, these amateurs are not at it hammer and tongs, each day of every year. Still, in each year, they have a week of acting, and four or five of preparation. See then, in fifty years what volcanoes of pride and self-assertion and ambition, and all the other ills that actors' flesh is heir to, must have gone to the making of this fair landscape of good fellowship, this community of variously assorted friends who have held together through good (artistic) report and ill, through prosperity and adversity, and who this summer celebrate their jubilee. There is room at such a time and in such a cause for more than hearty congratulation of the body of amateurs known to fame as "The Old Stagers;" there is room for congratulation all round. It is something that the lover of art, though he worships his mistress but one month in the year and makes votive offerings at her shrine in the cathedral city for but one brief week, is whole-hearted in devotion. It reflects honour upon her, as well as upon him, that he effaces himself in her service; that in her cause no *devoir* mean or lowly can bring him to disgrace; that he is, in truth, "a veray parfit gentil knight." And all this these Old Stagers are. They represent and keep alive some of the worthiest traditions of the *Théâtre Français*. Among them the "Hamlet" of to-night is the "Osric" of to-morrow. "Do the best for the show and never mind yourself" is the homely spirit of their motto, and it is because of this, because of the genial comradeship that alone sustains their existence, and not because individually or collectively they stand out from the pick of the amateur clubs, that their jubilee is a matter of importance and an occasion for congratulation from the whole acting world.

It was in 1842 that the Stagers, who were Old even at the date of their birth, first saw the footlights. They then played farces and a burlesque, and that year a prologue was written by Tom Taylor. To remind themselves, and us, of the beginnings from which they sprang, the programme this year was devoted to renewing our acquaintance with the light of those days, and to proving that that light has not materially faded, nor has its glory gone. Thus, having broken the ice on Monday with Grundy's most perfect little drama, "In Honour Bound," and Charles Thomas's farce-comedy "The Paper Chase," on Tuesday they went solid for the *ancien régime* with "Nine Points of the Law" (in honour of poor Tom Taylor, head of the battalion which has joined the majority), "A Thumping Legacy," and Burnand's and Sullivan's "Cox and Box." But Wisdom is justified of her children, and they, that most thought would be last, came along with a rush, and won in a canter. This does not reflect on the modern plays, and the impression they made. Not by no manner of means whatsoever, Betsy Prig. But till we got to the old pieces, somehow, the machinery seemed not quite in good working order.

For example, Mr. Grundy would have smiled a grim smile of content, perhaps even have caught the infection and fairly clapped hands over the rendering of his play. Mr. "Augustus Montague," one of the vertebrae of the Stagers, endowed Sir George with a distinction, a dignity, and a pathos, entirely and impressively natural. Mr. "Benjamin Banjo" established a record in transforming Philip into a possible lover of Lady Carlyon, and a passable husband for Rose. Miss Annie Irish, though too quiet and tame for overstrung, tortured, excitable Lady Carlyon, filled her lines with meaning and the stage with a charming presence. And Miss Mary Ansell (how quick these Stagers are to spy out rising talent), as Rose, touched in a daintier miniature in pearl pink and virgin white than all the gallery of modern *ingénues* could show. "Next please," brought "The Paper Chase" along, full pelt, recking nothing of hedges of unlearned words and ditches of missed cues, amusing, exhilarating, a very nest of schoolboys for unreasoning mirth. Of Mr. "Oliver Twist," the John Busby and the life and scul of the piece, as of Juliet, it may be

said, if he "be well, then nothing can be ill," for he has won the ear of M^omus and mastered the secret of fun as no amateur comedian of his day has done. And he *was* well; well suited, in wonderful form, keeping the game alive till the very end of a rather dead and very long last act.

In this play, too, to help him, were "Colonel Naghi," a light comedian without a rival; "Herr Scrobbs," an unworked mine of melodrama, serious or comic; "The McUsquebaugh," of richly unctuous tone and feature; "Mr. Dodson Fogg," a stately "heavy man," weighty and sobering as a legal argument; "Signor Nuovo Gentiluomo," nimble as Vokes, adaptable as Roberts; and all the ladies, including Miss Carlotta Addison, a Stager for the twenty-third time. Yet, the confession *must* be made, the old pieces came out best.

Why, to see "Il Capitano Gucini," most Munden-like of men, and "Herr Scrobbs," and "Mr. St. Gomm," and "Mr. Banjo," squeezing a dozen times "the nine points" out of Tom Taylor's farce that ever he put into it, and to attempt to resist the impact of "Colonel Naghi's" animal spirits as the cockney legatee, splendidly backed by "M. Lafite" and "Signor Nuovo," was to get a lesson in the force of farce that could hardly be bettered by Anson and Blakeley and James. Nor was this the end. The "Cox and Box" was the tit-bit of all. The "Hon. S. Whitehead," and Mr. "Oliver Twist," and Mr. "H. Percival" have played it together times out of number. Old friends are, best and so their art has found it. With this old friend they are thoroughly at home, and the best of actors could scarcely improve upon their work in it. So with the veterans the honours rested; one more, Mr. W. Courtly, evolving the epilogue, and turning out the smartest lines and topical hits heard for several seasons past, and thus still further identifying the doings of the week, as it was right they should be, with the Old Stagers among the Old Stagers, the Old Guard who are still the flower of the troops.

"SUNSET," "NEARLY SEVEN," AND "A REGULAR FIX" AT THE GREAT HALL,
TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

There is evidently luck in odd numbers. Once it was all a farce to begin with, and a drama of an indefinite number of acts to conclude. But we have changed all that. Mr. George Edwardes is our iconoclast. He has shattered the idols of our youth, and at the same time catered for our idlers. And when one steps into green fields and pastures new, and finds handsome browsing, the rest are bound to follow, like a flock of sheep. There is a big future for this triple bill, as it is called. It lays the foundation of a fortune at Terry's, it is high in favour at Canterbury, and it attracts a huge audience at Tunbridge. Three utterly different places, with utterly different tastes, yet alike in this! the inference being that there's a public for the three-play programme. Well, if good-bye is to be said, and the end of the heavy play is to be seen, let it be with some such fare as this at Tunbridge within sight, for the contrast of pieces could not have been better. Mr. Jerome's sparkling yet sad little play all England by this time knows. It opens the evening perfectly, whatever is to follow. Not too much drain upon the sympathies, but just drain enough. A kind of gentle stimulant to the mental digestive organs, to brace them for the assimilative exertions the succeeding plays will induce. Then the monologue by Mr. Brookfield, quaint, clever, and just a wee bit fatiguing; something of a period of repose. Finally the old farce, never too old to be enjoyed, never anything but funny, whether Ned Sothern, or Joe Jefferson, or the mercurial Wyndham, or dashing Will Terriss, or an amateur of amateurs be playing Hugh de Brass. The deviser of this Tunbridge bill is a manager born, and that country town, in spite of its professional importance now that Miss Mary Anderson is a neighbour, is too small for his abilities. As with the programme, so with the actors. There was a place for everyone, and everyone was in his place. Mrs. Dashwood, of Pembury Hall, was charming, and carried the audience completely with her in all she did. For comedians, commend us to Mr. Guy du Maurier and Mr. A. P. Johnson, and if there be no "artistic merit" in the acting of Mr. Maberly, Mr. W. T. Richmond, and Mr. Herbert, let "Lawes" be promulgated, saying what that puzzling quality is. Then Miss Goldingham was capital; and Lady Bellew threw no end of character into her acting, and the modest efforts of Miss Laing and Miss Symonds gave promise of delightful things hereafter. Colonel Dashwood and Major Lutwidge indeed scored a bull's-eye, both with artistic and financial shots, and the charities

for which they had promoted the affair, the Kent Nursing Institute and the Eyes and Ear Hospital, will be the better off by something substantial, in consequence of their practical sympathy and managerial shrewdness.

“LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST” AT CANNIZARO HOUSE, WIMBLEDON.

More than once Mrs. Leo Schuster has thrown open her beautiful grounds for pastoral players to disport themselves in, but rarely has equal interest attached to any performance as to that organised by the Countess of Radnor on behalf of St. Andrew's Convalescent Home at Folkestone, and the needy but invaluable Oxford Mission at Poplar. This interest was centred in Mr. Laurence Irving, who replaced his brother as Boyet, and made in some sense a *débüt* as a budding actor. Not so much finish and dramatic *verve* were to be expected of him as of his more practised brother, still the work in itself was good, and the promise it exhibited was all that could be wished. At present the young actor is shy. He is frightened to take his talents in his hand and follow their guidance whither they may lead him. But despite this diffidence and chilling timidity, there is a marked aptness to be traced in his manner and tones and gestures, and it is possible to descry a corner of his father's mantle gracing his boyish form. Many of the company were but repeating old studies, and repeating them, be it said, with fluency and distinction. Mr. Alan MacKinnon, most poetical of stage managers, was again a Biron of the courtliest presence, not perhaps of immaculate elocution, but manly, earnest, and pre-eminently princely. Sir William Young, the Dumain, and Mr. Hallward, the Longaville, looked their parts and played them admirably, the latter with a finished grace not often seen where poetry disturbs the actor's equilibrium. A king of kingliness in manner and impressiveness in action, but of rugged speech, was Mr. W. J. Morris, as famous an O.U.D.S. as his principal attendant lord. Mr. Herbert Legg extracted a sensible amount of quaintness from the clown Costard; and tiny Miss Mabel Hoare charmed every lady and most gentlemen with her exquisitely childish playing as Moth. The loss of Mrs. Charles Sim, whose Rosaline was the feature of previous productions, could not but be felt, although Mrs. Edward Ridley was very bright and winning in the part. Lady Young, too, though strikingly intelligent and charmingly graceful, had scarcely the skill and experience necessary for the Princess. What there was wanting in art was, however, made up for by nature, for never did a fairer or sweeter-looking Princess tread the plains of Navarre. The ladies in general, in fact, looked their characters better than they played them, Mrs. St. John Raikes as Jaquetta, Miss Faris and Miss Alice Cockell as Maria and Katherine, being among the figures of exceptional artistic beauty. Much was made of the children's dance, a scene that would have done credit to the Lyceum in its poetical suggestiveness, and in strict accordance with the tastes of the day dramatic deficiencies were invariably made good by some daintily designed spectacle, prettier to look at, if hardly so strong to go.

“ON ZEPHYR'S WINGS” AT TEDDINGTON.

If the estimate given the other day that the week's crop of plays at one theatre was something like fifty, be within a yard of the truth, then of the making of plays as of books there is indeed no end. But among all these there would appear to be no pastorals. Now there is a distinct, though doubtless a limited market for pastorals. Open air playing is growing in favour with man, and when the gods love it well enough to smile with azure skies and browning sun, there will be no summer pastime to approach it. Meantime it is possible enough at a pinch, but, when Shakespeare's woodland comedies are accounted for, there is no pastoral to play. So Agatha and Archibald Hodgson did wisely, and moreover did well, in piecing together the “Zephyr's Wings” compounded of a French fairy story, their own delicate fancy, and some light and airy, bright, fantastic music, by Mr. Ivimey of Harrow School. Its story is of the Arcadian school, and Watteau is in fashion. Shepherds, princesses, and good and evil fairies, make up the characters, who have tuneful melodies to sing and witty words to speak. Of opportunities for acting it presents a meagre list, but, as a pretty woodland spectacle, for the use of comely shapes and handsome faces, it should be exactly the thing. At Teddington, its production was sadly marred, tropical rains driving the players from Mr. Tansley Witt's lovely grounds

at Lansdowne House, to the unromantic shelter of the Town Hall. Even so, however, with stagey scenery in place of natural bowers, it seemed to have a charm of colour and sentiment all its own. Miss Inez Roe was a very pretty heroine, and Mr. Reginald White sang with great vigour and expression as Alidor, the lover. Some pert and lively acting was contributed by Miss Ethel Witt as Babillarde, and Mr. Hodgson made a hit as a fat shepherd of pawky humour. The piece was written and produced in aid of the Royal Victoria Hospital for Children, but no doubt the authors would be willing to permit its repetition, and intending woodlanders certainly would do well to keep it in mind.



Musical Notes.

"THE 15TH OF OCTOBER."

A military farceal operetta in one act, by Messrs. E. LETERRIER and A. VANLOO. The Lyrics by G. CAPIER. Music by G. JACOBI.

First produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Saturday evening, August 8th 1891.

Durandal	Mr. LEONARD RUSSELL.	Capier	Mr. G. MARLER.
Larry Owen	Mr. HARRY PARKER.	Miss Camille	Miss CISSY CRANFORD.

"The 15th of October" appears to have originated in this wise. Something was wanted as a curtain-raiser for "L'enfant Prodigue." One might have thought that an August audience would be willing to come before nine and might be content to leave earlier than eleven, but no doubt on this point managers know their own interests best. Anyway the necessity for a *lever de rideau* being admitted, one has to be supplied. None of modern manufacture being ready, recourse is had to the records of the past. Two-and-twenty years ago, Mr. Jacobi was conducting at the Bouffes Parisiennes and he there composed the music to a little farce entitled "La Nuit de 15e Octobre." Mr. Jacobi's services being now available as conductor at the Prince of Wales's, this little farce is put into the hands of the adaptor.

Whether the adaptor has done his work well it is impossible to say, but if so, Messrs. Leterrier and Vanloo must have written this piece in a moment of depression. They are credited with great powers of mirth provocation, but the only laugh extracted by the present performance is at the "gag" introduced by the representative of "Larry Owen," a drunken trooper of the "Handy Andy" type. For the rest, the humour of the piece is represented chiefly by impossibilities which the audience give up in despair long before the end. At the outset, Captain Durandal explains to the audience in a long monologue that the young lady whom he is about to marry is, for some extraordinary reasons connected with her education, living in the house; that for some other equally extraordinary reason he wishes M. Capier to believe that he intends to marry his daughter; that M. Capier is about to pay him a visit, and that therefore he must get Camille out of the way. He persuades Camille to pay a visit to an old aunt in a scene, during which Camille expresses her grief at parting in a lively vocal waltz. Camille goes, and Larry Owen appears with baskets of provisions, out of which he produces a letter from M. Capier announcing his immediate arrival. The Captain removes from Camille's boudoir all traces of female occupation, crams the results into a wooden box, and employs Larry to assist him in burying the box in a cave at the bottom of the garden. Larry, catching a glimpse of feminine attire and connecting it with Camille's absence, comes to the conclusion that the box contains her mortal remains. Consequently when the old gentleman arrives and announces himself as an intended father-in-law, Larry concludes that the outraged majesty of the law is already on his track, and—promptly goes and gets drunk. The scene in which the Captain and the old gentleman sit down to supper while the drunken Larry oscillates between the two, gradually letting out the whole story of the supposed murder

while extorting pledges of advancement from the Captain as a condition of secrecy, has some elements of real farce in it. The old gentleman is finally persuaded to retire while the Captain locks up Larry in a cellar. But the prompt reappearance of Mdlle. Camille at one door and of the old gentleman at another leads to a very rapid explanation on the part of the Captain, and M. Capier apparently finds no difficulty in accepting the destruction of his own cherished plans and in taking his part in a quartet as an amicable winding up.

The impossibilities of this story are not much improved by the translator, who converts M. le Capitaine into an English officer and his servant into an Irishman, while the intended father-in-law remains essentially French. In one place the translator has added to the impossibilities of the story, for it is scarcely allowable even in a farce to suppose that an English Captain has the power of appointing a man out of the ranks over his own head. The conclusion of the piece is obviously shortened in the English version, and thus no doubt it seems more incoherent than it would do in the original.

There is not much opportunity for musical illustration throughout the piece. Mr. Jacobi's music probably remains as it was written in 1869 with just such curtailments as were rendered necessary by the English adaptation. It is of the very lightest school of French comedy opera, with the lightness and emptiness of the Offenbach model, but with, also, its occasional piquancy. The song of Larry Owen, "I am the Valet of Durandal," is effective, and there are two short duets which are decidedly clever—one in which Larry and the old gentleman exchange confidences about the mystery in the garden, after the manner of the "conspirators' chorus," and the other in which the Captain and his father-in-law advance to the footlights with their supper table. The soprano appears only at the beginning and the very end, and her only vocal contribution is the common-place waltz air before referred to. The music of the *finale* has probably suffered from the compression exercised in the English version. Mr. Jacobi no doubt considered that it would not be worth while to rewrite it, and he was fully justified in his decision.

The actors do their best for the piece. No one could make the Captain real, but Mr. Leonard Russell does his best to make him lively, and in addition he sings well. Mr. G. Marler makes the most of the eccentricities of the father-in-law, and Miss Cranford is efficient in the part of Camille. The only one who has any chance of being really funny is Mr. Harry Parker, who, as Larry Owen, does his utmost to relieve the piece from the charge of being extravagantly dull.

"MISS DECIMA."

The musical setting of "Miss Decima" is exactly what such a score ought to be. M. Audran knows as well as any living composer just what amount of setting a comic operetta will bear. He knows how to be fluent without being tedious, how to excite interest without demanding too close attention. He makes no attempt to tell the story in his music—that is not the mission of operetta—but he gives the performers an opportunity of identifying themselves through his airs, so that his work sounds something more than a mere succession of isolated songs. In the present libretto, Providence, in the shape of M. Boucheron, furnished him with two lovers, an *ingénue* of very original description, and an eccentric *duenna*, and he has allotted to them two very good specimens of the tender ballad, some very piquant strains for Miss Decima, and a duet, "The Ideal She," which is an excellent specimen of musical trifling, though its principal device has been anticipated, if I mistake not, by the composer himself in one of his early operettas. There are only two faults to be found with the work, one being the absence of a bass solo part, and the other the undue length of the concluding duet between Paul and Decima. M. Audran is fortunate in his interpreters. Mdlle. Nesville's singing of the song in Act I, in which she recounts her father's admonitions, is an admirable study in the difficult art of singing *quasi parlante*, and throughout the whole piece her reticence and perfect command of her resources in singing, as in her acting, is beyond praise. Mr. Charles Conyers and Mr. Chauncey Olcott, who impersonate the two lovers, are both so good that it is worth while to mention their faults. Mr. Conyers would probably find that the tone of his voice would be still better if he did not so persistently uncover the upper teeth; while as for

Mr. Olcott it is clear that he possesses a voice which ought to have a future before it if only he would endeavour to sing with his larynx in a lower position. Let him remember the dictum of the great Faure, that to vocalise with the larynx in a high position is the surest way to wear out the voice. *La voix blanche* is no doubt quite appropriate to comic opera, and indeed necessary to the proper rendering of its lighter passages, but the singer should not found his whole vocal production on a method suited only for special effects.

An opera season is not altogether unlike a parliamentary session. Each begins with a brilliant array of promises destined, most of them, to fade away into the limbo of unfulfilled intentions. Each, on the other hand, usually succeeds in producing some achievement not hinted at in the original programme. The most important Acts of a Parliamentary session have usually found no place in the Queen's Speech, and the greatest successes of an opera season were never foretold in the prospectus. This year, indeed, Mr. Harris issued no formal prospectus; like Her Majesty he addressed his faithful subscribers by deputy, through the medium of inspired newspaper paragraphs. Thereby he avoided any direct pledges; but he gave us pretty clearly to understand that we might expect to hear certain works not hitherto presented in England. So far we have heard nothing of these works beyond their titles, but on the other hand, we have had almost more than compensation in certain features not hinted at in the "puff preliminary." "Siegfried" and "Cavallera Rusticana" we have lost, at all events for the present, but instead we have found Mr. Van Dyck; and if in addition to the weight of this treasure-trove we throw into the scale the general excellence of the representations, probably the balance will incline in the manager's favour.

Still the missing works are a severe loss. "Siegfried" we may hear next season; but it seems possible that "Cavalleria" may be shelved altogether. If so it will be a matter for the deepest regret. It is now about two years since Mascagni's work was first produced at the Costanzi theatre in Rome. It made an impression such as no opera has created within living memory; it spread like a forest fire through the cities of Italy; it has been produced with the like success throughout Germany, and has penetrated into Sweden, and into Spain. Every capital in Europe has received it with rapture, except two—Paris and London. As Covent Garden at present takes its cue from the Place de l'Opera, perhaps we need not be surprised that a new work should have to wait until it has received the Parisian "audiatur." But possibly, as rumour suggests, the postponement was due to a refusal on the part of certain distinguished artists to appear in the work. If so, let us hope that Mr. Harris may give it to us at some season when artists not quite so greatly distinguished have a chance of being heard. It would be a national discredit if a work of genius should be denied a hearing, because the owner of the performing rights had only first-rate forces at his command.

At the same time, while commenting on the shortcomings of the season, it is only fair to record its general high level of merit. The management has accustomed us to expect, night after night, a series of those "Combination Casts," which in the old days, used only to be presented as special attractions once or twice in a season. No one need ever expect, or wish to hear a better performance of "Faust," of "the Huguenots," of "Lohengrin," than those which have been given this year; while the appearances of Mlle. Giulia Ravogli, and of Mr. Van Dyck have lent a special distinction to the whole season, which almost atones for the absence of any absolute novelty in the list of works presented.

A second visit to the new opera at the Savoy confirms one in the impression that it will doubtless enjoy a long run, but more from old associations than from the merits of the work itself. So far as the music is concerned, Mr. Solomon has no doubt been hampered by the feeling that he had a definite tradition to perpetuate. At all events in listening to it one receives the impression that the composer is not at his best. Mr. Solomon's best is very

good indeed ; he has genuine melodic feeling, and a happy knack of picturesque orchestration, and both of these are apparent in the score of the "Nautch Girl," but for the most part the music is extremely attenuated, and there is a monotonous excess of vocal waltzes and similar trivialities. No doubt the composer felt that he was writing for a particular audience and tried his best to please them ; and in the process he could not help showing that he himself is capable of better things than those which he believed to be suited to the Savoy. It is to be hoped that Mr. Solomon will be asked to compose a successor to the "Nautch Girl," and that then he will allow his originality freer play and not be afraid of writing over the heads of his audience. They are not all consumed with a passion for tunes to which they can beat time with their umbrellas ; they like something which requires listening to and which rewards their attention with a glimpse of inner beauty. There is that in Mr. Solomon's music which assures us that he has but to follow his own impulses to achieve something much better than the "Nautch Girl."

Devices for rendering visible the effects of sound vibrations are by no means novel. The earliest is that of Chladni, which consists of a glass or metal plate covered with fine sand, and set in vibration by a violin bow. The figures produced by the arrangement of the sand along lines of repose usually go by the name of Chladni's sound figures. Other devices of recent invention for producing sound figures are the Phonautograph of König, the Phoneidoscope of Sedley Taylor, and the arrangement devised by Lissajous, in which tuning forks bearing small mirrors register their vibrations by means of a ray of light reflected on to a screen. Mrs. Watts Hughes has now invented an apparatus which she has named the Eidophone,³ enabling anyone to produce vibration figures by means of the voice. The means employed are an elastic disc stretched over the mouth of a receiver with which is connected a tube. Sandy lycopodium or coloured paste is spread over the disc and a note is sung into the tube, the sand arranging itself in figures which vary in accordance with the pitch of the note. Mrs. Hughes gives in this little book a series of plates showing the figures produced. Some of the series are of great beauty and interest, and the authoress has been at the pains to trace the curves proper to each note of the scale through two octaves. It is interesting to compare these figures with those produced by the method of Chladni. Though the materials employed, the sand and disc, are the same, yet the two series of figures bear very little resemblance to each other, the differences being no doubt partially due to the attachment of the disc (at its centre in the one case and round its circumference in the other) and partly to the different overtones present in the human voice. If lycopodium be used instead of sand, the dust gathers about the lines of greatest vibration instead of about the lines of rest, and it might be expected that a series of figures would be produced *complementary* to the sand figures. Mrs. Hughes's drawings do not however exactly confirm this expectation, and possibly some further researches on the difference between the two series might lead to interesting results. The still more complicated figures given by liquids and semi-liquids, though no doubt more beautiful from a pictorial point of view, are scarcely likely to repay the close study which Mrs. Hughes invites. For the purposes of the scientific student the figures given by the Lissajous tuning forks are far more instructive. But, for those who are interested in watching nature's workings, not as a problem to study but as a picture to admire, Mrs. Hughes's ingenious apparatus may be commended as a source of much pleasant recreation ; and possibly if it should fall into the hands of a Helmholtz or a Faraday, it may be the means of throwing light upon certain yet unsolved physical problems.

J. B. CARLILE.

³"Voice Figures." By Mrs. Watts Hughes. (Hazell, Watson and Viney.)



Our Omnibus-Box.

For many years past there have not been such complaints from theatrical managers generally as to the poor results of the season, financially speaking. There have been a few, but very few, fortunate houses, the remainder having shown in any case but a slight profit, some doing little more than paying expenses, and others incurring actual loss. At the time of writing, seventeen of the London theatres are closed, an unprecedented number even during the off season. Of these the Avenue will re-open some time in October, under Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's management, with a play of his own and a company of his own selection, amongst whom will be included Lady Monckton, Miss Winifred Emery, Mr. Lewis Waller, and perhaps Mr. Arthur Cecil.—The Court will probably re-open about the same time with a play by Mr. Clyde Fitch, called "Pamela's Prodigy."—The Gaiety *clôture* will depend much on the time required to complete the structural alterations.—No absolute date is fixed by Mr. Hare for commencing his season of Robertsonian revivals.—No permanent tenant has been found for the Globe, unless Mr. David Christie Murray's play, "Ned's Chum," to be produced August 27th (too late for notice this month), should prove a marked success, in which case it may be put up for a run. (It may be mentioned that "Ned's Chum" was originally entitled "Chums," which had to be changed to "Mates," owing to Mr. F. G. Warren having a prior claim to the former title, and Mr. F. W. Broughton, having produced a comedy entitled "Mates," that name had also to be given up.)—There seems but little hope of a tenant being found for Her Majesty's Theatre.—At the Haymarket "The Dancing Girl" will be revived about the end of the month.—The Augustin Daly Company will occupy the Lyceum early in September, probably the 7th, and will open with "A Night Off," not a new play, but a favourite one in their *répertoire*. Since the close of Mr. Irving's season, it will be found that fresh exits have been made and the electric light introduced, both of which improvements will add much to the comforts of the audience.—The New Royalty has a prospective tenant in M. Gaston Mayer, who will produce there, "Yvette," a play without words by Michel Carré.—The Opera Comique is at present set down to open on Sept. 27th, under Mr. E. Compton's management, with "An American."—Mr. George Alexander is due at the St. James's Theatre on September 28th with a revival of "The Idler."—Mr. Edward Terry returns to London to his own theatre in the Strand about the second week in October, and will produce a new play by Mr. Pinero.—The exact date of the re-opening of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, is not yet fixed, but it will be early in September, and we are to have a play written by Mr. Henry Pettitt and Sir Augustus Harris, and entitled "A Sailor's Knot," which it is said will be found to be full of incident, both on land and sea, and the period of which is fixed between Napoleon's escape from Elba and the Battle of Waterloo.—Mr. J. L. Toole does not return to his little theatre in King William Street till Christmas.—Mr. Horace Sedger has taken the Vaudeville Theatre for a term commencing September 7th, on which date Miss Minnie Palmer, supported by a strong company, will appear in the evergreen "My Sweetheart."

The near production at the Globe has already been mentioned.—At the Avenue, for one night, August 25th, Mr. Leonard Outram produces his play, "The Fiat of the Gods," in which Miss Frances Ivor (Mrs. Outram) will play the Emperor Faustina.—On the same evening Mr. Lion Margrave will make his bow as Othello, with Miss Frances Ivor as Desdemona, and Mr. George Hughes as Iago. These productions will have our full attention in the October number of THE THEATRE.

More new theatres are being built. Miss Violet Melnotte's theatre in course of erection at the back of the Garrick, at the Charing Cross end of St. Martin's

Lane, will be completed for opening at Christmas, and it is so constructed as to be made available for either drama, comedy, or comic opera. No name has yet been fixed upon for this house. Mr. Walter Emden is the architect.

The new theatre, to be called "The Salisbury," which Mr. George Edwardes is having built in Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square, is being steadily proceeded with, and might be ready by Christmas, if required. It was originally intended for Miss Agnes Huntington, but there now appears to be some doubt as to whether the *prima donna* will occupy it. The plans for the theatre proposed to be built for Mr. Augustin Daly, on the site of Waterloo House, Cockspur St., were provisionally approved by the London County Council, but they finally determined to refer them for the final approval of the Lord Chamberlain. Mr. Walter Emden also drew the plans of this proposed theatre.

A characteristic portrait of Henry Irving is that we give opposite. It is entertaining now and again to come across the great actor in a connection other than histrionic. Mr. Winter, in his book, "Grey Days and Gold"—a review of which appears in another part of the present number—has some references to him that are full of interest. Take the following, for instance, wherein Mr. Irving postures pleasantly in a character not included in his stage *répertoire*. The occasion was a ramble amongst the fells and lakes of Wordsworth's country:—

"When we were resting on the bridge at the foot of 'Brother's Water,' which is a little lake, scarcely more than a mountain tarn, lying between Ullswater and the Kirkstone Pass, someone recalled that Wordsworth had once rested there and written a poem about it. We were not all as devout admirers of the bard as I am, and certainly it is not every one of that great author's compositions that a lover of his genius would wish to hear quoted under such circumstances. The 'Brothers Water' poem is the one that begins, 'The cock is crowing, the stream is flowing,' and I do not think that its insipidity is much relieved by its famous picture of the grazing cattle, 'forty feeding like one.' Henry Irving, not much given to enthusiasm about Wordsworth, heard those lines with undisguised merriment, and made a capital travesty of them on the spot."

And again:—

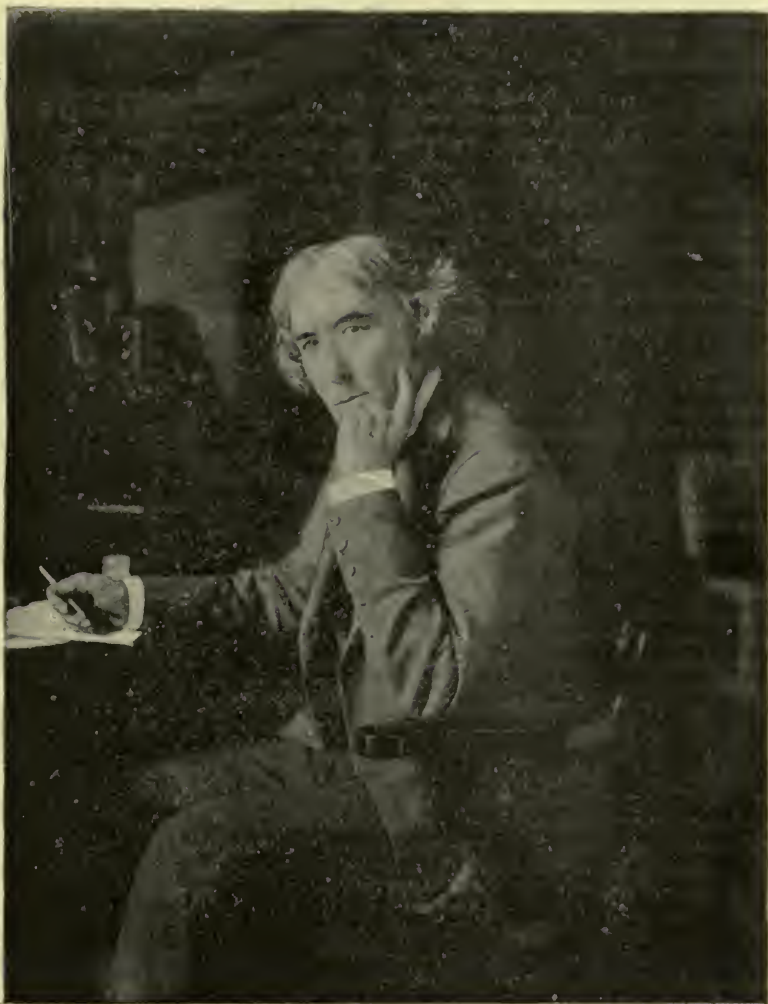
"What were the sights of those sweet days that linger still, and always will linger in my remembrance? A ramble in the old park of Patterdale Hall, which is full of American trees; a golden morning in Dovedale, with Henry Irving, much like Jaques, reclined upon a shaded rock, half-way up the mountain, musing and moralising in his sweet, kind way, beside the brawling stream."

Apropos of the subject, Mr. Winter tells an amusing story of the great poet, which will bear repetition in this place:—

"I saw Wordsworth often when I was a child," Frank Marshall said (who had joined us at Penrith); "he used to come to my father's house, Patterdale Hall, and once I was sent to the garden by Mrs. Wordsworth to call him to supper. He was musing there, I suppose. He had a long horse-like face. I don't think I liked him, I said, 'Your wife wants you;' he looked down at me and he answered, 'My boy, you should say Mrs. Wordsworth, and not 'your wife.'" I looked up at him, and I replied, 'She *is* your wife, isn't she?' whereupon he said no more. I don't think he liked me either."

"White Roses," founded by Mr. Edwin Gilbert on Miss Mary Rowell's story "Petronella," is at present a mere outline and quite devoid of incident. Before it can be criticised it must be developed. The only noticeable features in the acting, were the delicate rendering of Dorinda Heathcote by Miss Madeline Rowell, and the absence of earnestness shown by Miss Edith Jordan as the heroine, Petronella. The piece was produced at the Ladbroke Hall, August 20th.

Mr. Charles Wilmot evidently considers that music halls are better investments than theatres. He has already applied for a licence for Sadler's Wells and contemplates doing so for the New Olympic.



MR. IRVING AT HOME

From a Photo-Mezzo-Tint, by Fradelle and Young.

The Princess's theatre closed on Saturday, August 22nd, in consequence of arrangements having been previously made, necessitating the withdrawal of "Fate and Fortune," to enable the company to go on tour with it, but it is proposed shortly to re-open the house with a revival of "Arrah-na-pogue," to be followed by the "Octoroon," "After Dark," etc.

Mr. Murray Carson, the new lessee of the Olympic, produced there on August 15th, a farce of his own writing, entitled "Two in the Bush." It was not very novel in idea, but proved amusing. A retired tradesman is determined that his daughter shall marry the son of an old friend of his. She has pledged herself to a medical student. The proposed suitor, objecting to anything like tyranny on the part of a parent, assumes the dress and manners of a thorough cad, and altogether disgusts the old gentleman. Mr. Murray Carson played with great spirit and humour as Major Frere, the gentleman who masquerades for awhile and then appears in his own proper character to announce that he is already married. Miss Louie Wilmot was charming as Nettie Carr, the unwilling intended bride, and Mr. Leslie Corcoran was most amusing as Cyrus Carr, the retired tradesman. The writing of the farce was above the average merit of such productions. "Two in the Bush," a peculiar name taken from the old proverb, "A bird in the hand, etc.," was received with great favour.

"Houp La!," Mr. T. G. Warren's one-act comedietta, produced at the Comedy, Tuesday, August 18th, is amusing, but might be much more so, were it not so sketchy; the humour is unforced and there are touches of pathos in it, that move the audience, but the whole gives one the impression of being incomplete. As to plot there is scarcely any. A rogue of a circus proprietor has a very pretty and good girl, Rosabel, for a daughter, and a rich young fellow falls in love with her and gains her brutal father's consent to their marriage, by settling on him an annuity. The pathos arises from the unrequited affection which the clown feels for Rosabel, passing by the love that Lena, another member of the troupe, feels for him. The characters, mode of thought, and conversation in a circus, are naturally brought out and constitute the chief merit of the little play, though the writing is by no means to be despised. Mr. W. Wyes was exceptionally good as the circus proprietor and ring master, Chevalier Maurice Maroni, Miss Jenny Dawson was very true to nature as the *equestrienne* Rosabel, and went through a supposed "trick act" cleverly. The clown, "The Great Little Sammy," was a good study of character by Mr. Ernest Cosham, and Miss Helen Lambert was a sympathetic, ingenuous Lena.

"Theodora," Mr. Robert Buchanan's adaptation of Sardou's drama, was, after a long and successful provincial tour, revived at the New Olympic Theatre on Saturday, August 1st. Of the original cast that appeared in it when it was placed in the evening bill at the Princess's on May 5th of last year, but three remain. Miss Grace Hawthorne still plays the courtesan-empress, and her continued acting of the character has added to it additional strength and humanity. Mr. George W. Cockburn, who first appeared as Caribert the Frank, is now the Marcellus, who dies rather than betray his fellow-conspirators. He has made rapid strides in his profession, and displayed extraordinary powers in his great scene. His career from this time will be watched with interest, for he was the success of the evening. Mr. Henry de Solla, who formerly appeared as Faber, is now a capable Styra. Mr. Fuller Mellish is the new Andreas, and plays with earnestness, power, and that romance so necessary to the character. Mr. Murray Carson is the wily, craven-hearted Justinian, and has thought out the character well. Mr. T. W. Percyval gives a humorous reading of the sycophantic Euphratus, and Mr. W. Monckton is a stalwart Amrou, the lion-tamer. Of the female parts that deserve mention are the bright, saucy Callirhoe of Miss Lilian Seccombe, and the Tamyris of Miss Louisa Wyatt, which if not quite equal to that of Miss Dolores Drummond, is not altogether wanting in power. The drama was handsomely staged, and the living lions, goats, etc., were a source of attraction to many. It should be mentioned that Mr. W. Kelly, the manager, inaugurated the "cheap prices" for boxes, pit, and gallery.

The Princess of Wales has honoured Count Ostrorog, of 164, Regent Street, who has furnished this magazine with some admirable portraits, and who has our congratulations on the event, with the Royal Warrant of Appointment as Photo-Engraver to Her Royal Highness.



New Plays

PRODUCED AND IMPORTANT REVIVALS in London, from July 17th, 1891, to August 24th 1891:—

(*Revivals are marked thus*°).

- July 23 "Miss Decima," operatic-comedy, in three acts, composed by E. Audran, adapted from the French of M. Boucheron by F. C. Burnand. Criterion.
- " 27 "Right against Might," original comedy-drama, in three acts, by M. White. Novelty.
- " 27 "Fate and Fortune," drama, in four acts, by James J. Blood. Princess's.
- " 27 "Retaliation," comedietta, adapted from the German by Rudolf Dircks, (first time in London). Grand.
- " 28 "The Plebeian," comedy-drama, in four acts, (author unannounced). *Matinée*. Vaudeville.
- " 31 "The Ferryman's Daughter," original drama, in five acts, by H. T. Johnson and C. Cordingley. Lyric, Hammersmith.
- Aug. 1 "The Trumpet Call," original drama, in four acts, by Geo. R. Sims and Robert Buchanan. Adelphi.
- " 1 "The Late Lamented," founded on "Feu Toupinel," by Fred Horner, transferred from Court to Strand Theatre.
- " 1° "Theodora," six-act play, adapted by Robert Buchanan from the French of Victorien Sardou. New Olympic.
- " 1 "The Spiritualist," original farcical comedy, in three acts, by H. Durez. (Produced for copyright purposes). Ladbroke Hall.
- " 8 "The Fifteenth of October," a military farcical operetta, in one act, by E. Leterrier and A. Vanloo, music by G. Jacobi, lyrics by G. Capel. Prince of Wales's.
- " 10 "On the Frontier," adapted by Annie Lewis Johnstone, from novels by Fenimore Cooper. Pavilion.
- " 15 "Two in the Bush," original farce by Murray Carson. New Olympic Theatre.
- " 18 "Houp-La!" comedietta, in one act, by T. G. Warren. Comedy.
- " 20 "White Roses," two-act play, dramatisation by Edwin Gilbert, of Mary C. Rowsell's story, "Petronella." Ladbroke Hall.

In the Provinces, from July 16th, 1891, to August 12th, 1891.

- July 20 "Woman's Idol," drama, in four acts, by Charles Daly and Francis Raphael. Theatre Royal, Margate.
- " 20 "Orpheus and (P) Eurydice," burlesque, in three acts, by Edward Rose and "Coe." Royal Aquarium, Gt. Yarmouth.
- " 20 "This World of Ours," drama, in four acts, by Seymour Hicks. Theatre Royal, Brighton.
- " 20 "Wolves and Waifs," comedy-drama, in five acts, by Alfred Cox. Gaiety Theatre, Brighton.

- July 23 "The Power of Conscience," play, in four acts, by Reginald P. Rutter. Grand Theatre, Stalybridge.
- " 25 "Old London," spectacular drama, in a prologue and three acts, founded on Harrison Ainsworth's novel "Old London Bridge," by Arthur Shirley and W. Muskerry. Queen's Theatre, Manchester.
- " 27 "On the Frontier," drama of Indian life, founded by Annie Lewis Johnstone on two stories by Fenimore Cooper, (originally produced in America). Morton's, Greenwich.
- " 30 "On Zephyr's Wings," pastoral play, in two acts, by Agatha and Archibald Hodgson. Town Hall, Teddington.
- " 30 "Moonbeams," comedietta, by Mr. Haslingden Russell. Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool.
- Aug. 3 "Life's Battle," comedy-drama, in four acts, by Geo. Comer. Pavilion, Lytham.
- " 6 "The Author," comedietta, by Eden Greville. Grand Hall, Maidenhead.
- " 7 "A Double Event," new comedietta, by Alfred Wilkinson. Theatre Royal, York.
- " 12 "Zamet or Bonnie Bohemia," four-act drama, by Wybert Clive. T.R., Gateshead.

In Paris, from July 11th, 1891, to August 17th, 1891.

- July 31^e "Souvent Homme Varie," comedy, in two acts, in verse. by M. Auguste Facquiere. Français.
- Aug 17^e "Le Voyage en Suisse," pantomime-farce, by MM. Blum & Toché. Folies Dramatiques.



THE THEATRE.

OCTOBER, 1891.

Critics ? and Criticism ?



WERE Adam Smith living to-day, he would have no option but to cancel his famous phrase "a nation of shopkeepers" and substitute for it "a nation of critics," adding a tag borrowed from the Seer of Ecclefechan "mostly bad ones." For to this complexion have we come in the year of grace, 1891, that for every single soul plainly or dimly conscious of creative force, there are a hundred critics waiting pen in hand to note the workings of it. This army of newsmongers, combining the functions of camp follower and special correspondent, hovers round the little troop of fighters for Art and Literature, and exists presumably for the purpose of singing the triumphs and bewailing the defeats of each member of that sacred band. Composing it are critics of all sizes and all moods, of every degree of accomplishment and every variety of ambition. Their leaders are men so mighty that they can impale whom they please upon the points of their stylographic pen: so learned that "Tis known they can speak Greek As naturally as pigs squeak." What a fine thing it must be, then, to practise Art or Literature, to be one of that small company upon whose words and deeds such countless eyes are focussed, and to have one's achievements, majestic or humble, blazoned abroad in books and magazines and papers the wide world over!

Ah, they stumble that run fast, especially when they run towards conclusions. Bide a wee.

First observe the effect of the disproportion between the critics and the knot of artists. The latter do not and cannot furnish the former with work to keep them busy. Therefore, when in want of material for criticising the artists, the critics keep their hands in by criticising one another. Habit soon becomes second nature. And within a few years the practice has become almost universal of regarding the review of a book, a picture, or a play, upon which it is the critic's duty to pass judgment, as a mere stalking horse for the advancement of his opinions upon any subject under the sun.

a decided preference, however, being shown for himself, his rival, and his rival's method.

Now, observe what effect this has upon the practisers of Art as opposed to the talkers about it. Literature and Painting can be left to look after themselves. They will never need a champion while Robert Buchanan and James McNeil Whistler have a shot in the locker. Dramatic authors, too, experts in that "trade" which is the abomination of desolation to the sensitive soul of the egregious Mr. George Moore, are, thanks to the pugilistic instincts of Mr. H. A. Jones, sure of careful consideration. But what of the actor! the exponent of a noble art, a fine art (*pace* the late Mr. G. H. Lewes and our own more potent *Referee*), an art whose professors are second to none in public esteem. How does the critic's growing self-absorption affect *him*?

Well, if he is a great man, his path is smooth. He is an object of interest to the public. All that concerns him is of value. Consequently the critic follows his career with a keenness not unworthy of a "Star-man" on the track of a racy divorce suit. Moreover, the actor is not slow to realise the value of these chronicles, and he naturally is grateful. And in return for his gratitude, his friendship, and his exuberant courtesy, the critic watches his performance with eyes that see and analyses it in words there is intellectual pleasure in reading. But what if he is not a great man? what if he has no theatre of his own? what if he has no inclination, or possibly no means, for jovial supper and river parties? what if he ignores or misconceives the value of judicious politeness, and disdains even to enter into correspondence with his judges and adroitly win their sympathy by a little cheap gush? Then it is a case of Dives the Critic and Lazarus the Player. The driest and scantiest crumbs that fall from the table must stay his hunger and keep his soul alive within him. Not till he, too, is manager, and idol, the glass of fashion and the mould of form, hospitable host, and deferential seeker of advice, can he enjoy the banquet which is his by right—which is, indeed, his artistic birth-right.

Now, this is hard, very hard, upon the modest and struggling actor, the devoted and retiring actress. It is one of those evils wrought by want of thought, rather than want of heart. The critic should be the actor's help, his guide, philosopher, and friend. He should be the "giftie" to "gie" the actor the power to see himself as "ithers" see him. He should be on the look out for unrecognised talent, on the alert to point out pitfalls and lend a helping hand when the feet slip. He should be a man instructed and studious, yet with enthusiasm and sympathy; above all, a man alive to the responsibilities of his position, and an ardent believer in the dignity and potency of the art in whose temple—along with the actor and author—he has taken service. "Instead of which," as the J. P. said, he too often goes about disguised as the idol's claue. Indeed, the modern critic is no more like such a man than the new Hamlet is

like Hercules, and at some future date it might serve a useful purpose, perhaps, if a few illustrations were given of his methods and his failures to identify talent until the public had shown him where it lay.

Here, however, as we are getting to close quarters, it will be as well to disclaim all sympathy with the recent attack by Mr. George Moore upon these unhappy gentlemen who, could the perception of a "young man" whose nose has been roking in French gutters from youth upwards be trusted, are with some two exceptions venal, malignant, brainless sycophants. The vapourings of this person are not to be taken seriously, of course. They are merely the outcome of nostalgia. Once he was numbered among the elect; he is so no longer. And from his place of exile he views the promised land, and, smarting with the bitterness of envy, spits his venom at old comrades. Or perhaps his outbreak only means that he was hard-up for a likely subject and had a little gall to get rid of. Hence it is only right, seeing that some kind of an indictment is now being preferred, that hearty recognition be accorded the notable intelligence, the almost unerring judgment, the ripe scholarship displayed by a goodly proportion of our dramatic critics, *when they choose to exhibit these qualities!* Whether the spumous "'Arry of the Casinos," as Mr. Buchanan dubbed him, knows anything at all of the subject over which he froths and fumes is open to question, but it is certain that the man to lecture critics upon their numerous failings is not he who branded Mr. Irving as "a mummer," and found in Mr. Wilson Barrett's inspiring study of "Claudian the Accurst" nothing but "an elderly man in a low-necked dress." Blatant ignorance and savage insolence like this put the writer completely out of court. His own lips convict him of a cruel nature and an unimaginative mind. A man so dowered could neither be a critic himself nor instruct any other how to become one.

But to get back to our muttons! The end and aim of all criticism is to appreciate—and to lead others less gifted with the faculty of perception to appreciate—what is beautiful. Apply this test to the dramatic criticism of the day and note the result. Take any one of the prominent journals of the day, scan the column devoted to the drama, and see what guiding or even eye-opening influence it is likely to exert upon its readers. Thought and space are given to the play, for dramatic authors can enforce their rights, but what thought is given to the actors without whom that play could not be presented? Why, if it were not for the brilliant descriptive and analytical work which can still be reclaimed from the columns of the *Telegraph*, posterity would have no means of learning anything worth learning about even the greatest actor and actress of our time, while as for the smaller fry nothing whatever is told about them. We cannot all write like Hazlitt or Lewes, but surely it is not too much to ask that the lessons these great men taught may be taken to heart, and acting be regarded once more as an art and not a mere mechanical process

within the range of every kitchen wench and city clerk. No doubt "the play's the thing," and as such should receive the lion's share of the critic's attention, but next to the play, and miles in front of scenery and costumes—to elaborate descriptions of which columns and columns are given—comes the acting, and to dismiss it as it is dismissed in nearly every journal published is to cast a slur upon the art which cannot but result in a more and more slipshod style so long as this policy continues. That our chief writers on dramatic art have the power to put our players in the right path when they stray and to paint them vividly and in enduring colours for us and for our progeny can be gainsaid only by those so blind that they won't see; and that no one but Mr. Clement Scott ever takes the trouble to do it proves, as nothing else could, that the vast majority do not rightly apprehend the duties and responsibilities of the critic. Many of them have testified publicly to the enthusiasm they feel for their art, but when they enter the stalls as many of them do at the end of the first act or leave at the end of the second it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that even professional dissectors may commit an error when engaged in dissecting themselves. This at least is certain, that stereotyped phrases are all the critic condescends to utter when his subject is not in the very front rank—of popular favourites, not artistic devotees—and that no attempt is made to awaken interest in new talent or record the impressions created by lesser celebrities.

It is more than whispered on all sides that as we have seen the beginning of a new development in drama, so presently we shall see a new school of criticism. The hopes of many on the stage and off are bound up in the pioneers, Mr. William Archer and Mr. Walkley, gentlemen whose first claim to honour is that they eschew the company of those they criticise, are no respecters of persons, and do not affect the dramatic form of composition. Their independence is indeed above suspicion. And since their influence waxes daily, and it is only too patent that the power of the "friendly pressman" wanes, now is the time to urge upon them, and the younger men who are inclined to follow in their wake, the service they can render to art by helping instead of ignoring the artist. Upon the dubious authority of Mr. George Moore, in whose good word lies all that can be urged to their discredit, we have it that both gentlemen are under forty. Let us hope it is true, for in this case there yet is time for turning over a new leaf. Otherwise it is to be feared that they can scarce be weaned from the absorbing author-hunts in France and Belgium, and that grand old pastime of Scott-Buchanan-Sims baiting, in which their energies are spent; and that there will then be none to lead the young legions to the despairing player's rescue. Miss Fanny Kemble and Mr. Augustine Birrell have between them done well-nigh irreparable mischief to the divinity that once hedged the actor round, but enough remains to support his self-respect, and by thoughtful counsel he may yet be weaned from the hopelessness he is sunk in. After all the actor is but little less worthy of study than the dramatist, and if he is constantly snubbed and his

aspirations are checked, the loss will fall first on that spoiled creature whom heaven and earth seem conspiring to delude into the belief that he is the Almighty ; and then it will fall upon us. Society, with its ridiculous fetish-worship, has done much to sterilise the men and women whose genius, given ample scope and nourished on wholesome food, should and could vitalise the countless beings emotionally and intellectually dying of inanition ; but so-called criticism has been almost equally to blame. The actor is as necessary to mental equipment as the author, and it depends primarily upon the critic whether he is encouraged to believe in his mission or whether he is sneered at, thrust into the background, treated as a marionette, and in every way convinced that intellectually he is a pariah, with the inevitable result that he loses heart and loses faith, and so loses all the power he once possessed of doing humanity as well as art some service.

OLIVER BLUFF.



The Matinée Question.



THE name of the inventor, or introducer of the *matinée* proper has escaped the lynx eyes of the stage historian, and perhaps it is just as well for his shade that it is so, or he might hear many unpleasant remarks regarding his unhappy thought. I say unhappy, because that is what the critics to a man declare it to be, with much monotonous iteration. Undoubtedly it sprang from the benefit performances that used, years ago, very frequently to be given in the morning. In that charming volume of reminiscences written by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, there occurs the following interesting paragraph which throws a little light on the subject :—" It may be curious to mention here the first morning performance we ever gave at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, which was on March 6th, 1869, in the height of the run of 'School,' when all the seats were booked every night long in advance. The experiment, however, was so novel, that it only attracted a moderate house in the day-time, and it was not for some years that *matinées* became popular." However, the question of itself is not very important, and we can safely state that the *matinée* has been a recognised institution in England for about fifteen years. It is the hope, and the only hope, of the aspiring and unknown dramatist, and if we are to believe a little of what we read, the despair of the dramatic critic. Personally we cannot conceive why the gentlemen who largely earn their living by writing notices of

new plays should always be condemning the unfortunate *matinée*. It is only a part of their duty to attend these morning performances, and if sometimes they suffer through the mediocrity of the fare provided, they suffer in a good cause, and, after all, our duty does not always consist of pleasure. Let us look at the question fairly and from all points of view. The critics don't like them; this is conceded. But what about the cry that is everlastingly disturbing the theatrical firmament, about the lack of native ability, and the lack of original plays? How are we to discover the latent talent if we don't give it an opportunity of making itself heard? It is true that the managers join in the lament and declare that they can never discover it; that the plays sent in by outsiders are impossible and unactable, and that they either have to go to France, or, last resource, turn to writers of tried capability for their novelties. We are tired to death of hearing all this, and we suppose that managers really do mean what they say after having said it so often. But is it a fact? If all the plays that are submitted are so bad, who writes the good pieces? How is it that we have any dramatists at all? They can't all have entered the lists with a reputation already made. They must have had an opening, when they were, so to speak, only amateurs, at one time or another. It is not difficult to point out how our present day writers have achieved their positions. Mr. A. W. Pinero was an actor, and from writing small pieces for the Lyceum and Toole's, gradually and deservedly rose to fame; Mr. Jones was introduced by Mr. Wilson Barrett through "A Clerical Error"; Mr. Buchanan had already held a high place in the field of literature before he attempted the Thespian plain; Mr. Sims, after much weary waiting, came to the front with an adaptation from the French. (In parenthesis we may venture to suggest that *via* Paris seems a very safe road to reach London.) Mr. Grundy fought and fought hard, and forced his way to the front. Many will remember the celebrated "Dramatic Ring" discussion that was carried on in THE THEATRE some few years since. Messrs. W. G. Wills, Herman Merivale, and W. S. Gilbert (who printed his first piece and sold it for twenty pounds to Mr. Hollingshead) earned their spurs over twenty years ago. Others have had influence directly or indirectly either through being actors, or through being personal friends of those in power. And as these are the chief men of to-day—though there are many others coming forward—there is no need to carry the enumeration of names any farther. Our younger dramatists have only obtained a hearing through their own energy, enterprise, and production, on their own account, of their own pieces, almost without exception. The only play, as far as I can discover, that has been brought out by a manager on his own responsibility during the past ten years is "Captain Swift," and that was produced tentatively at a *matinée* at the Haymarket by Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree. Mr. Tree's promises of Monday evening performances, *en passant*, have scarcely realised the expectations that were roused. But as Mr. Tree recently informed me, the anxiety and hard work attending these extra

productions quite broke his health down for the time being. However, Mr. Tree, as a rule, does things thoroughly, and so we may comfort ourselves that we have the future before us. Some people may say that "Beau Austin" should be included in Mr. Tree's performances; in answer I would remind them that both the authors, W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson, are men of mark and their names are ones to conjure with. It is the totally unknown writers that I wish to show have scarcely any chance, if any at all, of getting their plays produced, unless they produce them themselves. Occasionally a "curtain raiser" will see the light, but not so often as one could wish; still, all must be thankful for these mercies and applaud the producers. And so we come direct to the *matinée* question. The *matinée* has been the means of introducing some of the biggest successes of modern times, and some of the cleverest performers, who would, without the assistance of the untried play, have had to wait long before their chance of a good part came. And there is no denying that the practice and experience to be gained at the *matinée* are of the greatest value to the earnest actor and actress who have only recently joined the ranks, or who have hitherto only had small or uncongenial parts to enact. Therefore, to dispose of one point, is the *matinée* of incalculable moment to the actor, and consequently to the manager seeking for talent. It is the only school the actor has now-a-days. Indeed, to the manager the *matinée* bristles with profit and usefulness. In the first place he receives from £20 to £25 for the hire of his theatre for the afternoon. He is able to sit in one of his own boxes, and see the performance of a play that he has the option of accepting or rejecting; and in the former case of making many thousands of pounds out of it with a minimum of risk; he can also see country or unknown actors for the first time, or others who develop undreamt-of ability, and this will be of service to him when casting a new piece. But up to the present we have not heard the manager say harsh things about the *matinée*. In truth, we fail to see the evil that is supposed to lurk in the afternoon performance. The dramatic aspirant, sick at heart and wearied to death with sending his plays round to the different managers, when he can induce them to read his MSS. despairs of ever getting a piece accepted, and, provided that he has the necessary capital, turns reluctantly, yet anxiously, to his only hope and haven—the *matinée*. And the chances are, all things being equal—cast, company, scenery, theatre, etc.—that unless he be an absolutely incompetent idiot, his play will be a success. If the play is a failure then he has learnt a lesson; if he have ability he will persevere and try again; if not, and he be wise, he will fade from the scene and be seen on the boards no more. It is granted that many fearful and wonderful concoctions, labelled plays, are produced by inexperienced and foolish persons who are incapable of understanding what is required to make a good piece and who will not be advised—but this is inevitable. Very few actors or managers or laymen are capable of judging whether a play will be successful with the public or not; managers who have been bringing out plays all

their theatrical lives are not beyond the fashion of making very ludicrous mistakes sometimes. It is purely a speculative business, and those who embark in the enterprise, must take the bad with the good. And as the theatre is avowedly a "shop" in more senses than one, why does not the proprietor of the said "shop" occasionally give a trial to the wares of the new man who offers a fair bargain? Why will a London manager never produce a play by an unknown author, even though his literary and perhaps constructive abilities to boot are undoubted? A special gift is required in the writer who desires to be a popular dramatist; very well, why not—when there is evidence of such brought forward and demonstrated, give the possessor of the right qualifications encouragement? Surely amongst the numberless plays that are submitted to managers in London for consideration there must be some that are not utterly hopeless! It is a curious point. History that is ancient tells us, verbally and in print, of many a comedy and drama that has gone begging, that has been rejected, with more or less promptitude, at all the theatres, and that has afterwards achieved unprecedented favour, *kudos*, and monetary reward. It is so easy to miss a good thing when it is proffered. Some managers are wonderfully proficient at doing so!

There is little need to pursue the argument much further. I could if I liked tell of many odd things within my own personal knowledge, of plays that have been refused that have afterwards drawn the town through being first produced at a *matinée*. I could also tell of many who have been trying for years to find an opening for their works, who when they submit them always receive a very courteous but definite reply in the negative. For the unknown dramatic author, I repeat there is no hope but the *matinée*, and therefore for many there is no hope at all. For, what about the expense? It is not every literary man, or ambitious writer, amateur or professional, and particularly professional, who can afford to spend a hundred pounds over a *matinée*, even when he possesses that sum; and very few do.

Perhaps those who have the real interests of the English drama at heart may be able to suggest some sort of remedy, some means whereby the talented, but unknown author, may have an opportunity of manifesting the labours of his brain to the satisfaction of those best capable of judging—the British public. Meanwhile, there is nothing but the much abused and flouted *matinée*. In conclusion I may add that all that I have set down is the result of unabated observation of dramatic cause and effect, and a close practical acquaintance with all that appertains to the stage during many years past.

S. J. ADAIR FITZ-GERALD.



Le Balafré.



DON'T know what prejudiced our company against Dorian Crofts, unless it was the peculiar scar which ran right across his forehead, spoiling the general effect of his undeniably handsome features. He was a good-natured fellow enough, with a knack of making a hit even in the worst parts, but somehow nobody took to him. That unlucky scar seemed to be his evil genius. Perhaps I may as well write down briefly how he got that curious mark: it will not hurt anybody's feelings now, for all the actors in the little tragedy are dead.

Dorian Crofts joined my father's company in '29, and from the very beginning struck up a sort of friendship with me very different to the stately courtesy which was all he accorded to the other members, male as well as female, who were all ready enough *then* to chum with the handsome, talented young actor. We had been playing in a wild, unfrequented part of Ireland, and had been drawing very bad houses, so bad that we got to know our regular patrons by sight. And among them was a tall, white-haired old gentleman, invariably accompanied by a young and beautiful girl. "That," Crofts said to me once, "is Sir James Blake, and the lady" — "Ah, who is the lady?" I asked with unprofessional eagerness—"His daughter Kathleen."

Well! it wasn't very difficult to perceive that there was some sort of understanding between Dorian Crofts and Miss Blake. When he was on she had eyes for no one else, and in his absence the piece we were acting appeared to have lost its interest for her. But I said nothing. Dorian was not a man with whom it was possible to take liberties; and as to joking—well, I should like to have seen Healy, our professed practical joker, attempt to bait Dorian Crofts. You are not to imagine for one moment that Crofts was snobbish, or given to sneering at his associates; he was far too true a gentleman to be capable of such meanness. Only what I *do* want to express to you is, that he had a very strong sense of his personal dignity. Absurd it might have been, snobbish it certainly was *not*. To proceed, I was not very much astonished to hear a rumour of Dorian's engagement to some county beauty, but I own I *was* surprised when Dorian came into my dressing-room one evening and announced composedly: "I married Kitty Blake this morning, Fred."

"Good heavens!" I said, entangling the points of my doublet inextricably in my surprise and hurry; "how *could* you, Dorian?"

"That means that you think I've behaved to her like a scoundrel!"

Dorian said dispiritedly. "Do you think so, Fred? Ah, well, it's too late now."

"Yes," I answered, "too late. Does her father know?"

"He knows by this time," Dorian said with a laugh. "What a rage he'll be in! But Kitty is out of reach now."

"And we leave Deemphogue to-morrow," I suggested. "It's rather fortunate, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is," answered Crofts, dreamily. "Listen, they're ringing the curtain up. Don't hurry, Fred; you don't go on till the middle of the scene."

"I know," I said, "but I always like to be ready in good time. Shall I help you to dress, Dorian?"

"No, thanks; I can manage alone," Dorian said quickly. "Stop a minute, Fred; your cloak's all awry." He adjusted my dress skilfully and then proceeded to complete his own toilet, while I looked on, envying the ease with which he wore the—to me distracting—accessories of our mediæval costume. We were playing in a semi-historical piece, I remember; a dull play enough, though Dorian contrived to throw some genuine humour into his part of recreant lover and renegade soldier. My part was that of an intrusive courtier, who blundered upon the stolen interviews of the Princess Clotilde with Arthur de Montfort, and on the conspiracies of a couple of Jesuits, into whose plots I was dragged, neck and heels. I was standing at the back of the stage, wearily endeavouring to look interested in the Princess's seventh meeting with her lover, when I caught sight of a face in one of the boxes which I recognised in a moment to be that of Sir James Blake. No need to pretend to be interested now. My countenance must have been a study if it expressed one half of the interest and excitement I felt. Ought I to warn Dorian? And if so, how was I to do it without spoiling the scene? And above all what was I to warn him of? While I puzzled over these questions Dorian had broken into the song specially written to lighten his tedious waiting for the maid-of-honour with whom, in the Princess's absence, he had a standing flirtation. And then in the middle of the song came a sharp, sudden report, and Dorian staggered back a step, pressing his hand to his forehead. Of course the curtain was dropped, and while most of us crowded round the wounded man, my father, accompanied by Tom Rooney, afterwards a prominent member of the R.I.C., went round to Sir James Blake's box and arrested him as quietly as possible. However, there was little use in *that* measure, it seemed, for Sir James never stood his trial. Weeks before Dorian recovered sufficiently to answer any questions, the last of the Blakes of Deemphogue was in the county asylum. There had been madness in his mother's family, it appeared, and probably his daughter's elopement was the last straw that overturned his tottering intellect. Dorian recovered, as I said, but he left the company, and for years I heard nothing of him. In '50 we were on tour in the provinces, and while at Exeter my father chanced to meet Dorian in the street. The old friendship

between us was renewed, and shortly after husband and wife joined our company. Mrs. Crofts was prettier than ever, I thought, and they had two dark-eyed children, who now and then were allowed to appear on the boards. Not often; for Dorian was curiously careful of them—much more careful than he was of himself, or of his wife. And I knew, though I kept the knowledge to myself, that Sir James had revenged himself far more amply than if he had shot Dorian dead at once, for the love pretty Kathleen Blake had given Dorian Crofts had not been strong enough to outlast twenty years of poverty with “*Le Balafré*,”

ELLA PICTON.



A Pilgrimage to Bayreuth.



ON arriving at the peaceful little town of Bayreuth, what first strikes the pilgrim is the atmosphere of music—music, and nothing but music—which pervades the place. You pass by the old Bayreuth Opera House, a quaint, old-fashioned building elaborately decorated in the rococo style, constructed almost entirely of wood, and practically without exits, a striking contrast to the new Wagner Theatre; then you stroll up “*Opera-street*,” where the shop windows teem with lives of Wagner, opera-scores, models of the “*Holy Grail*” used in “*Parsifal*,” and similar mementoes; presently you find yourself in “*Richard Wagner-street*,” in which is Wagner’s house, which he named “*Wahnfried*,” and in which Frau Wagner still lives. A few yards further you may, if you choose, turn up “*Siegfried-street*,” which will lead you to “*Liszt-street*,” and the house in which Liszt (to whom a mausoleum is erected in the quiet little Bayreuth cemetery) lived and died. If you sit down in your lodgings and endeavour to write your impressions, your meditations are in all probability disturbed by some ambitious gentleman next door who is endeavouring to sing the “*Star-song*” from “*Tannhäuser*,” while the piano upstairs is being permanently injured through somebody else’s efforts to play the overture to “*Tristan and Isolde*.”

Opera-going at Bayreuth is a very different thing from its uncomfortable equivalent at home. You are not compelled to swelter in an atmosphere half Turkish-bath and half Black Hole of Calcutta; you are not kept in the theatre till after midnight with four miles to go home and every omnibus gone; and you are not disturbed by other people coming in late. If you don’t arrive in time at Bayreuth, you must wait outside till the next act. The opera

begins at four o'clock and is usually over by ten, with two intervals of about an hour each, during which you may dine at one or other of the restaurants round about, wander in the fields, or, if you feel inclined for more violent exercise, climb the hill behind the theatre to the "Siegesthurm," erected in memory of those natives of Bayreuth who fell in the Franco-German war. Not far from the theatre is an extensive lunatic asylum, which invites those who are not worshippers of the "Meister" to say it is sometimes difficult to tell the one edifice from the other. When, however, this difficulty has been surmounted, the "Festspielhaus" is found to be an ideal building of its kind. In the first place, the ventilation is simply perfect; though filled to its utmost holding capacity at every performance, the auditorium, even on a blazing August afternoon is never inconveniently warm. Of what other theatre in the world can this be said? The decorations are severely simple, there being nothing to distract attention from the stage. There are no circles or galleries, the seats simply rising row upon row from the orchestra (which is arranged to hold 115 performers, and is placed so as to be completely concealed from the audience but not from the stage), and the rake is so good that everyone of the 1,500 spectators has a perfect view of the stage. The building is lighted entirely by electricity, which is laid on in duplicate, so that in the event of any accident occurring, the light can be turned on again in a moment, and the lighting arrangements throughout are perhaps the most perfect of any theatre in Europe. The enormous stage, which measures something like eighty feet from the footlights backwards, gives ample room for the marvellous scenic effects employed, such as the wonderful moving panorama in "Parsifal"; and at the back of the stage is a gallery where are hung the bells which sound in the dome of the Temple of the Holy Grail. As an instance of the elaborateness of the mechanism employed, it may be mentioned that the bell-ringers are signalled to by means of a light flashed on a screen from an electric button at the conductor's desk. A melancholy interest attaches to a corridor in the theatre, which, in a similar fashion to the interior of Liszt's mausoleum, is hung with the memorial wreaths and accompanying sashes which were sent by mourners from all parts of the world at the time of Wagner's burial. Amongst the number is one from Wagner's life-long friend, the late unfortunate King Ludwig II of Bavaria, which bears the inscription:—"Dem grossen Wort-und Ton-Dichter Meister Richard Wagner."

The question is often asked whether the Bayreuth performances are really superior to what is to be seen elsewhere. The answer to this is,—as a whole, infinitely superior. One may hear greater singers, and one certainly can see better actors, but such all-round artistic excellence is to be met with nowhere else. Orchestra, singers, and scenery combine to form one harmonious whole. Nothing is obtrusive. The stage-management is admirable (as for instance, in the arrival of the guests in the second act of "Tannhäuser"), and the

scenery, wonderfully realistic as it is, illustrates, but does not dwarf, the action of the various dramas.

The origin of the various legends, myths, and sagas on which Wagner has founded his great music-dramas, is an extremely fascinating subject of investigation to the student of mythology. In "Tristan and Isolde," Tristan is bringing home Isolde, an Irish princess, as bride to his uncle King Marke of Cornwall. He is in love with her himself, but conceals his passion. Isolde, who is also in love with Tristan, attempts to poison herself and him, that they may die together. Her maid, however, substitutes a love-potion for the poison, which enflames their passion beyond restraint. They have stolen interviews after Isolde's wedding to King Marke, and are betrayed by Melot, a jealous friend of Tristan. Melot and Tristan fight, and the latter is mortally wounded. He is conveyed to his home in Brittany, whither Isolde follows him. The excitement of her approach hastens Tristan's death, and Isolde dies broken-hearted. Marke arrives intending to reunite the lovers, but too late. They are already united in death. This simple but beautiful story, full of deep human interest, is said to have its origin not, as one might suppose, in a piece of everyday human history, but in a mythical representation of the natural affinity existing between the sun and the earth. King Marke is the sun, Isolde the earth, Tristan the spring (who woos the ice-clad wintry earth for his master the sun), the magic potion representing the first fertilising spring shower. The simplicity of construction of "Tristan and Isolde" renders it perhaps the most dramatic of all Wagner's operas. Tristan was played by Herr Alvary, and an excellent performance it was, both as regards singing and acting. In the death-scene he was admirably natural. Frau Sucher's Isolde was something magnificent. The mere physical exhibition of lung power was marvellous, but this was by no means all; the performance was a piece of genuine art. Herr Plank, of Carlsruhe, sang well, too, as Tristan's faithful servant, Kurwenal. This gentleman's appearance recalls Mrs. Malaprop's description of Cerberus as "three gentlemen rolled into one."

"Parsifal," with its semi-religious tone, is, perhaps wisely, only played at Bayreuth, and consequently is less known than Wagner's other works. Years before it was written Wagner had sketched the outline of two music-dramas, the central figures of which were respectively Jesus Christ and Gautama the Buddha. Neither of these dramas was ever finished, but in "Parsifal" we have, in half-mythical dress, the essence of both, a blending of incidents borrowed from the two great religions of the East and the West. We can trace resemblances to events in the life of Buddha, as, for instance, the horror caused by Parsifal's killing the swan (Buddha's compassion for animals is said to have arisen from the pain he felt at seeing a swan killed by one of his companions); and we can also trace resemblances to certain Christian sacraments, the reflections of certain Biblical events, the similitudes of certain Biblical personages.

The scenery used in "Parsifal" is much more elaborate than that

of either of the other operas. The opening scene is laid in a forest, which presently changes to the Temple of the Grail. The change of scene is not effected by any 'illusion-spoiling, turning-outside-in business, such as we are accustomed to at the *Adelphi*, with a whistle sounding from time to time; but the entire forest moves gradually across the stage, gradually becoming wilder in appearance, till we come to rocky ground and passages cut in the rocks; then dark winding staircases, which the characters are supposed to be ascending, lead up the rocks, and eventually into the Temple of the Grail. This scene, painted by Professor Brückner, of Coburg, is one of the most marvellous pieces of perspective painting ever put upon the stage. Long vistas of aisles seem to lead away into the remote distance, and there is a magnificent vaulted dome overhead. The whole is done with such skill that even when you are seated close to the stage and armed with a strong opera-glass, it is utterly impossible to say what is built out and what merely flat and painted. The procession of the Knights of the Grail in this scene (in costumes like that of the Templars, but instead of the red cross a soaring dove represented on mantle and scutcheon), and the solemn administration of the Sacrament of the Holy Grail, are grandly impressive. It is impossible, however, to speak so highly of the scene in the second act which represents the garden of Klingsor, the enemy of the Knights of the Grail, "where women bide of charms infernal." Enormous roses and other flowers of the most inharmonious and eye-blinding colours disfigure the scene. No doubt it is intended that the scene should be loud and garish, but the idea is overdone. We all know the story of the blind man who said he imagined "redness" must be "something like the sound of a trumpet," but the redness of the roses in Klingsor's garden is like the sound of those trumpets which fetched down the walls of Jericho. The instantaneous collapse of Klingsor's castle, however, when banned by the "guileless fool" Parsifal with the sign of the Cross, is a miracle of stage mechanism. Van Dyck's Parsifal was infinitely the finest performance in the whole Festival. His magnificent tenor voice was of great service, but his acting alone deserves the highest praise apart from that. The air of guileless simplicity in the early scenes contrasted admirably with the more heroic demeanour of the last act, where Parsifal comes to redeem the Knights of the Grail. Van Dyck's make-up in this scene reminded one of Leonardo da Vinci's exquisite head of Christ in Antwerp cathedral. Fräulein Mailhac gave a very fine performance of Kundry, the slave of the magic arts of Klingsor, who was well represented by the sesquipedalian Herr Plank. The general opinion expressed by Bayreuth pilgrims is that after having seen "*Parsifal*" all other operas seem tame and stagey by comparison.

"*Tannhäuser*," which suffers in this respect, is of course thoroughly familiar to English audiences. The chief point of interest about the Bayreuth production was the introduction of the *Vnuseberg* scene, written by Wagner in his later years. This, with

its wild dances of satyrs and fauns, and bacchantes, is magnificently staged, and renders the opening part of the opera considerably more dramatic than formerly. I saw "Tannhäuser" rather at a disadvantage, as Alvary, who was to have played the title-*rôle*, was indisposed, and the part was taken by Herr Zoller at short notice. The character, which Wagner himself has described as "one of the hardest problems that could be set before an actor," proved considerably beyond his powers, and he was very weak in the first act, though he improved greatly later on, where the music is less exacting. It is said that there has only been one ideal representative of Tannhäuser, a singer named Schnorr, who died some years ago. Wagner coached him carefully, standing beside him on the stage at rehearsal and whispering to him the various shades of emotion he was to express, while he sang. Fräulein de Ahna both acted and sang well as Elizabeth, and, what is more, really looked the part, a rare thing in representatives of this character, which is one requiring a good deal of experience to portray adequately. Herr Scheidemantel, the Wolfram, has a magnificent baritone voice. (This actor was also admirable as Amfortas, the custodian of the Holy Grail in "Parsifal.") In Wagner's lecture "On the Performance of Tannhäuser," addressed to the conductors and performers of that opera, he speaks of his desire to make the hunting scene at the close of the first act as natural as possible, and speaks feelingly of the stiffness of the average chorister, and the difficulty of getting this individual to assume an air of "*exuberant glee*"; but I cannot find any warrant for the bringing on to the stage of a number of real horses and real dogs. Will stage-managers never learn that an inharmonious mixture of artifice and reality is not realism? It is true the horses did not wear modern saddles, as they did at Covent Garden, and that was something to be thankful for.

The effects got by stage-lighting in all the operas are something wonderful. The gradual approach of dawn, moonrise, and sunset, are all represented with the most marvellous accuracy. We are accustomed to think very highly of what has been done in this way at the Lyceum under Irving, but even there we have had nothing to equal what is to be seen at Bayreuth.

Among the many historical associations in which Bayreuth is rich, not the least interesting is the fact that Jean Paul Richter lived and died there. A little inn about a mile from the town contains the room in which he used to work, and a number of relics of him; and his grave, hard by that of Liszt, is picturesquely marked by a large boulder overrun with ivy. It was one of the sayings of Jean Paul that opera could only be true art when music and poetry both came from the same brain. It is this that gives Wagner's "music-dramas" their pre-eminence.

WILLIAM ALISON.



Lines by a Bachelor.



“HE World’s a stage,” and Love’s a play,
 Whose action seems a bit uncertain,
 Just when the dialogue gets gay,
 With sudden flop down comes the curtain.

At least with me it happened so,
 When Juliet was played by Polly,
 And I was cast for Romeo,
 In Cupid’s Theatre of Folly.

The scene was laid on Margate sands
 (We’d gone there for a fortnight’s outing),
 With realistic nigger bands,
 And donkey boys, and boatmen shouting.

Act one : In language simply grand,
 Whose accents melted with emotion,
 I spoke my passion, seized her hand,
 And offered her a life’s devotion.

And while the Band played soft and low,
 With drooping head she whispered shyly
 The word that set my heart aglow,
 And all my pulses beating highly.

In act the second all went well
 (Save that at times I longed to smother
 The Comic Man, a part that fell
 Appropriate to her younger brother).

For all day long the world seemed gay,
 And we were happy, and light-hearted,
 Nor dreamed that summer skies turn grey,
 And lovers may be sometimes parted.

But Fate that falls ’twixt cup and lip,
 Laughed at my premature elation,—
 The Villain, by a week-end trip,
 Entered one day the Margate station.

He entered, with a cigarette
 And glossy shoes of patent leather ;
 That night—I think I see them yet—
 That night I found those two together.

His arm was lying round her waist—
 Nay, do not start ! I did not worry ;
 I merely marvelled at her taste,
 And hoped that some day he'd be sorry.

Next morning by the earliest train
 I left, and in my agitation
 Forgot, I state the fact with pain,
 To send her my congratulation.

She sent me back some gifts, and wrote :
 " No doubt they'll do for other Misses."
 I answered : " Thank you for your note,
 You need not give me back my kisses."

I'm single still, and often bless
 The luck that robbed me of my Polly,
 Doomed me to single happiness
 And her to married melancholy.

C. A. M.



How to Start a Theatrical Company.



Y DEAR NEPHEW,—

You tell me you think of forming a small provincial company and ask my aid. I shall be happy to give you the benefit of my experience.

Having failed to take the world by storm as an actor, you naturally seek to avenge yourself by robbing it as a manager. You may accomplish your object by having an inefficient company, bad scenery, and worse music. About the last, by the traditions of your profession, you are not expected to know much. As long as the orchestra brings you on with a flourish and buries you with a wail the claims of art are satisfied. First secure a play—if possible, a strong melodrama, with a dash of realism. By realism I mean the treating of fire-engines and bath-chairs as high dramatic motives. It is extraordinary the enthusiasm which may be evoked by the hero bearing off the villain bound in a real bath-chair, not a paste-board profile bath-chair, but a real wood and iron one, which can be seen every day in the streets. It looks so much more real on the stage. That's where the interest lies. If you can't get a piece of the kind, find an author and tell him to build his

ideas round a fire-engine and a bath-chair. You will be doing a real service to dramatic art. Always have a "good curtain." To attain this end you are justified in destroying all sequence and sense. The author may not see the necessity of closing each act with an oath or a swoon, and, as in ignorance of the public taste, he may demur to doing so, I would advise you to arrange it yourself. I feel sure that your intellectual modesty will not restrain you. As to the company, you are a host in yourself and will not therefore want many people. You will play the leading part because it is the immemorial custom of managers to do so, quite irrespective of their fitness. Compose the bulk of your professional company of amateurs. It isn't quite honest, but it's very cheap. The regular way to secure the amateur is to sit down and give your imagination full play, and then put the result, in the form of an advertisement, into the papers:—

STAGE.—WANTED, a few Clever Amateurs to complete cast of Company now on Tour. Thorough tuition. No fees. Salary not less than £5. Inexperience preferred. Premium given for leaving regular employment. None but refined and educated people need apply.

(This last sentence will not reduce the number of your correspondents, for everybody will hasten to pay himself a delicate compliment by replying).

Of your applicants select those with the most money and the least sense. Imbecility and means are the only qualifications you desire. Having obtained their premiums, proceed to point out their duties. They are to give; you are to receive. This is your invariable rule. You consider it a fair division of labour. Complete the cast with a few young actors hardly more experienced than the amateurs. They won't have much ability nor many clothes, and will probably be very poor. Show an aversion to this detestable vice, but don't allow your natural indignation to affect the salaries you give. Make them poor and hate them for being so. And now the company, consisting of four amateurs, an actor and an actress, is complete. You will next want a little scenery. Get an interior of anything with a window and a couple of doors. This will serve for a kitchen, garret, Swiss cottage, Irish cabin, room of manor, or any manner of room. Hang curtains on the windows, bring on a couple of wooden chairs with chintz coverings, a table (if possible a three-legged circular one, which looks elegant), and a few faded mats—and you have a brilliant drawing-room. You can then paint (for you are cursed with a versatile mediocrity) a landscape cloth to serve for forest scenes in any sort of weather, lawn of a manse, American prairie, or Australian bush. Use the same wings all through. There is nothing incongruous in a drawing-room wall abutting on a primeval forest. It would be as well to have a little music; so engage a pianist to play overtures, *entr'actes*, and incidental pieces. The latter consist of a few wild chords introduced at your own discretion to emphasize portions of speeches (chords in G for yourself and in C for the heroine), with a funeral march played "piano" during a soliloquy, a struggle, or

a fit. Fill the *entr'actes* with feeble waltzes and vulgar marches. They will help to make the six months which may be supposed to elapse seem very real.

Finally, advertise. You will never win your way to the heart of the public by painstaking merit. You must challenge it. Deafen it with the sound of your own praise, blind it with the glare of your own conceit, knock it on the head and rifle its pockets. You can do all this by advertisements, which, as expounded by its professors, is honourable falsehood diluted with thin humour. Singularity is vulgar. Therefore maintain your reputation for chaste refinement by conforming to custom and advertise a calm fiction. First, swell your company from seven to, say, thirteen, and invent names for the mythical members. If none of them has ever played in London, call them a London company. You might add from some fabulous theatre in the metropolis, and thus give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name. Having secured a few for very little money, and the rest for nothing at all, you will say further that they are specially selected artists. (There is a little grim humour in this). Convert the pianist into a full string band and finish the legend with a few hysterical ejaculations:—Splendid printing! Beautiful scenery! Grand wardrobe! Magnificent properties! Marvellous play! Everything new (especially the actors)! The best show on the road! (Big lettering here). This is the recognised way to close an advertisement. It is modest and carries conviction with it.

In conclusion, I can only urge you to strive after your ideal—the third-rate manager. You have everything to win, nothing to lose—neither character, money, nor position; and, as a successful manager, you will have that respectable air of responsibility, so dear to us all, which you never will have as a successful actor.

Believe me, your old friend,

YOUR UNCLE.

P.S.—In your Postscript you say you have no money. My dear fellow, you don't want any! Trust in Providence and the amateur!



Music at Monte Carlo.



THE morals of a certain section of society are a curious study. Thus, I found that though it was wicked, or, at all events, decidedly wrong, to *stay* at Monte Carlo, I might with an easy conscience spend a day there! This theory is a fortunate one, for a day at Monte Carlo is not a quickly forgotten incident in a life-time, even though you may not risk a five-franc piece on the table. For the air has a pureness and freshness not to be surpassed on the Riviera, the far-famed gardens with their flowery terraces cannot be a whit overpraised, and, in splendid harmony with Nature's fairest of earth and sky, and sea, the musicians of Monte Carlo express with the greatest beauty that which is most beautiful in Art. But strange and sad it is that under the same roof should be seen and heard the expression of Man's loftiest ideals, and his vilest passions. Strange, did I say? No, it is only another illustration of the realities of Heaven and Hell. It is but a step from the gaming saloons to the concert room. Only a step, but with how many that saving step is never taken! But perhaps we do not all believe in the redeeming power of music. And we know that there are some men who have "no music in themselves."

It is not yet time for the concert to begin, so we walk through the splendid *Salles de Jeu*, and at first are surprised at the quietude of the players. Just stand behind the group at one of the tables for a quarter of an hour, however, and watch their flushed faces. Alas! you will see the vulture-like look in their eyes. Vultures truly are they, preying on each others' bodies and souls. What unholy magnetism is there in the monotonous spinning of the *roulette* or in the "*trente et quarante*," that reasoning beings should risk their *all* for the sake of a few hours' excitement of wild hope?

But the door of the concert hall is now open and the seats are quickly filled. We must not enquire too particularly how it is that not a *sou* is asked in payment for our comfortable seat in that gorgeous room, nor for the privilege of listening to the finest orchestra in Europe. "T'were to consider too curiously to consider so."

There sit the musicians, instrument in hand, waiting for the conductor's signal to begin Beethoven's Symphony in D minor. And now we are enwrapped in celestial harmonies. Do not expect minute word painting of the subtle meaning of this glorious composition; some may be able thus to interpret musical sounds,

but, to me, to use a paradox, music is the expression of the inexpressible, of—

“Those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised.”

The highest in Nature, and the highest in Art is all one, the expression of *Unity*—that eternal Unity which lies behind and beyond all our divisions, and fragments, and failures.

“On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round.”

And the music of Beethoven interpreted by the orchestra of Monte Carlo lifts one into this higher sphere.

Then follows the overture to “Rienzi.” And here, again, we could not wish for a finer interpretation of Wagner’s splendid orchestration; our whole being is lost in the ecstasy of sound. And when the solo violinist stands forward and plays against the exquisite background of that perfect orchestra, again we hold our breaths to listen to the glorious combination of southern fire and tenderness, as he alternately stirs to lofty deeds, or melts to soft compassion. And so the “poisoned paradise,” the “hell upon earth” has its saving features. Even man is not wholly vile here, nor will be so long as he can be

“Moved with concord of sweet sounds.”

The infatuated gamester may sit from morning to night at the tables, sinking his highest in his lowest nature; but for one who is utterly ruined by play, surely there are fifty who draw back in time. And perhaps it is not too great a flight of the imagination to picture a floating harmony of Mozart or Mendelssohn from the opening door of the concert room touching the seared heart of the gambler as he sits at the cursed table, and touching it with a healing, redeeming power.

E. M.



Our Portraits.

No. CCLXXIV.—MR. ERIC LEWIS.

MR. ERIC LEWIS, the subject of one of our portraits in this month's issue, made his first bow to a public audience at St. James's Hall, Brighton, in October, 1879, in conjunction with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Law, giving as his share of the entertainment his musical sketch "Our Annual," and after a brief engagement at the Brighton Aquarium, made his London *début* at the Royal Polytechnic, during the Christmas season of 1880-1, giving his musical sketches there till the closing of the building as an amusement resort, and also frequently taking Mr. Corney Grain's place at the St. George's Hall. September 5th, 1881, saw Mr. Lewis playing Pilate Pump, Esq., in "Blue and Buff ; or, The Great Muddleborough Election," a comic opera written by E. V. Ward, with music by W. L. Frost. This only ran a week, and so we find Mr. Lewis at the Court Theatre, on September 24th, appearing as Lord Glenmuir in Maurice H. Barrymore's adaptation "Honour." During part of 1882, Mr. Lewis toured with Mdme. Alice Barth's Opera Company, and filled a round of characters, and in November of that year joined the Savoy Company as understudy to Mr. George Grossmith, remaining a member till 1887, and proving himself a most valuable substitute. On April 16th, 1887, he played Sir William Grainger in "Ivy," and on April 28th, Mumford Merry in "A Tragedy," both at the Royalty under Mr. Willie Edouin's management. Miss Helen Barry next engaged Mr. Lewis to play Ferdinand Laddle in "Her Trustee" (first produced at the Vaudeville, March 2nd, 1887). After a short summer season at the Strand and Comedy Theatres, and playing Lord Munster in "Devil Caresfoot" (Vaudeville, July 12th, 1887), Mr. Lewis went to the Haymarket to play Mrs. Harkaway's husband in "Partners" (January 5th, 1888), then toured again as Caleb Decie in "Two Roses," and Dr. Dossemoffen in "D.D.," and on September 24th appeared at the Court Theatre under Mrs. John Wood's management as Tom Shadbolt in "Mamma," Cox in "Cox and Box," Caleb Cormish in "Aunt Jack" (July 13th, 1889). Mr. Lewis also played Wade Green in "The Weaker Sex," and Jack Gambier in "The Queen's Shilling," at this same house during its occupation by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. On October 9th, 1890, Mr. Eric Lewis assumed the character of the Duke of Fayensberg on the production of "La Cigale," at the Lyric Theatre, and has greatly contributed to the phenomenal success of this opera by his genial yet quaint humour, in the possession of which this actor excels. Mr. Eric Lewis is deservedly a universal favourite, not only with the public but in drawing-rooms, and his performances are always distinguished by originality of treatment and by polish and gentlemanly refinement.

No. CCLXXV.—MISS MARY ANSELL.

This handsome and promising young actress intended originally to follow painting as a profession, but owing to too assiduous attendance in the studio her health gave way. Miss Ansell, to recover strength, sojourned during some three months from July, 1889, in a hydropathic establishment, and there took all sorts of parts in the private theatricals that were got up. Two and sometimes three pieces were produced in a week, and in these Miss Ansell played comic and pathetic parts, from the *Area Belle* to *Barbara*. These induced a thorough liking for acting, and so painting was given up for the stage. Having no friends in the profession, Miss Ansell found it difficult to obtain an engagement, but at last Mr. William Terriss offered her the small part of the first fisher-girl in "Harbour Lights," which ran for three weeks from April 5, 1890, at the Grand, Islington. In order to gain confidence and experience, Miss Ansell first took out her own company with C. Leclercq's play, "The Love Story," and then joined Mr. Hermann Vezin's Shakespearean



Photographed by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, W.

Copyright

MR. ERIC LEWIS.

"What are *you* doing here?"

—"LA CIGALE."





Photographed by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, W.

Copyright.

MISS MARY ANSELL.

"The surest way not to fail is to determine to succeed."



company, playing such parts as Nerissa in the "Merchant of Venice" and the Player Queen in "Hamlet." During Mr. Norman Forbes' tenancy of the Globe Theatre, commencing June 24th, 1891, Miss Ansell appeared as Loyse in "Gringoire," Evangeline in "All the Comforts of Home," Rosie in "A Month After Date," and Sybil Hardwicke in "The Bookmaker." Sir Augustus Harris next engaged the young actress to play Nelly Saunders in "Formosa" at Drury Lane (May 25th, 1891). It was, however, on July 14th of this year that Miss Ansell was able to show her real capability, powers, and charm, when she appeared at the Avenue Theatre and created the part of Inez in Leonard Outram's play, "A Mighty Error," a performance that was universally praised, and held out the greatest promise. Miss Ansell was selected by the "Old Stagers" to assist them in their dramatic performances during the Canterbury Week, and played with them Rose Dalrymple ("In Honour Bound"), Nelly Busby ("Paper Chase"), Katie Mapleson ("Nine Points of the Law"), and the Genius of I. Zingari in the Jubilee Review of the Old Stagers. Miss Ansell should quickly rise in her profession, if good looks, intelligence, and perseverance meet their due reward.



Our Play-Box.

"THE FIAT OF THE GODS."

A "Roman Idyll," in one act, by LEONARD OUTRAM.

First produced at the Avenue Theatre, Tuesday evening, August 25th, 1891.

Faustina	(Empress of Rome)	Miss FRANCES IVOR.
Neodamia	(a slave girl)	Miss SYBIL BAIRD.
Flavian	(a Roman noble)	Mr. ACTON BOND.
Galba	(a veteran gladiator)	Mr. AUSTIN MELFORD.

Mr. Outram would have acted more wisely, perhaps, had he refrained from endeavouring to reduce to one act the powerful situations and, to an extent, involved plot which assured him such an American success in "Galba, the Gladiator," his five-act play. In the short space of thirty-five minutes it is almost impossible for an author to do justice to his subject and to himself; to show the influences that are brought to bear upon the noble Flavian, before he decided to manumit all his slaves. As judged by his words and actions in the "Idyll," he gives us but the idea of a sensuous voluptuary, urged to do a great action solely through his love for Neodamia. Galba, again, a leader of the people, and a grand one, as his speeches would lead us to suppose, writhing at the tyranny exercised over them, and apparently prepared to give his life and even that of his daughter to liberate his fellow citizens, almost suddenly changes from the Roman father to a soft-hearted forgiving being, whose abrupt *volte-face* produces in his audience a feeling akin to contempt for him. And Faustina, a proud and pitiless queen and sensual woman, of a sudden becomes ennobled in our estimation by maternal love for her son and forgets her rank, her new-born passion for Flavian, everything, to crouch at the feet of a slave and beg of him the life of the young Cæsar. To explain consistently the changes wrought in the feelings of the principal characters requires more time and the play

more development. The story arises from a prophecy sent forth by the oracles that the lives of Neodamia and the young Cæsar are closely intertwined—should Neodamia die so will Faustina's son. The Empress has conceived a passion for Flavian and has determined that he shall, with her, rule the destinies of Rome. He has, however, given his heart to Neodamia, one of his slaves, and that he may marry a free woman, and at her entreaties, liberates not only herself but all his slaves, and refuses the hand of the Empress. She, not to be balked of her desire, determines on the death of Neodamia, and orders Galba, the gladiator, to despatch her. His reward shall be the recovery of his daughter stolen from him years before. He is about to stab the girl when he discovers that it is his own child. He has suffered much from the cruelty of the Empress in the past; his wife has been foully murdered in his very presence at her commands; his life has been a lonely one, his friends—the people—are down-trodden and oppressed. In the disorder that will arise from the death of Cæsar, he foresees the opportunity for the people to rise and assert their strength, and, even though at the cost of his child's life, he can be avenged of all his wrongs; his patriotism and his revenge urge him to Neodamia's death, but he is not proof against the pleadings of Faustina. The Empress, casting aside her haughtiness, her obduracy, and even her passion, shows herself in the nobler character of the mother. She prays as woman only can pray in such a cause at the feet of Galba, the slave; and her tears and entreaties prevailing, he allows his natural feelings as a parent to master him; and so Rome may suffer but his child will at least be happy. This spoils in a degree the character of Galba, the patriot, and the audience should be shown the emptiness of the chances of a rising or the hollowness of its leaders, to excuse his weakness. Mr. Austin Melford gave a very fine rendering of Galba, swayed alternately by the memory of his own and his countrymen's wrongs, by the tender recollections of his fondly loved wife and of the struggle going on within him between the love for his newly-recovered daughter and his desire for revenge. His elocution was grand and impassioned, and he looked the character to perfection. Miss Ivor shared with him the honour, for this actress is one of the very few of the present day that can sustain a tragic character, more particularly of the ancient type, and can yet remain the woman with all her strength and weakness. Mr. Acton Bond's Flavian was played, I understand, in accordance with the author's instructions. As such, the instructions were faithfully carried out, but the result was a contradiction; the actions were those of a man of noble heart, the manner and delivery were those of an idle voluptuary. Miss Sybil Baird was colourless as Neodamia. Much, we may add, of Mr. Leonard Outram's verse was to be admired. The following lines may be taken as a fair sample. They are supposed to be delivered by Flavian as he perceives Neodamia approaching:—

“ I will seek her straight ;
 Nay, she comes yonder, like a flower that floats
 On Tiber's bosom, yet more fair and pure,
 In circumstances unlovely and obscure.
 Her matchless beauty and her virgin troth
 Have seized upon my heart. My manhood springs
 Like Phoenix from the ashes of my past,
 Touched by her soul's pure fire, and bids me live
 For higher, nobler things. Till now my mind
 Grovelled beneath the senses' appetite ;
 But since my Neodamia entered there,

Love seemed a new-born god with shining lamp
 To show how vile is vice. Vesta herself
 Comes from Olympus down to build her shrine
 Within my portals."

On the same evening, Mr. Lion Margrave, who is said to have had some experience in Australia and in the provinces, essayed the rôle of Othello, a most presumptuous undertaking on his part, for he possessed no qualification, except a voice of some power and quality, that could justify him in presenting himself before a London audience in such a character. Miss Frances Ivor, though a gentle Desdemona, was not seen to advantage. The Iago of Mr. George Hughes was not without merit. The Cassio of Mr. H. A. Saintsbury had distinctly good points, and Mr. W. R. Staveley was more than acceptable as Brabantio and Montano, which parts he doubled.

"NED'S CHUM."

Original comedy drama, in three acts, by DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.
 First produced at the Globe Theatre, Thursday evening, August 27th, 1891.

Mr. Brocklehurst ..	Mr. A. WOOD.	Bob Clancy	Mr. E. DAGNALL.
Ned Fellowes	Mr. H. REEVES-SMITH.	Bill	Mr. J. HATFIELD.
Harold	Master LEO BYRNE.	A Trooper	Mr. FRANK DAMER.
Dr. Wentworth	Mr. GEORGE ALISON.	Lucy Draycott ..	Miss VIOLET RAYE.
Mr. John Furlong ..	Mr. D. C. MURRAY.	Araminta	Miss ROSE DEARING.
Stuart Willoughby ..	Mr. DAVID JAMES, Junr.	Mrs. Brocklehurst ..	Miss EMILY MILLER.

Mr. David Christie Murray had already established his reputation as a novelist. By the performance of "Ned's Chum," he has shown us that he is a dramatist who, with very little more practice in the craft, should make his mark, and that he is also a more than capable actor. The dialogue in Mr. Murray's play is far above the average, as we might have expected from his novels, but it will bear cutting, and the plot, though not very original, is cleverly worked out; the *coup de théâtre* in the last act, although producing a sensation, is rather strained, but will pass muster. "Ned's Chum" is a bright little fellow of some eight summers that Ned Fellowes has adopted and brought with him to New Zealand. Fellowes is overseer to Mr. Brocklehurst; his niece Lucy Draycott, a pretty young widow, feels more than a passing fancy for Ned. He would like to propose, for he loves her, but he is poor, and another thing, he left England under the false accusation of having knowingly passed forged notes. General Draycott, U.S.A., Lucy's late husband, has died before he was able to finish a confession, which pointed to someone whom he had wronged of £8,000. Lucy employs a private enquiry agent, Stuart Willoughby, to discover the person to whom restitution should be made. This Willoughby was formerly one of a gang of swindlers with whom the General and one John Furlong were connected. It was by them that the forged notes were "planted" on Fellowes. Furlong has settled in New Zealand, and poses as a strictly honourable man, and has even bestowed on himself the pseudonym of "Square Jack." He is courting the widow, who will have nothing to say to him. Willoughby discovers that Fellowes is the one to whom the £8,000 should be handed, but on the understanding that half of the sum shall be handed to him, brings evidence that Furlong is the man entitled to the money. Furlong is a large shareholder in the Great Expectations mine; he hears that it has turned out worthless, so he gets rid of his shares to Mr. Brocklehurst, who has invested a great part of Lucy's fortune in the speculation, and hands her the shares he has received from Furlong in payment of a loan he has

had from Lucy. The consequence is that when the bad news arrives, Lucy's obligations on the mine shares are supposed to ruin her and to reduce her to poverty. Ned Fellowes' great friend, Dr. Wentworth, has obtained information which will enable him to clear Ned's character, and the widow, now being poor, Fellowes offers himself and is accepted. Then comes the extraordinary news that the Great Expectations is one of the richest mines in existence; the false report has been disseminated by speculators to work the market. All Furlong's schemes have gone wrong. He is so enraged at having parted with his shares and at Fellowes' success with the widow, that he picks a quarrel with the successful wooer, and at last fires on him. The consequences might have been fatal, but that little Harold, who has been watching from a balcony above, cries to his chum Ned to catch him as he jumps. In doing this Ned turns, and the shot takes effect on Harold, fortunately only wounding him in the arm. Furlong and his confederate Willoughby are handed over to justice for being implicated for various criminal affairs, and the curtain falls on a pretty *tableau*, in which Lucy tells "Ned's Chum" that in future he must call her "mother." The acting of Master Leo Bryne as the hero was very pleasing; it was natural and entirely different to that of the usual stage-trained child. The little fellow has a distinct sense of humour, his love-making to the pretty widow being played in a pure comedy spirit, which was most amusing, and he had the tricks and manners of a boy. Mr. H. Reeves-Smith was earnest and virile, and helped the play considerably, and would have done even more with his part had he been better supported by Miss Violet Raye. Mr. George Alison played with ease and manliness, and Mr. A. Wood was genial. Mr. D. Christie Murray is a born actor; in parts that require strength and breadth of treatment he will be an acquisition to the stage. Mr. David James, junr., carried off the honours as a canny, sneaking Scotchman, a scoundrel with a plausible manner, but with the power of uttering the most biting sarcasms; he was excellent. Miss Rose Dearing was a delightfully merry and smart American "help," and played amusingly in her scenes with Mr. E. Dagnall. Miss Emily Miller was, as usual, good in her character. "Ned's Chum" was very favourably received, and deserves to be seen again in an evening bill, for which a few alterations will render it quite fit, and probably secure for it a continuance of the success it achieved on the one night of trial representation.

"A SAILOR'S KNOT."

Original drama, in four acts, by HENRY PETTITT.

First produced at Drury Lane Theatre, Saturday evening, September 5th, 1891.

Jack Westward	Mr. CHARLES WARNER.	Colonel Scarlett	Mr. FRANK MACVICARS
Harry Westward	Mr. CHARLES GLENNEY.	Major Vivian	Mr. RONALD POWER.
Joe Strawbones	Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS.	Sergeant O'Grady	Mr. ALFRED PHILLIPS.
Peter Pennycaid	Mr. JULIAN CROSS.	Tom Luard	Mr. W. STAUNTON.
André Delaunay	Mr. EDMUND GURNEY.	Josephine	Miss ETHEL BLAND.
Captain Vernon, R.N. ..	Mr. WILLIAM LUGG.	Marie Delaunay	Miss MILLWARD.
Ben Charker	Mr. FRED DOBELL.	Margery Briarwood	Miss FANNY BROUGH.
George Seafield	Mr. THOMAS TERRISS.		

Watermen, Ship Builders, Sailors, Soldiers, Pensioners, &c.

Mr. Henry Pettitt's new drama is perhaps not so much distinguished for love interest as usual, in that the heroine Marie transfers her affection from one foster-brother to another, and that the sprightly Margery has had a strong *penchant* for Harry Westward before she finally bestows herself upon penniless Joe Strawbones. But to make

up for this, we have the Jonathan and David-like affection of Jack and Harry which "passes the love of women," and the story is kept moving along so briskly that the customary love-making is scarcely missed. Mr. Pettitt's dialogue is much superior to any that he has previously given us. The action of the play is supposed to take place during the hundred days after Napoleon's escape from Elba. Jack Westward, a lieutenant in the navy, is given up for lost; nothing has been heard of him for five years. He was engaged to Marie Delaunay, a mere girl, before he went away, and entrusted his interests to his foster-brother Harry Westward (in the merchant service). The young people are naturally thrown much together, and when they believe that Jack is dead they think there is no harm in loving each other, and so they have just plighted their troth, when Jack returns. Count André Delaunay, a refugee, is anxious to marry his cousin Marie, in order that through her he may recover the French family estates which have been confiscated. He is therefore greatly troubled at Marie's accepting Harry, and with the assistance of Peter Pennycad, a thorough scoundrel who is interested in his becoming rich, Jack Westward is informed of the change that has taken place in his sweetheart's feelings towards him. He is a man of violent temper, and is much incensed at first, but when he overhears the lovers taking leave of each other on account of his return and that they are thinking only of his happiness, he will not be out-done in generosity, and so feigns that he has changed, and leaves them to their happiness. It is the morning of their wedding; Harry and his proposed wife are just about to enter the church when he and his companions are seized by the press-gang being led to believe that Jack Westward, now lieutenant of the "Dauntless" frigate, has done this out of revenge, whereas the impressment has been brought about from the information of Delaunay and Pennycad. The pressed men are next seen in a state of mutiny on board the "Dauntless." Harry is so enraged against Jack for his supposed treachery, that after taunting him with cowardice and villainy, he strikes him. For this, instead of death, Captain Vernon condemns him to be flogged. Harry is actually seized up to the grating, when Lieutenant Westward intercedes for him, proves that he had no hand in the impressment, and so works on the feelings of the mutineers by his spirited harangue that they cheerily consent to fight for King and country, and Harry is pardoned. The scene shifts to France, to the Chateau Delaunay. The Count has made Marie believe that both Jack and Harry are dead, and she therefore consents to marry him that he may possess her estates, and then intends to enter a convent. The civil ceremony has just taken place when Harry appears; he has escaped from prison, and is shortly followed by Jack. The latter is weak and ill. Pennycad gives him some drugged wine. Delaunay has taken a pistol with the intention of shooting Harry, who has just left the room after an affecting interview with Marie, when Jack tries to wrest the weapon from him. In the struggle the pistol goes off, and Delaunay is killed. Jack is bitterly hated by Pennycad, who gives information to the English commanding officer that Harry has murdered the Count. Jack is, from the effect of the drug, quite oblivious of his having been the innocent cause of the Count's death, so Harry is tried and condemned to be shot. The firing party is drawn up, and the order to fire is just about to be pronounced when Jack rushes in. Strawbones and Margery, who are also in France, have discovered that Pennycad is a spy in the pay of the French. They threaten to denounce him, and

so he, to enlist Harry's intercession, tells him that it was he who shot the Count. Jack's reason returns, he charges himself with being the cause of the unfortunate accident, which the English commander admits will entail on him no evil consequences. Harry is released, but Pennycad is likely to be hanged for his long career of treachery, and so all ends happily, with Jack joining the hands of his foster-brother and Marie, and Margery promising to reward Joe Strawbones' faithful love for her. Mr. Charles Warner scarcely did himself justice on the first night; his very earnestness made him too slow in the delivery of many of his scenes, but still he impressed his audience with the reality of his generosity and chivalry. Mr. Charles Glenney acted very finely, and brought down the house several times. Two such clever artists as Mr. Harry Nicholls and Miss Fanny Brough were sure to make their parts amusing ones. Mr. Julian Cross made his mark as the avaricious plotting and hateful Pennycad, and Mr. Edmund Gurney was a polished schemer as the Count. Mr. W. Lugg and Mr. Frank MacVicars were excellent. Sir Augustus Harris, as usual, gave us some beautiful scenery in pictures of "Wapping Old Stairs," "Stepney Old Church," the deck of the "Dauntless," and the views of the fleet, and the forest scene "On the Road to Paris." The quaintness of the women's dresses and the faithful reproduction of the uniforms, naval and military, of the period were interesting, and brilliantly lit up the various *tableaux*. As a whole, "A Sailor's Knot" is one of the best dramas that we have seen at Drury Lane, and manager and author may reckon on a long run for the play.

"ARRAH-NA-POGUE."

DION BOUCICAULT'S three-act Irish drama.

Revived at the Princess's Theatre, Saturday evening, August 29th, 1891.

	<i>Original cast, Princess's, March 22nd, 1865.</i>	<i>Princess's, August 29th, 1891.</i>
Colonel Bagenal O'Grady	Mr. JOHN BROUGHAM	Mr. HENRY NEVILLE.
Beamish McCoul	Mr. H. VANDENHOFF	Mr. ARTHUR DACRE.
Major Coffin	Mr. F. CHARLES	Mr. BASSETT ROE.
The Secretary	Mr. DAVID FISHER	Mr. JOHN CARTER.
Shaun-the-Post	Mr. DION BOUCICAULT	Mr. WILFRED E. SHINE.
The Sergeant	Mr. SEYTON	Mr. HENRY BEDFORD.
Mr. Michael Feeny	Mr. DOMINICK MURRAY	Mr. CHARLES ASHFORD.
Olmy Farrel	Mr. REYNOLDS	Mr. T. KINGSTON.
Winterbottom	Mr. CHAPMAN	Mr. T. VERNER.
Regan	Mr. DOWLING	Mr. C. STEWART.
Lanagan	Mr. BENTLEY	Mr. L. WARNER.
Sentry	—	Mr. P. ARNS.
Patsey		Mr. W. ANTCLIFFE.
Corporal		Mr. GEORGE AUBREY.
Airah Meellsh	Mrs. BOUCICAULT	Miss ELLA TERRISS.
(Arrah-na-Pogue)	(Agnes Robertson)	
Katty	Mrs. ANDREWS	Mrs. JOHN CARTER.
Fanny Power	Miss M. OLIVER	Miss AMY ROSELLE.

The management of the Princess's have proved themselves good caterers for the public in reproducing this the best and wittiest of Boucicault's Irish dramas. When first played at the Princess's in 1865 it was a great success, and ran six months. It was revived at the same theatre, September 30th, 1867. It was played at the Adelphi, August 12th, 1876, and again on July 25th, 1885, and each time brought profit to the managements. On these three occasions the casts were as follows, placed according to date:—Shaun-the-Post, Dion Boucicault, J. C. Williamson, and Charles Sullivan; Beamish McCoul, G. F. Neville, William Terriss, and Charles Glenney; Colonel O'Grady, G. Vining, S. Emery, and J. D. Beveridge; Major Coffin, J. G. Shore, ditto, and J. R. Crauford;

Michael Feeny, Dominick Murray, Shiel Barry, Robert Pateman; Secretary of State, McLean, McIntyre, Fulljames; Arrah Meelish, Mrs. Boucicault, Maggie Moore, Mary Rorke; Fanny Power, Fanny Hughes (Mrs. Gaston Murray), Miss Hudspeth, Cissy Grahame. The piece was originally tried at the T.R., Dublin, November 7th, 1864, and in the spring of 1866 a French version entitled "Jean La Poste; ou, Les Noces Irlandaises" was produced at the Théâtre de la Gaîté, Paris, and ran one hundred and forty nights. "Arrah-na-Pogue" has been played wherever the English language is spoken, and always with success. The explanation of this lies in the humanity of the play and the wonderfully accurate delineation of the contradictions of the Irish character—whether for good or evil, in sorrow or in joy, in prosperity or in affliction, in wealth or in poverty. The very origin of the title of the play "Arrah of the Kiss" is quaint and poetical, a distinction conferred on the heroine for conveying, under the semblance of a kiss, to the captive Beamish McCoul a tightly rolled piece of paper on which are written instructions for his escape. It is from the return of this Beamish McCoul, the gallant young Irishman whose tenants are so devoted to him, that all the trouble arises. It is during the rebellion of '98—the country is disturbed—another rising is expected—and Beamish lands from France to claim and carry away with him his betrothed, Fanny Power. The rents of his sequestered estates have just been collected by the government agent and informer, Michael Feeny. Beamish and his adherents stop Feeny and take from him the money, which the former Squire distributes among his tenants, reserving only a few notes, which he gives to Arrah Meelish for her marriage portion when she weds Shaun-the-Post. Beamish is sheltered in Arrah's hut; Feeny traces the notes to the girl, and she must either betray her foster brother, McCoul, by acknowledging whence she received the money, or bear the imputation of being a thief and at the same time false to her lover. True-hearted, faithful Shaun saves her by proclaiming himself the thief, and so the marriage rejoicings and jigs are at their height when Shaun is carried off to prison, where he is tried by martial law and is condemned to be executed. He is in his cell; his faithful Arrah has obtained access to Ballybetagh Castle and is on the Watch Tower; she cleverly manages to ascertain in which cell he is confined and to let him know of her presence, and so, daring everything to see her once more, Shaun wrenches the bars from his window. And then you see him, at the peril of his life, clinging to and climbing the ivy wall and then reach the top, there to be met by Feeny whom, after a desperate struggle, he forces over the battlements to fall into the sea. Shaun's troubles are over, however, for Feeny miraculously escapes (not that the life of an informer is of much account), and Beamish McCoul has given himself up to the Secretary of State as the robber of his own rents, and so clears the faithful Shaun, and Fanny Power and Colonel O'Grady have between them won the pardon of the McCoul from the politic and kind-hearted Secretary. The heroine should naturally be the first to pass in review, and I think I may say that all were charmed with the fresh, natural acting of Miss Ella Terriss; power, of course, could scarcely be expected in so young an actress, but this is sure to come by practice and will render her performance more perfect. Another surprise was the Shaun-the-Post of Mr. Wilfred E. Shine; no one expected such quiet strength, such subtle humour and tenderness in the young actor, and he gained his reward in the continuous applause and the decided success he achieved. Mr. Henry Neville

was also heartily welcomed on his first appearance after his successful American tour, and as Colonel O'Grady was the perfection of a chivalrous, light-hearted Irish gentleman, who brightened all the scenes in which he appeared. Mr. Charles Ashford quite understood how not to overdo the meanness or savagery of Michael Feeny; his performance was well balanced, and he made up for the character well. Mr. Arthur Dacre looked the gallant Irishman and played with spirit; and Miss Amy Roselle in the part of Fanny Power, which is not in her line, displayed capability for light comedy. Mr. and Mrs. John Carter and Mr. Basset Roe rendered valuable aid, and Mr. Henry Bedford was specially good as the honest, kind-hearted Sergeant. The scenery was excellent, and the dresses by Morris Angel & Son deserve favourable mention.

"A ROYAL DIVORCE."

Original romantic drama, in five acts, by W. G. WILLS.

First produced in London at the New Olympic Theatre, Thursday evening, September 10th, 1891.

Napoleon I.	Mr. MURRAY CARSON.	Marie Louise	Miss LESLIE BELL.
Tallyrand	Mr. T. W. PERCYVAL.	Stephanie de Beau-	Miss G. ESMOND.
Marquis de Beaumont	Mr. G. W. COCKBURN.	harnais	Miss LOUIE WILMOT.
General Augereau . .	Mr. EARDLEY TURNER.	Blanche de Hervas .	Miss L. SECCOMBE.
Dr. Corvisart	Mr. POWELL.	Angelique de	Miss L. SECCOMBE.
Grimaud	Mr. J. A. WELCH.	Varenes	Miss MADGE HERRICK.
Marshall Murat . . .	Mr. F. VICTOR.	Madame de Campan .	Miss H. WATSON.
Marshall Ney	Mr. EAST.	Jeanne La Terreur .	Miss LOUISA WYATT.
1st Veteran	Mr. T. C. DWYER.	Gouvernante of the	Miss ETHEL PATRICK.
2nd Veteran	Mr. HENRY LUDLOW.	King of Rome	Miss G. HAWTHORNE.
Brigadier Jaques . .	Mr. HENRY DE SOLLA.	The Little King of	
Servants	Messrs. CAVERSHAM &	Rome	
Officer of Palace	CAMPBELL	The Empress Jose-	
Guards	Mr. T. ALKER.	phine	

"A Royal Divorce" is rightly named a romantic drama, for though we have historical names in the programme, the characters bearing them are as unlike anything that history has told us of them as possible. Napoleon is as love-sick as a school-boy, Josephine is spianiel-like in her fidelity and affection, and Marie Louise is a spiteful woman of the people, rather than the descendant of a haughty Imperial family. We get touches every now and then of the author's polished writing, but as a whole his latest produced work will not bear comparison with some of his previous ones, and much of the dialogue becomes wearisome to the ear. The last act, which is devoted entirely to the death of Josephine, is not absolutely required, but if her dying moments must be witnessed, they should be curtailed by one half, and the latter part of act ii. could also be cut down with advantage; it might be made a fierce encounter between the two women, Josephine and Marie Louise, but neither of the present representatives do it justice. The incidents that occur may be quickly summarised. Napoleon is disappointed at having no son to inherit his greatness, and therefore asks Josephine to consent to a divorce, and she hoping to make him happier, consents, and so the marriage with the Austrian Marie Louise is brought about at Malmaison. By the direct wishes of the Emperor, his new consort visits the ex-Empress, and in an almost vulgar manner taunts and insults her with never having been a mother, and exalts herself on the birth of the little King of Rome. Then comes the news of the disaster at Moscow, and Marie Louise is likely to be torn to pieces by the Parisian mob in the Gardens of the Tuilleries, when Josephine, who is the idol of the people, rescues her. The evil genius of the play is the Marquis de Beaumont, who having loved Josephine and

still wishing to make her his own, has been instrumental in bringing about the divorce; and hating Napoleon for having robbed him of the woman for whom he still feels a passion, plots against him in every way. It is to warn Napoleon of one of these plots that Josephine, who has compassed the Emperor's escape from Elba, later travels to Jenappes. Here De Beaumont's treachery is discovered, and he is led out to be shot, but in the confusion arising from the advance of the English troops escapes. At this point are two very striking *tableaux* showing Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo, and again when he is defeated. The last act takes place at Malmaison again. Josephine has despatched General Augereau and a faithful few to effect the escape of Napoleon from St. Helena. They are on the point of success, when their plans are rendered futile again through De Beaumont, who has by some means become acquainted with them. Augereau returns to give an account of his failure, the shock is too much for Josephine, she has a vision of the passing away of Bonaparte (shown in a transparency), and after a prolonged death-scene expires. The little relief there is to the sombreness of the play, is furnished by the brightness of Miss Georgie Esmond, who supposed to be engaged to Augereau, specially distinguished herself, and by the good low-comedy of Mr. J. A. Walsh as a tipsy innkeeper. Miss Grace Hawthorne started well, but afterwards relapsed into a peculiar "jerky" delivery, of which I had hoped she had broken herself. Miss Lesley Bell did not in any way approach the character of an Empress. The poor "little King of Rome" is made a dreadfully precocious child, most anxious to understand the meaning of divorce. Mr. Murray Carson gave a thoroughly intelligent reading of Napoleon as the author has drawn him; he was a ruler of men and an impassioned lover; his tones were impressive and tender as occasion demanded. Mr. Carson was the image of the Emperor as his portraits show him to us, and the actor had neglected none of mannerisms in demeanour, pose, and habits. His portraiture was a decided success. Of the rest of the performers little can be said. The piece was very well put upon the stage, the uniforms and dresses being rich and effective, and Mr. Henry Herman, who produced the play, did so in a highly satisfactory manner.

"FALSE EVIDENCE."

Drama, in four acts, by WYNN MILLER.

First produced at the Pavilion Theatre, Monday evening, September 14th, 1891.

George Penfold	Mr. J. H. CLYNDES.	Sheppard & Harris ..	{ Messrs. GODFREY and
Str Richard Aylmer ..	} Mr. C. COOPER.	Watson (a warder) ..	HELLER.
<i>alias</i> Richard Gool-			Mr. F. A. HAMMOND.
win		O'Kelly	Mr. BRUNTON.
Abel Hayball	Mr. GEORGE YATES.	Wilson	Mr. SPARKS.
Ralph Gillow	Mr. HENRY HAMPTON.	Jessie Penfold	Miss MAUD ELMORE.
Tom Painter	Mr. F. WRIGHT, JUNR.	Susan	Miss HOWE CAREWE.
Uncle William	Mr. B. GIBBON.	Stella	Miss HARRIET CLIFTON.
		Dorothy	Little MARIE JONES.

• A new play by the author of "Dream Faces" would naturally inspire curiosity. "False Evidence" is quite of another pattern, and is a bold, striking melodrama with some ingenuity shown in the treatment of several of the characters. The play is noticed on account of the author, and the full cast given because it was such a good all-round one for the particular style of work; and it deserves mention, as showing that at the outlying theatres in general, and the Pavilion and Britannia in particular, a much higher class of entertainment is now in vogue than used to be the rule. For their scenic effects, the

suburban theatres have long been noted ; this is not considered alone sufficient now, but really good actors and actresses are engaged to fill the parts. Of Mr. Wynn Miller's drama, I will only say that there is a wicked baronet, who is no baronet at all, but a clever thief and forger, Richard Goodwin, who having acted as travelling valet for a time to the presumptive heir to the baronetcy, on the rather sudden death of the latter, knowing all his affairs, boldly impersonates him. Yet still more boldly when Abel Hayball is bringing the documents which will prove George Penfold to be the lawful baronet, Sir Richard Aylmer, determined to obtain them, strikes him down, and charges Penfold with having robbed and wounded Hayball. Equally boldly when Robert Gillow, an idle fellow, who witnessed the deed, threatens to tell the truth about it, the baronet says he will fix it on him, this of course being prior to his charging Penfold with the crime. Naturally, in melodrama, the villain is desperately in love with the innocent man's wife, Jessie, who is succoured in her distress by the comic fisherman, Tom Painter, and his saucy, good-hearted little wife, Susan. Stella, Aylmer's mistress, is the good angel of the piece, and assists Penfold when he escapes from Portland, and he passes under the very noses of the warders who are in search of him, in disguise of a "deaf softy," a character that we have seen before under somewhat similar circumstances. The recovery of a lost memory, through another sudden shock, is also made use of in the case of Hayball, who remembers everything on once more seeing the baronet, and accuses him of having nearly murdered him. Very good capital is made by the author out of old materials, and the play could scarcely have been better put upon the stage at any theatre. "George Penfold's Farm" and the "Exterior of Aylmer Hall" (representing an exquisitely laid out garden) are beautiful exteriors, and a remarkably clever mechanical change is effected where the baronet sets fire to "The Old Ruined Mill" and tries to bring about the death of Penfold and Gillow, the two men he most fears. The entire scene revolves and then shows "the open sea and view of Portland," with Painter and Jessie in a boat rescuing the two intended victims from drowning, they having thrown themselves into the sea as their only chance of escape from the flames. When all acted so well it is almost invidious to pick out any from the cast, but a little extra commendation should be awarded to Mr. F. Wright and to Miss Harriet Clifton. Miss Maud Elmore is very sympathetic, but at present her method does not appear to be original ; it suggests a copying of Miss Eastlake. Mr. Isaac Cohen's stage management was very good.

“THE LAST WORD.”

Comedy, in four acts (adapted from the German “Das Letzte Wort” of Franz Von Schoenthan), by Augustin Daly.

First produced in England at the Lyceum Theatre, Saturday evening, September 19th, 1891.

The Secretary	Mr. GEORGE CLARK.	Jordan	WILLIAM BAMPSON.
Harry Rutherell, his	JOHN DREW.	Paul	LULA SMITH.
son		Faith Rutherell, the	ISABEL IRVING.
Professor Rutherell,	CHARLES WHEATLEIGH	Secretary's daughter	
his brother	JAMES LEWIS.	Winnifred, the Pro-	
Mr. Alexander Airey ..	SIDNEY HERBERT.	fessor's daughter ..	MAY SYLVIE.
Boris Bouraneef	CHARLES LECLERQ.	Mdlle. Lida	ADA REHAN.
Moses Mossop	SIDNEY BOWKETT.	The Baroness Vera	
Baron Stuyve		Bouraneef	

Miss Ada Rehan must be invaluable to her manager, for she possesses the wonderful versatility of being able in a moment to become the most amiable and beseeching of women, after having just revealed herself a very terrogant, to change from the most coquetish to the most pathetic vein, to scathe a woman-hater one instant, and bring him to her feet the next. All these arts and powers she exhibits so brilliantly, that she carries a but indifferent play to a triumphant issue, even though the last act is the weakest of the whole. The Baroness Vera Bouraneef is a charming woman, that no circumstance dismays, who does not understand the meaning of the word failure. Her brother Boris is in some disgrace with the Russian Government, for which he is an attaché to the Washington Embassy. He and Faith Rutherell have become attached to each other, but her father, the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, has determined she shall marry a Baron Stuyve, and declares the proposed engagement at a grand reception. Faith, however, as publicly repudiates this, and announces that she is going to marry Boris. Her father, a stern disciplinarian, turns her out of the house for this, and she takes refuge with the fascinating widow, the Baroness Vera. This lady at once takes matters in hand. First she conquers Harry Rutherell, the Secretary's son, whom she changes from a misogynist into an ardent admirer of hers, enlists him on her side, and induces him to try and use his influence with the Secretary. His father treats him as he has done his daughter, with “the last word”—duty. Then the Baroness arranges her forces for the attack on the Secretary himself, but she uses different weapons. With the son she has used scorn, reproaches, coquetry, passion, anger; with the father she is all pathetic tenderness; she tells him the moving story of a dying child, and so works upon his feelings that his hard nature is softened, he relents, and she wins the battle, where son, daughter, and brother have failed. And then this all-conquering creature is herself subdued, and is meekly obliged to own that she is no longer her own mistress, but that she must yield to her love for Harry Rutherell, the man on whom she has poured out the vials of her wrath and in conquering whom she has herself been conquered. There is an underplot, in which figure a susceptible admirer, Alexander Airey, who is also a slave to the Baroness's charms, but who is dragooned by her into proposing to Winny, a lively young lady who appreciates him, and we have Professor Rutherell, a musical enthusiast, and Moses Mossop, a spiteful and meddlesome Jew. But the interest centres in the character of the Baroness, who passes off some scenes and situations that are extraordinarily weak in themselves. I have already spoken of Miss Rehan's versatility; it was really marvellous, and she completely carried away her audience so long as she was on the stage, and, I must add, Mr. John Drew, acted very finely indeed; but it must be confessed the brightness of Miss Cheatham and the quaint humour of Mr. John Drew in a character young

for him, would scarcely relieve the play from dulness. Miss Isabel Irving was true to nature as Faith Rutherell, and exhibited considerable strength; and Mr. William Sampson was a good type of the faithful old negro servant. Mr. Charles Leclercq was thrown away on such a superfluous and detestable character as Mossop. Mr. George Clarke was stern and unrelenting as the Secretary, but it seemed strange that one who should resist the entreaties of his own children, whom he said he so fondly loved, should be easily moved by the piteous tale, told to slow music, by a comparative stranger, even though a beautiful woman; the character was a contradiction. Still the acting of Miss Rehan conquered, and the applause was loud and continuous.

“SCHOOL.”

Original comedy, in four acts, by T. W. ROBERTSON.
 Revived at the Garrick Theatre, Saturday evening, September 19th, 1891.

		<i>Prince of Wales's, January 16th, 1869.</i>	<i>Garrick, September 19th, 1891.</i>
Lord Beaufoy	Mr. H. J. MONTAGUE	Mr. H. B. IRVING.
Dr. Sutcliffe	Mr. ADDISON	Mr. H. H. VINCENT.
Beau Farintosh	Mr. HARE	Mr. W. MACKINTOSH.
Jack Poyntz	Mr. BANCROFT	Mr. C. W. GARTHORNE.
Mr. Krux	Mr. F. GLOVER	Mr. GILBERT HARE.
Vaughan	Mr. HILL	Mr. HILTON.
Mrs. Sutcliffe	Mrs. BUCKINGHAM WHITE	Miss FANNY ROBERTSON.
Bella	Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON	Miss KATE RORKE.
Naomi Tighe	Miss MARIE WILTON	Miss ANNE HUGHES.
Tilly	Miss AUGUSTA WILTON	Miss CONSTANCE ROBERTSON.
Milly	Miss GEORGE	Miss BEATRICE FERRAR.
Mary	—	Miss KATHLEEN DENE.
Laura	Miss PHILLIPS	Miss GERTRUDE BAINES.
Lucy	—	Miss LENA DENE.
Clara	Miss UNA	Miss WINFRED FRASER.
Kitty	Miss HUTTON	Miss KATHLEEN HILL.
Hetty	Miss ATKINS	Miss KATE GRATTAN.
Sybil	—	Miss JESSIE FERRAR.
Fanny	—	Miss GRATTAN.
Ethel	—	Miss LYNDALÉ.

Of all the plays produced under the Bancroft management, “School” proved the most successful. Since its original production, the notable revivals were May 1st, 1880, and April 14th, 1883, both at the Haymarket Theatre. Taking the productions according to date, the following were the casts:—Lord Beaufoy, on both occasions, H. B. Conway; Dr. Sutcliffe, H. Kemble and F. Everill; Beau Farintosh, Arthur Cecil and Alfred Bishop; Jack Poyntz was all through played by S. B. Bancroft, and Naomi Tighe by Marie Wilton (Mrs. Bancroft); Mr. Krux, Forbes Robertson and C. Brookfield; Vaughan, Mr. Heneage and Mr. Vernon; Mrs. Sutcliffe, Mrs. Cannings and Robertha Erskine; Bella, Marion Terry and Miss Gerard (who four years later played Naomi Tighe in the American production). Among the school girls in 1880 we had Ida Hertz as Clara, and Miss Warden and Florence Warden as Laura and Hetty, and Kate Rorke as Sybil; the only specially noticeable name among them in 1883 was Zeffie Tilbury as Tilly. It should also be noticed that Naomi Tighe was accounted by Mrs. Bancroft one of her most successful characters, and that it was her favourite; and that Miss Ada Rehan has appeared with success in the part in America. In twenty-two years public opinion changes much, particularly in audiences, and Robertson’s plays, that were such favourites then and some few seasons after, appear to us now a little too homely. We may still admire the brilliancy of the writing, but audiences of the present day have seen “The Profligate,” and “Sweet Lavender,” and “A Pair of Spectacles,” and the refined melodramas of “The Dancing Girl” and “The Idler,” so that perhaps they will find “School” rather tame,



Lord Beaufoy
Mr H.S. Irving.



D. & M^r Sutcliffe.
M^r H. Vincent &
Miss Fanny Robertson.



Ben Farintosh
M^r Mackintosh.



Bella
Miss Kate Rorke

M^r Knox.
M^r Gilbert Hare.



M^r Irving &
Miss Kate Rorke



Naomi Tigte
Miss Annie Hughes

Jack Boyntz
M^r C.W. Garthorne

and—I almost dread to use the word—childish. This remains to be proved. Whether the company which Mr. Hare has engaged for the representation of the revival will be found to be strong enough to secure a long run is somewhat doubtful. Mr. H. B. Irving, the son of our leading actor, made his *debüt* as Lord Beaufoey; I am afraid it was not a promising one. He was naturally very nervous, and I think his reception was calculated to throw him off his balance; it was a reception accorded him for his father's sake, and was too enthusiastic. Mr. H. B. Irving is handsome and of good presence; he looks a lord, but I should say that he is not at present fitted for a *jeune premier*. He uses his voice monotonously and pitches it too high; his manner is stilted and ultra-priggish; and he is cold in his love making, and was particularly hard in the closing scene. Had he not been so well supported by Miss Kate Rorke, and not borne the honoured name he does, I think the applause would have been very considerably minimised. Miss Rorke was charming; a little too subdued, perhaps, but very tender and pure. Miss Annie Hughes disappointed me; she was so serious in her love for Jack Poyntz; surely there should be a little more fun in this school-girl love; it should make us believe that it will ripen into a stedfast affection, but at the outset should it not be almost, not quite, a girlish escapade? that is, in such a girl as Naomi Tighe. Jack Poyntz should be the St. James's man, with the drawl that so often conceals the large-hearted pretended cynic; Mr. C. W. Garthorne did not realise this at all. Mr. Mackintosh did not come out well in the earlier portions of Beau Farintosh's character; he represented the beau as a doddering imbecile, and without any of the distinction of the beau, but in the last act Mr. Mackintosh gave us a moving picture of the old man's agony that was very touching and impressive, though taken a little too slowly. Miss Fanny Robertson was quite at home as the specious Mrs. Sutcliffe, a character she has often played in the provinces, and played it remarkably well; and Mr. H. H. Vincent was a kindly Dr. Sutcliffe. I have left Mr Gilbert Hare until almost the last, for he deservedly won the success of the evening; his Mr. Krux was excellent, and played with much ease and unforced effect. It will be of interest in the future to note how many of those who appeared as the pretty school girls will by-and-by make their mark. Miss Beatrice Ferrar has already done so, and I think would make a successful understudy for Naomi Tighe. Miss Constance Robertson promises well as Tilly. Mr. Hare gave us two beautiful scenes in "The Glade" and "The Grounds of Cedar Grove House;" they were the perfection of woodland and garden.

CECIL HOWARD. 2



Our Amateurs' Play-Box.

"ENGAGED," AT LEATHERHEAD.

"Foine lettertyer this," muttered a voice in the row behind. "How do you know?" with the accent on the *you*, laughingly queried its neighbour. "Harrk to the sollum way they rade ut," was the reply! and I nodded my head assenting. "Read it" was good, and so true that when the reading artists were on, people shuffled and looked at their watches, just as though they were in church, listening to the Lessons. Now, Mr. Gilbert never intended to produce that effect, and therefore it must be inferred that these lay readers were wrong. As good luck would have it, though, they were in a hopeless minority, and so did harm by bits, and only now and then. Then, too, they had to work up against the comic playing, real artistic playing, of Mr. E. H. Clark and Mrs. Copleston, so that the mass of dulness credited to them, though quite considerable, was fairly buried beneath the heap of comicality. Still, their efforts were unrelaxing and suggested the little boy who was asked what he was going to be, and replied—"a judge, like my papa." "Oh," said his uncle, "but perhaps you won't have enough brains." "Then," replied young hopeful, "I'll be an actor like you, uncle Tom." It really is pitiable to see how in amateur circles that article of faith is, perhaps unintentionally, subscribed to. And the irony of adopting Gilbert as the medium through which to confess the creed! But there, peace be to their hashes, and turn we to the actors. Mr. Clark, the Cheviot Hill, has added to his long list of well played parts one he could hardly have expected to do much with. But acting, like cricket, is ever a game of surprises. And the Hartfeld, Cassius, Hubert of seasons dead and gone, develops from the melodrama and the chrysalis stage, and takes to himself many-coloured wings as a butterfly of the lightest comedy. The conception of Cheviot is capital, and moreover new: the execution is precisely what Mr. Clark has taught us to expect, a little formal, a tiny bit precise, but highly finished, and bristling with careful points. Mrs. Copleston, inimitable as the Macfarlanes and Pettigrews and Vavasours and Winterberrys of comedy, knows every wrinkle of the sentimental washerwoman, and acts with an artlessness that defies analysis. Mr. Claude Nugent dressed Belvawney very suitably and got some humour out of the part, but he hardly seemed at home in it. Symperson was inoffensive in the timid hands of Mr. Legge. Quite the best Angus among amateurs was the tearful Mr. Balloch, an actor with a future. Miss Ida North got gracefully over all the perils that beset complaisant Maggie, all, that is, except the lowland accent. And Miss Grey and Miss Gill looked pretty, and were properly in earnest over the sham romanticism of Minnie and Belinda.

"WHO'S WHO?" AND "MY FRIEND JARLET," AT ROSCREA.

Within reach of the Tipperary boys, and only a half-day's journey from the Silvermine mountains and the deathless Killaloe, lies the little market town of Roserea. "Music hath charms" we know "Better than sentiment, laughter opens the breast to love," says the chronicler of the Ferdinand and Miranda of Raynham Park. No further than this, then, need we go for reasons why Mrs. Darby, Colonel Biddulph, and Captain Baines decreed a holiday in the Irish town. To soothe the Tipperary breast, to bid the shillelagh swirl no more, to quench the smouldering fires of hatred and mistrust, they entered heart and soul into the business of propitiation, and with Major Luttmann-Johnston arranged and re-arranged, and toiled and moiled, and danced and sang, and played, to the native of the wilds. For him there is nothing like the farce of long ago. He is by a few generations behind us, sitting with telephone at ear, and incandescent light at elbow, and Maeterlinck and Ibsen on the desk. He might, if he could, write 1840 on his letters, and the discrepancy would be merely one of figures. In spirit and in feeling, he is not half way through the century.

Therefore is old farce the very thing to suit. And played by these actors in rough and ready style, "Who's Who" was applauded to the echo, as it deserved to be. They could understand, too, the simple sacrifice in "My Friend Jarlet." That drama has often enough been played among these Irish hills, be sure. So that the trials and griefs of Lady Irene Hastings as Cicely, and Captain Ricketts as Jarlet, very prettily rendered by both, were met with an overwhelming sympathy, and in that flood of impulsive feeling lay perhaps the germ of a friendship between native audiences and alien actors.

THE NORWICH WEEK.

Sir Kenneth Kemp is busily treading on the heels of the Old Stagers. The cricket week in the east is no longer complete without theatricals, as with the older and more famous week in the south. And as at Canterbury, so at Norwich, quite as many reputations are yearly made with sock and buskin as with bat and ball. In a few years, indeed, if the Norfolk festival is handled with the present dexterity, there will be not a pin to choose between the two, and a *Daily Telegraph* "special" may be looked for to provide a few columns of chat and personal descriptions of titled visitors to the city by the Yare. This August, "The Bookmaker" was the play, and owing in the first place to the author's inclusion in the cast, and also his superintendence of rehearsals, it easily beat the record, no mean one as it was. With the recent revivals at the Globe in mind, it was interesting to compare the copy with the original, and although the amateurs were as usual wanting in invention and detail, there was more than one performance which held its own, and more, against its fellow of three months since. Mr. Leo Trevor is a versatile player of very varied experience, and his sketch of Trent had shrewd humour and kindness visible in every stroke. Jack Carew, the soldier hero, sudden and quick in quarrel, seeking the bubble happiness even at his Jessie's mouth, was fierily acted by Mr. Maxwell, whose passionate denunciation of Budleigh was in the true artistic 'Ercles vein. Mr. H. D. Trevor did all he could with Lord Maidment, a gentleman it would take an Allan Aynesworth to give distinction to. Mr. Forbes Eden was natural and familiar, "but by no means vulgar," as his belted father. Mr. Eversley made a vivid character study of Mortmain, the limb of the law, and Mr. J. W. Pigott, the author of this witty comedy, hit the mean between comedy and melodrama very cleverly, and lent the malicious Marquis an air of actuality that greatly helped the piece. Lady Jessie, "who ought to have been a jockey," was all dash and sparkle, like a young Lady Gay, in Miss Kathleen Henry's hands: a very charming impersonation. What strong colour could without daubing be got into the adventuress Polly was effectively applied by Mrs. Forbes Eden, and poor little Sybil was rather less washed out than usual through the piquant sincerity of Miss Cooper Coles. Model arrangements added no little to one's enjoyment, and it is to be hoped that Sir Kenneth Kemp means to go on with his work.

THEATRICALS, AT EARLSFERRY.

From Elie, looking across the Firth of Forth towards the Bass Rock, you may see in the dim distance the site of Mr. Stevenson's beleaguered "Pavilion on the Links," and this alone perhaps would explain how anything dramatic came to be germinated in the old-world burgh on the headland. But there were other forces in operation, too. The Countess of Lindsay was the guiding spirit; and the new Town Hall at Colinsburgh wanted funds! Now even in a land clamouring for Home Rule and "vera gude" in every particular, the laird and the leddie had their ain, and bawbees maun be gathirt wully-nully. Hence came three braw nights at Earlsferry, three nights of bonnie merry-making, three nights of close confabulation with amateur stage-players, unrecognised though they be by the Kirk! And by those nights the foundations of the new Town Hall are the firmer, but I fear not so the structure of Art. "You are fond of dancing, aren't you," said the young lady. "Rather, awfully don't you know," said her partner. "Then why don't you learn" she said! "and wondering looked at him." Points a moral, doesn't it! and points it in the direction of that remote headland and the quaint little town on the coast of Fife. Some of the actors were good, but some were otherwise. To one or two I should be inclined, if I heard of them playing again, to do as the elder sister did to the baby, send

word that, whatever it was about, it mustn't! The plays were "Under the Rose" and "The Little Sentinel." The first was very fairly played all round. Mrs. Briggs, of Strathairly, had a clear conception of Mrs. Magnet and acted with vivacity; Miss Dallas was lively and amusing as Susan; and Sheepshank was gingerly, but not ineffectively, drawn by Mr. Scott Davidson. In the second, there was one actor at least to redeem all the failings. Mr. Mercer Adam showed positive talent as Courtington. His physique was against him, but spirit and manner were exactly what was needed and the piece went with go through the influence of his part; Mr. Wills Lauder and Mr. Davidson were not unamusing as Coaxer and Sam; Miss Maekenzie was earnest, pathetically earnest, as Mrs. Lettie; and Miss Dallas as May the Sentinel was sweet and pretty, and, well—that's about all. Without Mr. Adam, in fact, it would have been mostly a display of good intentions—and we know what goal they lead to.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" AT CHILDWICKBURY.

If it only could be seen oftener! Did not Mr. Besant in one of his wanderings come upon all the fairies in the sylvan shades of the Forest of Epping, and overhear their sad converse, and learn that the world of Merrie England had grown so material that it no longer could be their home, and they must depart to simpler lands, fresh woods, and pastures new? If only they had stayed! Why, at Childwick, the fine old park near St. Albans, there were hundreds ready and eager to believe in them. Hundreds who sat entranced before the huge old beech that had braved a thousand years (or so) the battle of the breeze, and wondered open-mouthed and open-eyed—though it was past bedtime for the littler ones—at the quaint-winged elves and the bewitched Weaver and the Monarchs of Fairyland flitting beneath its massive limbs, in the eerie light of the mysterious multi-coloured lamps. Here was ground neither stony nor thick with thorns, for the seed of Mahatmism or other strange lore. With black darkness to quicken their fancy, and only that fantastic ring of light visible, filled with odd shapes in curious attire, a prophet from the fairies would have converted scores at one sitting. And perhaps in time, with him to show us the way, we might have got back to those simple old days, when people were not all so uncomfortably clever, and happiness was easier to get, and everything from love to immortality hadn't to be bought with gold, and things that were not marketable were not thought dross. Ah, if only Mr. Besant had spoken up like a man and told them he could guarantee a following—and who could doubt his word, who waved his wand and transported us to the realm of Golden Butterflies—what a different place the world might be! But he didn't; perhaps he felt that if they stayed there would be no more work for his magic pen! and so it devolves upon Mr. Blundell Maple and such as he, owners of great parks, with pretty glades and glorious giants of oak and beech, to play Shakespeare on a summer's night, and give us glimpses into that fairy world which, alas! may never now be ours, for more than a short evening at a time. Still, it is wonderful what a short evening can do. That for instance at Childwick presented us with a gallery of pictures that even the coming Socialism cannot rob us of. In them the actors frequently were loose, cumbrous, gauche, unpleasing mortals, but as frequently there was some touch of grace, some note of music, some rustling of silken skirts rippling in a fairy gambol, that obscured the ugliness and added one more rare memory to one's collection. The prettiest thing in the whole play was the Puck of Miss Merryweather. Whether taught or intuitively studied it was as charming as it was clever, and as fanciful as it was charming. Mischievous fairies must have had manners and graces of their own, and about Puck there was an "electric eel"-iness that put her acting on a high level of perception. Mrs. Blundell Maple sang very sweetly as one of the head fairies; Miss Magor as Oberon and Miss Toulmin as Titania spoke their matchless poetry with reverence and acted with a dainty sense of rhythmic movement and unconscious grace; and for the tiny sprites, Mustard-seed, Peas-blossom, Moth, and Cobweb, anything more fairy-like could hardly be conceived than the pretty unconsciousness and the ingenuous ways of the Misses Norah Merryweather, Boys, and Winnie and Dorothy Magor. The fairies in fact were very successful all round. It was only when we came to the mortals that criticism stirred in our breast like indigestion. Perhaps mortals and fairies cannot be swallowed together. It may be a question on

all fours with that of oysters and brandy: excellent regarded singly, but like an ill-assorted couple, prolific breeders of sorrow when united. "Howe'er it be," as the peagee poet observes, the fact holds good that the Greeks of Childwickbury suggested a very modern Athens, and it required all the earnestness and dignity and passion of Miss Maple, whose *Hermia* was a very creditable effort, and all the personal gifts of Mrs. Bates, a statuesque *Helena*, to keep attention sympathetically fixed upon the loves of *Lysander* and *Demetrius*, and the clownings of the Weaver and his friends. Energy by the bushel—as here exhibited it was a kind of stone-fruit—was flung into their doings, but it was energy misplaced, and Mr. Magor, Mr. Boys, Mr. Fowler, and the rest would with one spark of aptitude have done more than all this hearty labour could contrive. There were good points in Mr. Bates's very careful acting, but he alone among the male mortals was to be commended, and without the fairies all the beauties of Mr. Maple's grounds and the bowery stage would have been but as the nodding plumes, and the rich pall, and the stately steeds of a funeral.

AT THE BIRKBECK.

"The quarterly entertainment by the elocution class." And does it take a whole three months to get up a performance like this! and is it really an "entertainment" when ready! Well, the may-fly—it is the may-fly, isn't it—takes a whole year to prepare for his appearance above water, and directly he puts his head above stream gets snapped up by a swift, so these Birkbeck amateurs work on a principle of nature, it would seem. It would be a relief to some of us, however, if they could manage to offer themselves up for sacrifice *alone*. There is a cold-blooded malignity in dragging the ghost of poor Tom Robertson and the substantial form of Mr. Sydney Grundy to be massacred along with them. What harm have these hard-working gentlemen ever done to Mr. Ohlson's self-immolating pupils that they should be included in the slaughter? We could approve the principle if the dramatist-victims were chosen from the *matinéers'* ranks. There would be fine poetic justice in the retribution. But the authors of "In Honour Bound" and "Breach of Promise," though the latter is not among its writer's liveliest works, have deserved well of their countrymen. To tear such men piecemeal, chop them into hideous unrecognisable chunks, claw the heart out of them, and stamp it into bloodless pulp, is a wanton, detestable, sinful deed. Of all the hundreds gathered to witness the self-imposed martyrdom of the elocutionary saints, hardly one could have gone away without feeling the dramatists maltreated to be sheer and abject idiots. As a proof of what *can* be done in this way by amateurs, it is enough to mention that the thrilling situation of the letter in Mr. Grundy's faultless little drama aroused general laughter! The depths of ineptitude reached may be gauged from this. If the evil that men do did not live after them, it would not matter when or where would-be actors demonstrated their ignorance and vanity; but unluckily it does, and the first effect of such evil as this lies in the impression received by a mass of decently intelligent men and women that the stage and everything connected with it is utter balderdash. For this reason the voluntary humiliation of the Birkbeck amateurs should be made only in the presence of experts, whose views of dramatic literature are not likely to suffer in consequence of the antics of irresponsible and uninstructed performers.



Musical Notes.

"YVETTE."

Musical gesture play, in four acts, by MM. Michel Carré and Henri Rémond, music by Andre Gédalge. Produced at the Avenue Theatre, on Saturday evening, September 12th, 1891.

Mathias	M. CHAUTARD.	Pierrot	Mdlle. MILLY DATHENES.
Gontran	M. FORDYCE.	Yvette	Mdlle. AVOCAT.
Baron Karp	M. DUBOIS.	Eva	Mdlle. LABOREE.

Yvette is the daughter of the woodcutter Mathias. She loves Pierrot and Pierrot loves her with all the devotion of hopeful, impecunious youth. To win her Pierrot determines to tramp the roads with a staff and wallet. He wanders to Paris, faints in the streets, is rescued from starvation and petted by certain "ladies" who introduce him to mixed society. In the ball-room he sees a vision of home, repents, and flies back to the village just in time to throw himself at the feet of Yvette as she is about to take the veil. In the words of the programme, "Mathias, happy now once more, looks joyfully at the young couple, united at last and for ever." M. Carré's new play is not likely to rival "L'Enfant Prodigue," and that for three sufficient reasons. In the first place the story is not so well laid out for acting in dumb show; in the second place it is by no means so well acted; and in the third place the mistake has been committed of furnishing the audience not merely with a slight outline of the plot, but with a complete libretto setting forth the meaning of every gesture and the words of every dialogue. This is a serious error of judgment. Much of the attraction of a gesture play lies in the "plot-interest" with which the audience endeavours to interpret each movement on the stage. If you furnish a *catalogue raisonné* you destroy this charm at once. You reduce the whole thing to a rehearsal. You are simply inviting the public to come and see how well these actors have learnt their lesson. Now, that is a point which the audience is quite willing to take for granted. But it is not willing to throw away all interest in the story and the characters for the sake of knowing beforehand everything that is going to happen. Moreover, a printed libretto is a double-edged weapon; it may protect the author and interpreters from misconstruction, but it may expose them to derision. For instance, "The beggar has finished filling his pipe. Wishing to get a light from his lantern he finds it is out. The gentleman looks at him from head to foot, and from a distance holds out his cigar. The beggar lights his pipe, lets the cigar fall in the snow, picks it up quickly, wipes it on his trousers, and holds it out to the gentleman. Gentleman takes it, puts it in his mouth, but finds it out. He looks at the beggar angrily and throws away the cigar." Thus far the syllabus or synopsis. Now, if you were not told with such provoking accuracy that the cigar goes out when dropped in the snow perhaps you would not be compelled to notice the fact that stage snow does not extinguish cigars; and you would not attribute the gentleman's anger to the fact that his cigar obstinately refuses to go out at the proper moment according to programme. The first act of "Yvette" passes during the dinner hour. Mathias puts aside his fagots, Yvette brings her basket of provisions and shows her purchases, and Pierrot strolls in at the tail of his flock of (real) sheep playing the conventional rustic pipe. There is a love scene interrupted by the father, who eventually gives Pierrot leave to regard himself as an accepted suitor when he has done a little honest work. The music throughout follows closely the changing moods of the action. It begins before the rise of the curtain with a brief pastoral overture of a conventional kind, the melody being given out by bassoon and clarionet. This simple phrase recurs again two or three times during the progress of the story being used as a sort of "happy home *motif*." More important, however, is the music associated with the lovers. Its principal theme would appear to have been suggested by the opening bars of one of Schubert's impromptus (No. 2 of op. 142). It is none the worse for that, and it is capable of effective treat-

ment later on when it is repeated in the minor as the absent love is suggested to Pierrot in Paris. Acts ii. and iii. ought to be shortened and amalgamated into one. Their principal use is to show Pierrot reduced to the verge of starvation in the streets of Paris, and to introduce a comic interlude or two provided by the policeman and the gay and festive frequenters of the Moulin Rouge and their guests. Of course there is an impossible Baron and a couple of liveried footmen, but none of the three will bear comparison with the corresponding characters in "L'Enfant Prodigue." Having rescued Pierrot from the snow and the police, the gay but tender Eva introduces him to her salons. In a ball-room scene Pierrot gets intoxicated with the second glass of champagne and then sees a vision. Through a transparent scene the old home appears—Mathias bowed down with grief, Yvette gazing into the distance, while the entry of two nuns suggests the resolve which is shaping itself in her mind. M. Gédalge has some opportunities for musical illustration in these two acts. The policeman give him an excuse for a burlesque march as a relief, and the ball-room introduces some dance music which, however, is disappointingly commonplace. On the appearance of the vision the orchestra strikes up "Home, Sweet Home," but this scene somehow fails of its proper effect. The soliloquy of Pierrot which precedes it is too long, and the orchestra would probably be more effectively employed in suggesting the thought of home in broken phrases rather than in delivering the plain unvarnished melody *forte* when the vision has actually appeared. The last act takes place in the interior of the church in which Yvette is about to take the final vows. The nun's chant is accompanied by the organ, the orchestra being used to interpret the despair of Mathias, his conflict of emotions on the entrance of the wanderer and the final triumph of true love. Pierrot returns a beggar in all but good resolves, and as the curtain falls we cannot help wondering what on earth the young couple are going to live on. If we had not seen "L'Enfant Prodigue," we should perhaps have thought the acting of "Yvette" quite remarkable for point and suggestiveness. It does not, however, attain the high level of the former production. Probably the actors are unfairly handicapped by the fact that every gesture is anticipated in the programme and is thus deprived of any appearance of spontaneity. On the whole "Yvette" is rather a useful study for those who aspire to create gesture plays. It will teach them something of the limits of this very difficult branch of art—limits which even M. Michel Carré has not yet completely apprehended.

The fancy for the musical gesture-play will probably not last very long, but it is a sign and token of something deeper and more enduring, namely, a demand for more and better music in the theatre. For music in itself, whether chamber or orchestral, the taste grows slowly, but for every one who appreciates instrumental music there are ten who appreciate it in the place which Glück and Wagner assigned to it as the adjunct of human action and passion on the stage. The success of the gesture-play is due in no small degree to the fact that it has satisfied the demand for music as a part of the drama, and the lesson of that success will be lost if it does not impress upon our managers the importance of supplying that demand. There are not wanting signs that some managers are already alive to the growth of public taste in this direction. For some time past Mr. Irving has accustomed us to regard a Shakespearian revival as incomplete unless accompanied by music composed expressly for the occasion; and lately two musicians have been at work on incidental music to Hamlet, one for Mr. Tree's presentation of the play at Manchester, and the other for Mr. Fry's intended recital. This is a beginning, and now that the gesture-plays have shown us how even a commonplace story can become interesting when the actor's efforts are seconded by an adequate musical setting, we have surely taken a further step towards the day when the production of every new play will also be the occasion for the first performance of some orchestral music by one of our own composers.

The future hope for the English composer lies in two directions, the stage first of all, and secondly the church. The past month has done something in both directions, for "Yvette," though not itself a success, had in it the promise of better things in future; and at Hereford—where, by-the-way, an extract from a music drama was performed in the choir—there was produced a work which

possibly may come to be spoken of as the greatest achievement of an English musician during this present century. At present, after one hearing only, it would be presumptuous so to speak of Dr. Hubert Parry's "De Profundis"; but the impression which it made is such as justify the belief that at last a veritable masterpiece has been produced by a native composer. Unfortunately it is a work which from its construction can rarely be given in perfection, demanding as it does three four-part choirs and a good deal of patient rehearsal on the part of the choristers. But it is to be hoped that these conditions will not prevent its performance in London once at least during the coming winter.



Reviews.

"*Saints and Sinners: A Drama of English Middle-Class Life*," by Henry Arthur Jones. (Macmillan & Co).

The first fruits of the American Copyright Bill, and though coarse-grained, a promising crop for virgil soil! Mr. Jones, in his strenuous preface, claims that now that dramas can be published, the pretensions of any individual playwright can accurately be gauged, and also the general health and condition of the national drama. Well and good. But when he goes on to assert that henceforth a playwright who does not publish will be making open confession that his work "was a thing of the theatre merely, needing its garish artificial light and surroundings, and not daring to face the calm air and cold daylight of print," it is time to protest. We may admire the pertinacity with which Mr. Jones proclaims his mission, and the fanatical fervour of his prostration at the literary shrine, but let fifty Mr. Joneses flood magazines and lecture halls with their eloquence; they cannot uproot the solid fact that plays are for the theatre not the study. Certainly let us welcome literature in our plays, as much as and even more than Mr. Jones can give us. But first let us weed out the dangerous half truth in his dictum that "Shakespeare and Sheridan are popular playwrights to-day, simply on account of the enduring literary qualities of their work"! Write "human" for "literary," then the secret of their spell is told. If "enduring literary qualities" constituted drama and established a playwright's claim to sit with the Immortals, then would Congreve, Ford, Marlowe, Goldsmith, and a dozen more, hold the English stage to the rigid exclusion of all latter-day men. But if a play is to be regarded as a work essentially for stage production, it is sheer folly to attach greater importance to the literary spice than to the constituent elements of the dish, which are human nature and stage-craft. Mr. Jones's distorted views would indeed land us in the predicament of accepting as a play a literary work in dialogue form; such for instance as Charles Reade's "Peg Woffington," and to such an end Mr. Jones himself would surely be sorry to attain. Apart from this tendency to push his arguments to extremes, there is much that is healthy and wise in this introduction; and only profound respect can be entertained for an author who boldly and stoutly discloses his contempt for mere theatrical success, and whose great desire is to labour in the cause of freedom, the freedom of English dramatists from their grievous condition as "the lackeys and underlings of French *farceurs*, supine, effete, disabled, and impotently dallying with the great issues of human life as with a child's box of wooden toy-men."

From one point of view it is a little unfortunate that so sturdy a confession of faith should precede such a specimen of that faith's manifestation as the drama, "Saints and Sinners." However, there is excuse for the author of this interesting but unequal play, for as he frankly owns, he was then only learning stage-craft and the conditions of theatrical representation. This indeed is very obvious as one reads the piece. At times the atmosphere is beautiful; bracing and clear with truth, and luminous with fine perception and delicate

insight. At others, it is thick and stifling with violent exaggeration, and nauseous with melodrama. There can be little doubt, however, that it will enthrall the general reader as it enthralled the general playgoer. Passion and pathos are most skilfully embodied, there is a rich strain of genial humour, and the story of seduction is unfolded with a strong, manly, but tender hand. To the full it is as engrossing as a novel, and though it cannot be denied that the reading of a play involves a definite intellectual exertion, there are several scenes in this drama that will amply repay all the effort necessary to realise them. Its "literature" for which Mr. Jones bids us be on the alert has not perhaps that prominence he designed for it, but we must remember that this admittedly is the weakest as it is the first of his literary dramas, and his position in this respect will be made more secure when succeeding volumes are issued, and more mature works, notably "Wealth" and "Judah," are put into the reading public's hands.



Our Omnibus-Box.

Mr. HENRY IRVING, on Wednesday, September 16th, unveiled the Marlowe Memorial at Canterbury in the presence of many notabilities of the world of art. A reparation has at last been made to the memory of Christopher Marlowe; the neglect of a great poet, has, through the co-operation of an enthusiastic band of his admirers, been remedied, and now in his native town, to commemorate his work—under the shadow almost of the King's School where he was educated—there stands a renaissance pedestal of Portland stone and figure sculptured by Mr. Onslow Ford, A.R.A., and situate in the centre of the site of the old butter market. On "Kit" Marlowe's works, an excellent paper written by Mr. Harry Plowman appeared in THE THEATRE Magazine of July, 1890, and of the services that he rendered to the drama and of how much posterity is indebted to him, we may judge from Mr. Irving's admirable speech, and from that delivered by Mr. Frederick Rogers, the honorary secretary to the Memorial Committee.

Mr. HENRY IRVING, who was cordially received, said:—We are here to-day to pay tribute to a great memory and repair a great omission. England has always set much store by the men who helped to save the State in the supreme crisis of her history. The statesmen and warriors of the Elizabethan times have never lacked a grateful recognition from their descendants. The literature which was the flower and crown of that period of our national growth has remained our chief glory to these days, and the works of its greatest representative are the most enduring possessions of all who speak the English tongue. Of Shakespeare there are memorials which attest at almost every turn in our daily lives our reverence for his surpassing genius. But till to-day we have presented to the world no conspicuous symbol of our enormous debt to a man who was contemporary with Shakespeare, and in one sense his tutor, and who was the first to employ with a master hand the greatest instrument of our language. It was natural enough that the fame of Christopher Marlowe should be over-shadowed by that of William Shakespeare, but it is surely some discredit to Englishmen that the fine sense of Marlowe's gifts and services to letters, which scholars have always had, have hitherto found no substantial shape in some trophy for the acclamation of the world. To-day this long oversight has been repaired. Here, in the birthplace of Marlowe, rich as it is in the commanding associations of our history, you have erected a monument which to future generations will speak with a voice no less potent than the historic echoes of this city. What manner of man Marlowe was in outward seeming I suppose nobody knows, but even if it were familiar to us the counterfeit presentment could not have the force and significance of the beautiful figure which we owe to the art of the sculptor. But it is not with Marlowe the man that we need busy ourselves, even if there were more material than there is for a judgment of his brief and sad career, but it is the ideal of the poet whose "raptures were all air and fire" that must constantly be present to our minds as we gaze on this image of his worship. It recalls some of his own lines which are eloquent of this devotion:



A CHARACTERISTIC SKETCH : MR. IRVING WALKING DOWN
BURLEIGH STREET TO THE LYCEUM STAGE DOOR.

From a water-colour drawing, by Tom Hack.

Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
 The wondrous architecture of the world,
 And measure every wandering planet's course,
 Still climbing after knowledge infinite
 And always moving as the restless spheres,
 Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest
 Until we reach the ripest fruit of all.

The man who struck such chords as these is not unworthy of a monument in his native place. It was Marlowe who first wedded the harmonies of the great organ of blank verse which peals through the centuries in the music of Shakespeare. It was Marlowe who first captured the majestic rhythms of our tongue, and whose "mighty line" is the most resounding note in England's literature. Whatever may be thought of his qualities as a dramatist, and whatever place he may hold amongst the great writers who framed the models of English tragedy, he stands foremost and apart as the poet who gave us, with a rare measure of richness, the literary form which is the highest achievement of poetic expression. I do not pretend to do justice to Marlowe in this very imperfect utterance of some thoughts which are in your minds. It has been a great privilege to me to come here to-day to perform an office which might have been placed in far worthier hands. But I am glad to have an opportunity of speaking as an Englishman of the claims of Marlowe's fame to be prized and cherished by his countrymen. His reputation should be an abiding element of our national pride. And, finally, as an actor, I am proud to remember that Marlowe's work, like Shakespeare's, was written primarily for the stage; that, if not an actor himself, Marlowe was intimately associated with the actor's calling, and that the Elizabethan dramatists, with Shakespeare the actor at their head, in employing the stage as the first medium of their appeal to posterity, linked it for ever with an imperishable glory.

Mr. FREDERICK ROGERS said that of the man Christopher Marlowe we knew little enough, and what was most remembered of him was that which his enemies had said; but we did not judge a man and should not condemn a man by the verdict of his enemies. Born at a time when England was awaking to a new consciousness of national life, when the hearts of Englishmen were filled with strange new hopes and aspirations, Kit Marlowe felt what his passionate poetic soul was longing for, in the aspirations of that far-off by-gone time; and to him was given to do a work which had made the literature of England great as that of the older nations of the earth. Before Marlowe's time the stage was not many degrees higher than a puppet-show, but when his work was done it was a place fitted for Shakespeare to adorn with his genius. Marlowe's work opened up new and glorious possibilities for English dramatic art. Mr. Rogers went on to speak of our neglect of our splendid literature, saying that when we found in the great universities a lack of enthusiasm for literary life, how could we wonder at there being a lack of such enthusiasm in the common people? Let this meeting in the metropolis of Britain proclaim that we are awake once more to the glories of that noble literature, the greatest of the many glories of England.

After the luncheon which followed the completion of the ceremony, and at which were present Messrs. E. Gosse, Onslow Ford, A.R.A., Alfred Austin, Lewis Morris, Justin Huntly McCarthy, A. W. Pinero, Edward Terry, Bram Stoker (and Mrs. Stoker), Miss Elizabeth Lee, and Mrs. E. S. Willard, Mr. Irving replying to the vote of thanks accorded to himself, Mr. E. S. Willard, Miss Ellen Terry, etc., for the great assistance they had rendered to the memorial committee, remarked:

"Let me add that there is only one point on which I feel any regret. I think that in this great historic city, whose credit is interwoven with England's renown, the memorial of a famous citizen should have found a place in the precincts of your cathedral. There is a spot familiar to you all where this monument might have stood with perfect propriety, and so have shared the lay associations of a building which represents a many-sided past.

For who is there can say, in honest part,
 This man was nought—forfeud we raise a stone?"

The memorial is situate at the lower end of Mercery Lane, close to Christ-church gate, and will form another attraction to draw visitors to Canterbury.

Augustin Daly's Company of Comedians commenced their fifth season in London, at the Lyceum Theatre, on Wednesday, September 9th, 1891, with "A Night Off; or, A Page from Balzac," a four-act eccentric comedy, adapted by Augustin Daly from the German of Franz von Schoenthal. It is a play quite unworthy of the merits of this talented company, and was first seen in London at the Strand Theatre, Thursday, May 27th, 1886 when the Daly Company

made their English *débat*. A notice of the play appeared in THE THEATRE Magazine of July of that year. Of the original cast there are to be found Mr. James Lewis as Professor Justinian Babbit, Mr. John Drew as Jack Mulberry, Mr. Charles Leclercq as Marcus Brutus Snap, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert as Mrs. Zantippe Babbit, and Miss Ada Rehan as Nisbe. Mr. Otto Skinner's part of Harry Damask is now played by Mr. Herbert Grosham; that of Lord Mulberry (then known as the MacMulberry) by Mr. Charles Wheatleigh, instead of Mr. William Gilbert; and Angelica Damask, in which Miss Virginia Dreher shone, is now played equally effectively by handsome Miss Adelaide Prince; and Susan, known as the "brassiest" of helps, is now represented by Miss Isabel Irving, in place of Miss May Irwin. The play turns upon the scrapes into which the Professor gets through writing a tragedy unknown to his wife, and the mishaps occurring on its performance. There is also an underplot consisting in Angelica Damask's intense desire that her husband should have a "past." To gratify her desire, he fathers the peccadilloes of Jack Mulberry. The character which stands out best is that of Marcus Brutus Snap, the manager of a band of strolling performers, admirably played by Mr. Charles Leclercq, and there is a good fortune-telling and love scene between Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew. "A Night Off" was only in the bill till Friday, September 18th, inclusive.

The general verdict passed on Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree's performance of "Hamlet," at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, on Wednesday, September 9th, appears to have been most favourable. There was in Mr. Tree's reading evidence of originality of conception of the character in many points. He conveyed that Hamlet's nature was originally a soft and sweet one, and that he felt genuine love for Ophelia. Hamlet has to struggle with his natural weakness of character and force himself to become strong during and after his meeting with the Ghost, and it is from his first encounter with the spirit that he commences to *feign* madness; an aberration of intellect that gradually becomes real from excess of strain on a mind scholarly, mystic, but weak and easily impressed. Hamlet suffers from intense melancholy, his madness first becomes genuine and raging, in the scene where Polonius is killed behind the curtain, but relapses again into the haunting sadness, once more to burst out in the player's scene, during which the actor worked himself up into such a frenzy of passion as to enthral his audience; and then the melancholy which throughout possesses Hamlet returns, and is intensified in the graveyard, where, turning from Ophelia's last resting place, he shed bitter tears. During the first two acts, the judgment on Mr. Tree's acting appears to have been hanging in the balance, as to whether a new Hamlet that might be ranked amongst the great, had arisen, but the last three acts decided completely in the actor's favour. To quote the words of the *Manchester Guardian*, a journal whose criticisms are of sterling merit:—"Mr. Tree's conception of Hamlet, then, is, as appears to us, that of an amiable and melancholy mystic, constantly thrown back on the sense of his own desolation, and only rising by a tremendous strain to heights of resentment and resolution, which are never sustained beyond the moment, and whose recurrence leaves him each time at a lower level of tired melancholy than before. We have never seen the weakness of Hamlet presented, if we may use the paradox, with more strength. The highest point of Mr. Tree's achievement was reached in the play scene The first two acts were played without precision or force; then there was a recovery, and the third, fourth, and fifth were played brilliantly in every way. . . . Mrs. Tree's Ophelia was in the mad scene good beyond all expectation." Miss Rose Leclercq's Gertrude was one of the best that has been seen; the Polonius of Mr. H. Kemble was good, the actor taking care to remember that the Chamberlain, though silly, was a gentleman; Mr. Fred Terry was a success as Laertes; Mr. Fred Harrison raised the dramatic value of the King by his admirable performance; and Mr. Charles Allan's humour as the First Grave-digger was "healthy and enjoyable."

From Monday, September 7th, till Saturday, September 19th, inclusive, the Grand Theatre, Islington, was occupied by Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry and the Lyceum Company. During their stay from September 7th to 9th, "The Lyons Mail" (by special desire) was played. From the 10th to the 12th, Miss Ellen Terry appeared in "Nance Oldfield," and Mr. Irving in "The Bells." From the 14th to the 17th, "Olivia" formed the programme, and on the 18th and 19th, "The Merchant of Venice." During the entire fortnight the house was crowded every night.

New Plays

PRODUCED AND IMPORTANT REVIVALS in London, from August 25th, 1891, to September 19th, 1891 :—

(Revivals are marked thus^c).

- Aug. 25 "The Fiat of the Gods," condensed adaptation of his play, "Galba, the Gladiator," founded by Leonard Outram on Soumet's "Le Gladiateur." Avenue.
- " 27 "Ned's Chum," comedy-drama, in three acts, by David Christie Murray. (First time in London). Globe.
- " 29^c "Arrah-na-Pogue," drama, by Dion Boucicault. Princess's.
- " 31^c "My Brother's Sister," play, in three acts. Grand.
- " 31 "Wild Violets," one-act domestic drama, by W. B. Maxwell. The Parkhurst.
- " 31 "Merrie Prince Hal," burlesque, in two acts, written by Walter Thomas, music by C. C. Corri. Sadler's Wells.
- Sept. 5 "A Sailor's Knot," original drama, in four acts, by Henry Pettitt. T.R. Drury Lane.
- " 7^c "My Sweetheart," three-act musical comedy. Vaudeville.
- " 7 "The Hand of Justice," drama, in four acts, by Max Goldberg. (First time in London). Sadler's Wells.
- " 9^c "A Night Off," eccentric comedy, in four acts, based upon Franz von Schoenthan's "Der Raub der Sabinerinnen," by Augustin Daly. Lyceum.
- " 10 "A Royal Divorce," original romantic drama, in five acts, by W. G. Wills. New Olympic.
- " 12 "Yvette," musical play without words, in four acts, by MM. Michel Carré and Rémond, music by André Gedalge. Avenue.
- " 14 "False Evidence," drama, in four acts, by Wynn Miller. Pavilion.
- " 14 "Capital and Labour," drama, in five acts, by W. J. Patmore and A. B. Moss. Britannia.
- " 19^c "School," comedy, in four acts, by T. W. Robertson. Garrick.
- " 19 "The Last Word," comedy, in four acts (adapted from the German "Das Letzte Wort" of Franz Von Schoenthan), by Augustin Daly. (First time in England). Lyceum.

Erratum :— July 27, "Retaliation," comedietta, by Rudolf Dircks, should have been set down in our September issue as an original production, not as an adaptation.

In the Provinces, from August 13th, 1891, to September 5th, 1891 :—

- Aug. 31 "The Barmaid," comedy, in three acts, by George Dance. Comedy Theatre, Manchester.
- " 31 "The White Lily," American border drama, in four acts. (Author unannounced). Theatre Royal, Hanley.
- " 31 "Joan of Arc," historical drama, in four acts, by C. A. Clarke. Star Theatre, Wolverhampton.
- Sept. 5 "The Cur," dramatic sketch, by J. B. Howe. Theatre Royal, Woolwich.

In Paris, from August 18th, 1891, to September 16th, 1891 :—

- Aug. 31 (And during the week), "As You Like It," "The Railroad of Love," "School for Scandal," "A Night Off," and "The Taming of the Shrew" (the Daly Company's season). Vaudeville.
- Sept. 2 "Madame Agnes," comedy, in three acts, by M. Julien Berr de Turrique. Gymnase.
- " 15 "Helène," drama, in four acts, by Paul Delair, incidental music by André Messager. Vaudeville.
- " 15 "Procès-Verbal," vaudeville, by Albert Barré. Cluny.
- " 16 "Lohengrin," Wagner's opera, libretto by Charles Nuitter. Opera.



THE THEATRE.

NOVEMBER, 1891.

Maeterlinck—A Mare's Nest.



PROBABLY no more insatiable creature exists in the scheme of Nature than the habitual—I will not say professional—promoter of literary, and especially of dramatic, idols, in search of virtues whereby to justify the faith that is in them. Mr. William Archer is no exception to this rule. If any doubt existed on this point, his recent article in the *Fortnightly Review*, "A Pessimist Playright," would soon dispose of it. The rage for Ibsen having had its day, the occasion for a new man became apparent, and with the occasion came the man. The Columbus who discovered Ibsen has discovered that someone else has discovered Maurice Maeterlinck, and straightway adopts him as his own.

The Paris *Figaro* was the first to announce that a dramatic star of the first magnitude had arisen. To M. Mirbeau it fell to declare that the Belgian playright's five-act tragedy, "La Princesse Maleine," "contained things more beautiful than the most beautiful things in Shakespeare." That being so, it is a little odd that nearly a year elapses before we hear anything of him in this country. Let it not be supposed for a moment that Mr. Archer agrees with this critical estimate of the new-comer. But he receives the declaration without apparent surprise; he mildly remarks: "If instead of Shakespeare M. Mirbeau had written 'Webster' he would have remained on the hither side of extravagance. A Webster who has read Alfred de Musset—so I would, not define, but suggest M. Maeterlinck. It appears that he has himself deprecated the overwhelming comparison with Shakespeare. He is wise." I should think so, and perhaps I ought to add, reasonably modest. It is equal to saying "If instead of Calcutta Mr. Brown had said Gravesend as his destination, he would have been on the hither side of extravagance."

But the sources of M. Maeterlinck's inspiration—or shall I say, in the fullest sense of the word, information—extend, according to Mr. Archer, far beyond the narrow limits of Webster or De Musset. Poe and Baudelaire are responsible for elements in the talent of this

various person. Mr. Archer will not suggest that he has directly borrowed from the minor Elizabethans, for the excellent reason that he has probably never read them. But—and here it seems that the commentator is practically admitting the strength of the case against him—his imagination loves to dwell on horror for horror's sake, and he is not averse from calling in the most antiquated machinery to make our flesh creep. In fact, as I shall point out presently, there are passages in the article, which, but for Mr. Archer's unimpeachable sincerity and candour, might lead up to the idea that under his panegyrics lie, but carelessly concealed, an excuse, if not a justification, for a recantation. This is probably due to an attempt on the part of an enthusiast to preserve a well balanced judicial tone.

The works dealt with are "La Princesse Maleine" and two one-act plays, "L'Intruse" and "Les Aveugles." The last mentioned may be dismissed in a few words, Mr. Archer's own: "Suffice it to say that . . . of the thirteen characters all are blind save one, and he is dead!" He describes it as "even more weird, if not more impressive, than 'L'Intruse.'" I should claim permission to call it ghastly. But Mr. Archer is too wise to say much about it.

I am sorry to take up so much space in quotation, but I am bound to do it to make the criticism intelligible. "L'Intruse" is said to be the shortest and simplest of the three dramas, and is especially cited to convey a just impression of M. Maeterlinck's talent:—

SCENE: "A rather sombre room in an old chateau."

PERSONAGES: "The Grandfather (blind), the Father, the Uncle, the three Daughters, the Sister of Mercy, the Servant."

In the lamp-lit room sit the Grandfather, Father, Uncle, and three Daughters. The Mother is lying in the next room slowly recovering from a terrible illness consequent upon the birth of a child. To-day the doctor has declared the patient out of danger, so that, for the first time for weeks, the family tries to breathe freely. The child has scarcely moved since its birth, and has uttered no cry; they fear that it is deaf and dumb. They expect a visit this evening from the sister of the Father and Uncle, the superior of a convent. The eldest daughter is seated at the window looking out for her.

The Father: You see nothing coming, Ursula?

The Daughter: Nothing, father.

The Father: Not in the avenue? You can see the avenue?

The Daughter: Yes, father; the moon is shining, and I can see down the avenue right to the cypress-grove.

The Grandfather: And you see no one, Ursula?

The Daughter: No one, grandfather.

The Uncle: Is the night fine?

The Daughter: Very fine; do you hear the nightingales?

The Uncle: Yes, yes.

The Daughter: A breath of wind is stirring in the avenue.

The Grandfather: A breath of wind in the avenue, Ursula?

The Daughter: Yes, the trees are shivering a little.

The Uncle: It is strange that my sister is not yet here.

The Grandfather: I no longer hear the nightingales, Ursula.

The Daughter: I think someone has entered the garden, grandfather.

The Grandfather: Who is it?

The Daughter: I cannot tell: I see no one.

The Uncle: There is no one.

The Daughter: There must be someone in the garden; the nightingales ceased singing suddenly.

The Uncle : But I hear no footsteps.

The Daughter : Someone must be passing by the pond, for the swans are frightened.

The Father : You see no one ?

The Daughter : No one, father.

The Father : Yet the pond must be in the moonlight.

The Daughter : Yes ; I can see that the swans are frightened.

The Uncle : I am sure it is my sister that has frightened them. She must have come in by the wicket gate.

The Father : I cannot understand why the dogs do not bark.

The Daughter : I see the watch-dog crouched in the inmost corner of his kennel. The swans are flying towards the other bank.

The Uncle : They are afraid of my sister. Let me see. (*He calls.*) Sister ! Sister ! Is it you ? (*No one answers.*)

The Daughter : I am sure someone has entered the garden. You will see.

The Uncle : But she would answer me !

The Grandfather : Are not the nightingales beginning to sing again, Ursula ?

The Daughter : I cannot hear one, even in the distance.

The Grandfather : Yet there is no noise to disturb them.

The Father : The night is as silent as death.

The Grandfather : It must have been some stranger that frightened them ; if it had been one of the family they would not have ceased singing.

The Daughter : I see one on the great weeping willow. He has flown away.

o o o o o

(*Suddenly the sound of the sharpening of a scythe is heard.*)

The Grandfather (starting) : Oh !

The Uncle : Ursula, what is that ?

The Daughter : I cannot tell ; I think it is the gardener. I do not see clearly ; he is in the shadow of the house.

The Father : It is the gardener going to mow the grass.

The Uncle : Does he mow in the dark ?

The Father : Is not to-morrow Sunday ?—Yes. I noticed that the grass around the house was very long.

The Grandfather : His scythe seems to make such a noise—

The Daughter : He is mowing close to the house.

The Grandfather : Do you see him, Ursula ?

The Daughter : No, grandfather ; he is in the shadow.

The Grandfather : His scythe seems to make such a noise—

The Daughter : Your hearing is very keen, grandfather.

The Grandfather : I am afraid he will waken my daughter.

The Uncle : We can scarcely hear him at all.

The Grandfather : I hear him as though he were mowing in the house.

Mr. Archer gives his reader credit for guessing that the Intruder is Death, though he makes quite sure by mentioning the fact. Who can wonder that the poor baby died ? An ocean of peppermint could not avert the consequences of such spasmodic flatulency as this. Now, let us see what are the virtues claimed for this curious piece of work. Mr. Archer admits that "this death's head and cross-bones mannerism," as he very justly calls it, seems a trifle grotesque and childish, and he adds with equal point and justice, "we feel as though the poet were trying to appal us with a turnip lantern at the top of a pole." All very well and good ; but who would think of recognising in the foregoing quotation "a musical rather than a purely literary effect and those ever-recurring emblems of death and disaster—cypresses and weeping willows, cemeteries and crosses, owls and ravens, meteors, marsh lights, miasmas, and all sorts of atmospheric signs and portents" (Mr. Archer has got his hero's stock-in-trade, not to call it a bag of tricks, very neatly catalogued), "notes and

symphonies in the fugue of terror which M. Maeterlinck elaborates with strange and delicate art." In my Philistine ignorance, I looked upon the material gardener sharpening a material scythe as a particularly clumsy, not to say vulgar, embodiment of a trite allegory; but I suppose it must now be regarded as "a note in the symphony or fugue of terror," &c.

But the most extraordinary claim to literary virtue is to come. "A great part of M. Maeterlinck's dialogue consists of chiming repetitions of nicely cadenced phrases. He has caught from Alfred de Musset the artful artlessness, the brevity, the unemphatic nervousness of his diction." From the foregoing extract, it will be seen that his diction is decidedly unemphatic, except so far as tedious repetition can make it otherwise, but I have yet to learn that unemphatic repetition is either a dramatic or a literary virtue, even when the repetitions "chime" and the phrases are nicely cadenced. We shall have similar qualities claimed next for "The House that Jack Built," not to mention "The Three Blind Mice." In fact, there is a touch of tragedy about the latter which ought to appeal to some enterprising foreign playwright. It is almost as fit for dramatic treatment as "L'Intruse"; in fact, I am not sure that the carving knife as the instrument of Fate is not preferable to the scythe. That Mr. Archer is not unconscious of the close proximity of some of the dialogue to the ridiculous is manifest, when he at first suggests the method of Ollendorff, whom, with a nervous facetiousness, he dubs "a dramatist in his way." After the glorification of Maeterlinck, I should not be a bit surprised if an intrepid explorer for unknown dramatic beauties were to discover them in the adventures of the gold pen of my cousin and the leathern boots of the good baker. They would, however, probably be of the wholesomely humorous order, and that might prove a fatal drawback.

But M. Maeterlinck's big gun—and Mr. Archer's—is "La Princesse Maleine." Space will not allow me to set out Mr. Archer's synopsis of the plot at length, and I can only use one of Mr. Archer's extracts. Nuptials are about to take place between the Princess Maleine and young Prince Hialmar, of Holland, when a quarrel between their respective parents produces a rupture. The result of the ensuing war is that the kingdom of Marcellus (Maleine's father's) is devastated, and Maleine's fate unknown. Hialmar is about to marry the Princess Uglyane, whose mother, Queen Anne of Jutland, has gained a baleful ascendancy over the old King Hialmar. Maleine manages to make her way to the capital of the King Hialmar, where, unrecognised, she becomes the waiting-woman of Princess Uglyane. She meets Prince Hialmar by night beside a fountain in the park, who takes her for Uglyane. Then comes the following dialogue:—

Maleine: I am afraid! Oh, what is that stirring in the earth around us?

Hialmar: It is nothing; it is a mole, a poor little mole at work.

Maleine: I am afraid.

Hialmar: But we are in the park here.

Maleine: Are there walls around the park?

Hialmar: Yes, there are walls and moats around the park.

Maleine: And no one can enter?

Hjalmar: No one—but many an unknown thing enters it none the less.

Maleine: I am bleeding at the nose.

Hjalmar: You are bleeding at the nose?

Maleine: Yes; where is my handkerchief?

Hjalmar: Let us go to the fountain.

Maleine: Oh, my gown is already soaked with blood!

Hjalmar: Uglyane, Uglyane, has the bleeding ceased?

Maleine: Yes. (*A silence.*)

Hjalmar: What are you thinking of?

Maleine: I am sad.

Hjalmar: You are sad? What are you thinking of, Uglyane?

Maleine: I am thinking of the Princess Maleine.

Hjalmar: What do you say?

Maleine: I am thinking of the Princess Maleine.

Hjalmar: Do you know the Princess Maleine?

Maleine: I am the Princess Maleine.

Hjalmar: What?

Maleine: I am the Princess Maleine.

Hjalmar: You are not Uglyane?

Maleine: I am the Princess Maleine.

Hjalmar: You are the Princess Maleine! You are the Princess Maleine!
But she is dead!

Maleine: I am the Princess Maleine.

(*Here a shaft of moonlight penetrates the trees and falls on the Princess Maleine.*)

Hjalmar: Oh, Maleine!—But whence have you come? And how have you come hither? How have you come hither?

Maleine: I do not know.

Hjalmar: My God! My God! My God! My God! Whence have I escaped to-day! What a load have you lifted from my soul to-night! My God! My God! from what a tomb have I risen!—Maleine! Maleine! what are we to do now?—Maleine! I believe I am heart-deep in heaven!

Maleine: Oh, I too!

(*Here the fountain gives a strange gasp and dies.*)

Both (turning): Oh!

Maleine: What is that? What can that be?

Hjalmar: Do not weep; do not fear. It is the fountain!

Maleine: What is happening here? What is going to happen? I must go! I must go! I must go!

Hjalmar: Do not weep!

Maleine: I must go!

Hjalmar: The fountain is dead; let us go elsewhere. (*Exeunt.*)

Now, I ask anyone if it is necessary to call in the assistance of Webster, backed up by Alfred de Musset, Baudelaire, Poe, and Ollendorff, not to mention Shakespeare, to produce such stuff as this? Who but a self-deceived zealot could find here the "notes in the symphonies or fugues of terror," and the thousand and one merits Mr. Archer's microscopic eye has discovered in his idol? Remember that these quotations are not of my own choice. Mr. Archer has selected them in support and justification of his eulogies. Had he quoted less freely we might have been inclined to give greater credit to his judgment and to Maeterlinck's literary infallibility.

Maleine is received with outward kindness, but the wicked Queen drags old King Hjalmar into a plot to poison her, and after a scene of considerable power, containing a strong external resemblance to one in Macbeth, strangles her. An epidemic of slaughter has now set in. The King kills the court jester, who has seen the deed com-

mitted. Hjalmar slays first Anne and then himself, and the old King, his reason overpowered, totters out leaning heavily on the nurse. "You will not bear me ill-will?" he murmurs. "Let us go to breakfast. Will there be salad? I long for a little salad. . . . I cannot tell why, but I am a trifle sad to-day. My God, my God! how can the dead look so unhappy?" I think I can see where Mr. Mirbeau has found M. Maeterlinck's point of contact with Shakespeare, but I cannot help thinking also that it would have been kinder to his client not to have drawn attention to it. Unquestionably, in the matter of incident there are many points of resemblance to "Hamlet," but they are merely superficial.

I have already suggested that a sufficient condemnation of the new Master is to be found within the limits of Mr. Archer's own article. It is so strong that I doubt if even his skilful advocacy will succeed in giving enough weight to the subtle and barely appreciable virtues he has ferreted out, to counterbalance his own objections. In addition to what I have quoted, he anticipates the popular verdict in very striking and appropriate terms. Nothing could express the probable Philistine opinion of "La Princess Maleine" better than his own words, "a mechanical accumulation of threadbare horrors." So far, he seems to have gauged the public taste. Whether he will find a following in the belief that the play is the work of a potent, if morbid, fantasy and of a strange and subtle literary talent, and if those qualities will be generally appreciated as valuable ingredients in the composition of a dramatist, is another matter. His final note of condemnation should be conclusive. Speaking of the playwright's free use of mechanism, he says: "Theoretically, all this is melodramatic, operatic, musty, cheap." The "theoretically" is distinctly precious, but its object is clear when we read on: "but if the effect in art justifies the means, I think M. Maeterlinck may plead justification"—a statement, coming from so stern an artistic moralist as Mr. Archer, nothing less than astounding. I wonder what he would have said to anyone else who had been unfortunate enough to give utterance to such a heresy. Nothing more, I take it, need be said when the dramatist's advocate is put to such shifts as this, and when the playwright himself practically admits his own inability to produce his effects legitimately by wanton recourse to the aid of fireworks and conjuring tricks.

G. W. DANCY.



On the Making of (Unknown) Friends.

“**F**RIENDSHIP is constant in all other things, save in the office and affairs of love,” writes one whom we regard as the depository of all wisdom. But is it? The words were thrust betwixt the lips of Claudio when on the rack of jealousy, and should obtain no wider recognition than that of fitness to his case. I am concerned with but one of those “other things,” the player’s art, for which be sure Shakespeare entertained a fellow feeling. Is friendship constant here? The Sage and Aphorist is silent, jealous too, perhaps—for the dignity of his profession! His silence need not stay our mouths, and we may do service in appraising the value of unknown friends.

There can be none but will admit that the player, out of all sorts and conditions of men, is in sorest need of friends. It is at once his glory and his pain to walk ever in the sun. For him there is no solitude, no seclusion, no shadow. Wherever he goes, the jangle of gossip heralds his coming. Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes had been no surer alarum to slumbering interest for the lady of Banbury Cross than the simple cry, “An actress!” A hundred Curious Impertinents, to borrow a great man’s phrase, are ever busy prying into his study windows, his garden nooks, his kitchen, and his cellar; and, should he shed the player’s clothes with the player’s part, though the police will not run him in, the public will—for breach of privilege—and leave him to languish in neglect. Once an actor, always an actor, in more senses than one. For his work is never seen apart from himself, and the two being therefore regarded as inseparable, he must always be labouring to maintain the pious delusion. And this presses hardly upon him, since he is judged not by what he is, nor by what he does, but by what *he appears to be*. Whence may be surmised the straits he is in for friends; forasmuch as upon them he is dependent for the knowing whether that appearance is what—in the interests of his art, perhaps, too, of his nature—he would fain hope it is.

Now Friendship cannot exist without, as a first element, Truth. If a friend deviate by one hair’s breadth from truth, he will approach perilously near sycophancy on the one side and treachery on the other. To pamper self-esteem is a crime no greater than to unjustly wound it. Yet is it not as hard a thing as to adventure near the pole, to be sincere, in the beaten way of friendship, with an actor? Among current sayings, one of the most monstrous is that it is easy to tell the truth and hard to tell a lie. But grossly and wholly false

as it is when applied to ordinary human intercourse, this monstrosity becomes Gargantuan when applied to intercourse with actors. For the second element of friendship is tenderness, and how can a desire to be both true and tender find fulfilment, when in the act of speaking truth you must perforce put tenderness behind you, and lay bare the faults which, with friends not players, your tenderness would gloss over, to the detriment of neither. Try as you may, you cannot distinguish between the part and the man when you come to criticise. And it is a thousand to one that you will merely wound his feelings when in loyalty to him you are striving to correct a fault. Begin with as lofty an ideal as you may, a very little experience will prove that your sincerity will either make a breach between you or will gradually convince your friend that your judgment is unreliable. In either event your friendship becomes useless and barren. And the simple fact that you know the actor and he knows you, goes far towards placing you in his opinion in the ranks of the idle gossips who chatter, chatter, chatter fulsome flatteries in his ear, and whose noisy babble he heeds—if he be wise—no more than the clatter of magpies.

My subject suggested itself during a careless survey of a friend's album. Turning the pages I came upon a letter from a great actress. It had been written on the morning after a disastrous defeat. Players, like Napoleons, have their Waterloos, and the Wellington of an exhausting character, backed by battalions of sceptical critics, had driven this poor lady, disordered and despairing, from the position she had occupied as tragedy queen. The enthusiasm the night before had been overwhelming. The voice of the people had, with apparent sincerity, pronounced her effort triumphant. But she had known by instinct that these were the cheers of well-meaning but false friends, and probably exaggerating the extent of her failure, had, while the flower-and-wreath farce was in progress at the close of the tragedy, allowed a pathetic pleading look to betray her bitter disappointment. My friend being still on the sunny side of thirty—the drama, and the countless little human dramas nightly enacted within the drama, are so serious to the young—had been, I imagine, affected with a responsive heartache, and, knowing exactly how the journals would sum up sweet Desd-Imogen's elaborate performance, giving her never a hint where or why she had failed, or where and how succeeded, had hastily written a criticism for her guidance no less than for her comfort, and sent it off that very night. Thus much he told me plainly, but indeed her letter made it almost as clear. It ran thus: "You cannot guess the comfort I have drawn from your criticism. It comes well in such a needy time, overpowered as I feel by a sense of utter failure. My heart was very heavy till you lightened it. The morning brought me nothing but the papers—ugh!—all, all clouds. Such gloom and desolation was upon me! until your letter came—a ray of sunlight. In your cheering words I read that one at least has perceived (I regret to say that the spelling was thus) *my intentions*, and, oh, the en-

couragement that is you cannot think. We have none to tell us what we do wrong, how we may improve. From the papers to-day I gathered that I must have been hopelessly, shockingly bad, though the vitriol is wrapped up in sugary words. To-night, but for your sweetly helpful criticism, so straightly peircing (h'm!) to the heart of my *thoughts* and my *intentions*, I should have been utterly at sea. I should not have known what to change, and whether in changing it I was doing so for the better or the worse. The dear work would have seemed irksome, and I—with that weight at my heart—the saddest, illest . . . Desd-Imogen . . . that ever lived and died. Now all is well. I feel your praises and your blame are just. The reasons you give me for altering this and that are good and true. I shall be better, much, to-night; thanks and ever thanks to you. Will you always send me your ideas after I have played a new part, or indeed at any time? I shall be grateful, deeply grateful. It is friends like you we want, all of us: friends to speak the truth and show us to ourselves as they see us."

"I didn't know you knew Miss Ter-ReHan-derson," I said. "Know her? I don't," was his reply. "Then does she know you?" I asked. "Not from Adam, if she met me!" "Oh, come, age surely isn't affecting her sight to that extent, is it?" and I turned another leaf to shut out a reproachful frown, for one must not joke with an idolater on the subject of his idol.

Later, when the last trace of wrath had vanished from his brow, we reverted to this topic and he proudly owned that her wish had been faithfully observed. Upon every new assumption, upon most revivals of old ones, he pronounced judgment; and his censures and advice and praise were always received with unfeigned gratitude. With lapse of time—for the letter quoted is ten or a dozen years old—he realised that he was meant to be of use in this direction, and by degrees enlarged his *clientèle*. On his list of unknown correspondents are now three actresses and two actors, whose names are "familiar in the mouth as household words." And were he to advertise, say on the first page of the *Era*, as Critical-Adviser-in-Ordinary to Miss —, Mr. —, and so on, and add a few extracts from their letters of thanks and appreciation by way of testimonial, it is all Lombard Street to a China orange that he would be flooded with orders for goods of similar pattern and equal quality, and rapidly transformed into a Wholesale Dealer in Honest Apprehensions and Appraisements.

Now imagine for a moment what would have happened had he come to know any one of these thankful if heteroclitic letter-writers. At once it would have become his object, granting that friendship so-called was possible between them, to fit his mood with that of his friend. No longer would he stand firm on his own pedestal of independence. The tenderness in their relation would set him agog to join the actor on his own ground of joy in triumph and instinctive avoidance of unpleasant topics, naturally including causes of defeat. If his friend were still at the bottom of the ladder, it would be

so cruel to play the croaking raven, depressing when most encouragement is wanted, and seeming ever on the look out for blots and errors and slips and blurs. Then, suppose the actor, after countless heartaches and the thousand other ills the struggling player is heir to, arrived at the top of his profession, what opening here for the honest friend in close personal communion with the victor! Why his plight is worse than when the victory was yet to win and all the mighty odds against it. For when the summit is reached and there is nothing more to conquer, there is yet everything to hold; and the intimate who ventures to suggest that that square inch is slippery, and the breath of popular applause not the most bracing of tonics or nourishing of foods, condemns himself as a bird of ill-omen, a rat who scents the coming doom, and wants to scuttle away from the sinking ship, or some other false and "fearful wild-fowl." It is he, who with a few well-meant words of expostulation and advice conjures up a rival near the throne; conveys to his friend's sinking heart the fear that the sceptre, seized only after toilsome years, will be snatched from his grasp; becomes a terror, throwing shadows long before they are due of advancing age, enfeebled powers, empty houses, degrading neglect, unmerited oblivion. Human nature, being as it is, recoils from such a task. The friend, with all the longing in the world to be sincere, would scarce be human if he did not humour the man and woman whose happiness he is bound up in. It would argue a heroism scarcely to be asked of common flesh and blood to resolve to unravel the knot of your friend's artistic merits and demerits, when as clear as daylight you would see at starting that nothing short of severance from him could be the reward of your labour of love. In setting out to do it you would, unaided by Cromwellian fortitude and inflexibility of purpose, fail to keep friends with yourself; and to be false to oneself yet true to another is an enterprise invariably unattended by success, since the days of Laertes onwards. Cain found it quite impossible to be his brother's keeper, though we may reasonably conclude that Abel was an amiable comrade. How, then, should we expect that a nervous, excitable, tortured, apprehensive creature, such as an actor must of necessity be, a man of trials such as Abel never could have had, should inspire a friend to be truer than Cain to his trust. No, let the personal friend, the companion, the confidant, be overtly what he must be covertly, one of the troop of partisan adherents. Let affection blind him to the spots on his artistic sun. And let the duty of spying out its defects and its glories fall upon the friend unknown.

Had Cain enjoyed the advantage of the penny post, he would in all probability have hesitated to push matters to extremity. He would have weighed his objections, cast them into literary form, searched with agony of spirit for the exact word to express the exact shade of meaning, and so have arrived at a juster estimate of his case against his brother. So, too, Abel having received the document would have scanned it hastily; then—the first flush of indignation, pique, resentment over—more carefully and calmly, admitting this to

be just and that to have "something in it," and despite his fast-rooted belief in the righteousness of his own cause (or, as the histrionic ectype would say, "his own reading"), adopting some of the points advanced by his critic and so altering the temper and tone of his conduct. But the personal contact was fatal. Critic and criticised got to loggerheads at once. The friendship which had existed for so long was dissolved at a touch. Abel refused to take hints and better his performance on the world's stage; and Cain, incensed no doubt at the rejection of his timely warnings, took steps to shorten his brother's artistic career.

The moral of the story is written legibly in that letter from which—without the permission of my Quixotic acquaintance—I have dared to give an extract. To become a great artist life must be lived to oneself in the cause of art; and situated as actors are, it is inconceivable that their close friends can rank their art higher in the affections than themselves. Therefore as help-mates, in an artistic sense, those friends are useless, and the unknown outsider steps in to fulfil the functions that should be theirs. For want of such an honest soul, mannerism runs riot in a promising style; silly things by the score are done and relished in the doing; a dozen actors out of every dozen and a half are "curtail'd of fair proportion, scarce half made up," and that so "lame and unfashionably" that high achievement never can be theirs. The mirror, though useful enough to show the turn of a calf, the hang of a gown, the set of a coat, is beggarly poor to stamp with truth or falsehood the outlines of a character, the tones of a voice, the fitness of a gesture. The only "giftie" who can give the power to see oneself as others see us, is an honest friend. And though to be honest is to be one man picked out of ten thousand, that saying only applies to the man who is brought into relations, involving profit and loss, with another of his kind. Every man alone is sincere, saving only self-deceivers. And of such is not the kingdom of art. Only with the entrance of a second person hypocrisy begins. And so long as it is through the medium of the post that the friendship is maintained, that entrance of a second person, with all its imperfections on its head, may be avoided. No actor's equipment is complete without a friend; but he must be one who is "not too much friend but just friend enough."

ANTHONY MAY.



Avenged !

(*Poem for Recitation.*)



READ me no more—leave me, for pity's sake—
 You do but mock me with your texts and prayers !
 You come to comfort me ? to speak to me
 Of pardon and of peace ? Ah, Sir, forbear—
 You know not what you do ! Comfort to me ?
 There is no word in all that holy Book
 Can whisper peace into my restless soul—
 No blessing that your sacred office yields
 Can give me pardon in this weary world,
 Or in the world beyond. Yet you are kind—
 Indeed I am not thankless ;—stay awhile,
 If you can bear with me, and hear me out ;
 Then hate me, spurn me, curse me, if you will,
 But do not seek to comfort me again !

How can I tell you of the by-gone days
 When life was one long, happy holiday,
 And sunny hours of fleeting gladness sped
 That knew no chilling cloud of grief or pain ?
 Yes—I was happy once ;—sometimes in dreams
 I wander through the peaceful village street,
 The little world that bounded in my life,
 And, from the doorway of our cottage home,
 My gentle, grey-haired mother's patient face
 Smiles a sweet welcome on her only child.
 Ah me—those happy days ! Why did *he* come
 To steal away the sunshine of my life
 And quench it in a rain of bitter tears ?
 I loved him, aye, I loved him, and he lied ;—
 And when the golden sea of harvest rolled
 Over the land once more, it left behind
 A broken wreck of honour, love, and hope,
 A ruined life—a tiny, nameless grave.

So the grey months of sullen sadness passed,
 While the twin vultures of Despair and Shame
 Gnawed ever at my heart,—and, day by day,
 In silent grief and unreprouchful love
 My broken-hearted mother pined and wept.

But when the winter brightened into spring
 There crept a village whisper in my ear
 That he was coming back ; and my despair
 Glowed into fury as the rumour grew
 That he was coming to bring home his bride.
 They came—I marked them pass our blighted home—
 She looking lovingly into his face,
 And he caressing her with that false smile
 That once had lied to me ; and as they passed
 A thousand devils leapt within my heart,
 And, by my nameless babe's unhallowed grave,
 I swore to be avenged upon them both.

So passed a year ; and on the self-same day
 Their child was born—his child and hers—I stood
 And held my dying mother's hand, and heard
 Her last forgiving words of gentle love,
 And, weeping, closed her tear-worn eyes in rest.

Despised, dishonoured, friendless and alone !
 My cup of bitterness had overflowed ;
 And, with an aching heart, I left the home
 Where all my life had passed, and hid my shame
 Amid strange faces in the town hard by.

Then lagged the months in sullen loneliness ;
 But still my purpose faltered not—for still
 The demons never slept within my heart,
 Whose whispered poison throbbed through every pulse—
 “Revenge—your child—revenge !” And while I schemed,
 Behold, the hours of one more dreary year
 Outran my tardy purpose. Then came news
 Of fever in the village ; and anon
 I knew that he was dead. But they lived yet ;
 The avenging hand that laid one victim low
 Had spared the mother and the child for me.

The autumn mists lay dank above the fields,
 The dead brown leaves swirled in the fitful breeze,
 The autumn twilight deepened into night,
 As, with my vengeance ripened in my heart,
 I sought the village that had been my home,
 And, listening, stood without her cottage door.
 The door was open—but the lights were low,
 Nor on my ear fell any sound of life.
 Then, with the guilty footsteps of a thief
 I stole into the parlour, where the babe
 Lay in its tiny cot against the wall,
 And on the table some half-finished work

Told of the watching mother, called away
 On some brief errand while her baby slept.
 'Tis well ! I cried, the Devil prospers me !—
 Then seized the sleeping babe within my arms
 And fled into the darkness—pausing not
 Until I stood within the lonely fields
 Where, through the chilly curtain of the mist,
 The village lights gleamed faint and far away.
 Around me, all was stillness ;—save the wind,
 Sighing dead summer's dirge amid the trees,
 No sound disturbed the silence ; till the babe,
 Awake and shivering within my arms,
 Sent forth a wailing cry, that drove me on
 Whither some demon finger beckoned me —
 A dark and stagnant pool, o'er-grown with weeds,
 Whose muddy depths, thick with a noisome slime,
 Breathed forth contagion to the air around.
 Avenged ! avenged !—the devils at my heart
 Leapt at the word ! But, lo ! the helpless babe
 Put forth its tiny hand and touched my face
 As with a soft caress. Long time I stood,
 Immovable, beside the water's brink ;
 Then slowly, slowly turned and crept away,
 The baby hand still pressed against my cheek,
 And passed into the shadow of the night.

The icy breath of morn swept from the hills,
 The rosy light flushed faintly in the east,
 But still, as in a dream, I wandered on :
 And as the child lay trembling at my breast,
 Moaning with pain, and fighting for its breath,
 The fire of vengeance that had scorched my heart,
 Sank into lifeless ashes, and there woke
 A mighty longing and a sickening fear.
 And all that day I hid from human eye,
 Save when I sought a lonely wayside farm
 For food to give the child, that only moaned
 And drooped and pined, and shivered in my arms.

The sombre shadows of another night
 Were darkening o'er the meadows, as I stole
 Back through the peaceful lanes I knew so well,
 Till, with the babe still clasped against my breast,
 I reached the churchyard gate. The fleeting clouds
 Passed from the silver pathway of the moon,
 Whose ghostly ray fell on a new-made grave ;
 And, kneeling by its side with white, wan face
 And streaming eyes, behold ! a woman prayed.
 The chill night breeze came whispering idly past,

Bearing upon its wing the piteous cry,
"God, send me back my child—my little child!"
And as the mother in her anguish knelt
By the dead father's grave, I felt the babe
That lay upon my bosom start and stir,
Then draw one long convulsive, shuddering breath,
And stiffen in my arms; and while I prayed
That death might strike me too, yet once again
That other prayer came floating through the night,
"God, give me back my child—my little child!"

But all at once the woman raised her head
And looked towards the gate—then, with a scream
Of wild, delirious joy, she bounded forth.
"My prayer is heard—thank God! my prayer is heard!
My babe—you bring my babe—my little child!
God bless you! God reward you!" And she knelt
And kissed my hands, and clung about my knees,
Then caught my lifeless burden in her arms
And gazed upon its face—and as I turned
And fled into the shadow, there arose
Upon the night a shrill and piercing cry,
A cry of utter, desolate despair,
Whose deathless wail sounds ever in my ear
Its note of dreadful doom: Accurs'd! Accurs'd!
No peace in life or death—for at the last
A babe's soft hand shall thrust me down from Heaven,
And through the awful realms of endless woe
A mother's cry shall ring for evermore!

ALFRED BERLYN.



A Common Occurrence.



THE week was near its end. The room was commonplace, but thoroughly comfortable. A fire burned in an old-fashioned grate ; on the table a lowered lamp revealed a threadbare, meal-stained table-cloth, bearing a couple of plates, a dilapidated cruet, and a few other things suggesting that a repast was being made ready for two persons. Everything was very quiet. When the hour approaches midnight in an English country town, the stillness, once you become conscious of it, makes you its prey and may bring your spirits to a very low ebb indeed.

By-and-by the echoes of the street without were awakened ; the calm night became agitated with the patter of foot-steps and the sound of voices.

Suddenly the door of the room opened and two persons, who quickly changed its surburban trimness into Bohemian disorder, burst in. Out-door garments were quickly taken off and thrown aside. One of the invaders turned up the lamp, while the other loudly pealed a rickety hand-bell, then both sat down to the table, keeping up in the room the storm of laughter and volubility which first had disturbed the stillness of the street.

The light of the newly up-turned lamp shone upon two peculiar faces ; peculiar almost to grotesqueness. One was that of a young man, hardly beyond his twenty-third year, with brilliantly brown eyes, receding forehead, and a thick nose ; full-blooded mobile lips, a firmly set jaw, which, with his upper lip and cheeks, was cleanly shaven. A mass of hair straggled over his forehead and about his ears. The face, which suggested a good humoured and careless nature, bore a thin veneer of powder.

The character of the other face, a woman's, was much more elusive. There was a transitory effect of eyes, hair and expression ; the form of the features seemed to be moulded according to the mood which momentarily swayed one who possessed, apparently, a repertory of moods. It was a face which, seen in a photograph, would stamp the insufficiency of the camera as an instrument of facial reproduction. The brilliant complexion was toned to a degree which established its claim to artistic consideration ; the eye-brows were cleverly arched, but the lashes were so weighted with pigment as to destroy all pretensions to realism ; they fell from the lids like a row of delicate jet beads. At the corner of each eye a short black line was pencilled. The whole effect of this woman's face was at once strangely vague and attractive. Her age possibly would be the last thing to occur to

you ; if it did, any attempt to estimate it would involve you in such a state of conjecture that you would be grateful to accept the idea of youth which her appearance and manner suggested, and leave the matter there.

Another peal of the bell brought in the landlady with a dish bearing two boiled succulent Portugal onions. Their appearance was greeted by the young woman with an odd little shriek of rapture.

"Had a good night, to-night, sir?" asked the landlady, a type of her class.

"Infernally bad," cried the young man.

The landlady thought well to appear shocked.

"Walter!" his companion demurred, with a becoming consciousness of what was proper.

"Theatrical bodies never does do well here, sir," said the landlady, recovering; "leastways, very seldom. But, I think, if you was to play "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or "East Lynne," there is some as, maybe, would come to see you."

"My dear Mrs. Matten, you are a pearl, an unfailing well of novel suggestion. Old Crummies, our manager, you know, must really come to see you." The young fellow made no attempt to conceal a prodigious yawn. "Meanwhile, if you would like to sit down—"

"No sir, thank you. The last company as was here with "East Lynne," or was it "Uncle Tom's Cabin"? had real blood-hounds. They *was* a draw now; a tremenjous-draw."

"Pray, pray, be seated," entreated Walter again.

"And the young lady as played Lady Jane in "East Lynne," or, dear me, was it—"

"My good woman, I insist upon your taking a chair." Walter rose and offered her his own.

"Do, do," backed up his companion.

But this ruse did not get rid of the landlady; she would not be seated; she would not leave the room, and she would talk. At last, when she did go, her vapid gossip had so damped the spirits of the pair, that they sat over their supper for some moments in silence.

The young woman was the first to recover. She looked with glistening eyes at Walter; a smile puckering her face into a myriad of wrinkles. Walter caught her expression, and joined her in a burst of laughter.

"By George, Lucretia," he exclaimed, jumping up from the table. "What are we thinking about? That old hag has almost knocked the memory out of me."

What Walter was thinking about presently became clear when, after searching amongst a scramble of garments in a corner of the room he drew forth an over-coat and took from one of its pockets a big black bottle, which he brandished in the air and shouted, "Voilà! the nectar!"

Lucretia made no demonstrations of any sort at this new appearance; if her delight was as great as Walter's she, in the circumstances, kept it within bounds. The cork was drawn.

Granting nectar to have some affinity in its properties to the wine of mortals, it would have suffered terribly from Walter's careless handling. With Scotch whiskey, however, it was another matter. Walter was about to help his companion, when she seized his wrist as if to deter him, but, whatever the intention, its effect was to jerk a greater quantity into her glass than possibly Walter would have supplied it with without this interruption. Be this as it may, after the supper was eaten and they had drawn their chairs before the fire, she submitted to the refilling of her glass without observation or protest. The conversation had taken a sombre turn.

"Yes, Walter," Lucretia was saying, "I have had a ridiculously hard time of it. You see I have had no one to help me, to give me a shove. If there were not so many rogues in the profession I should have done better, but as it is, it is awful! The bogus manager seems to regard poor me as his particular prey. Horrid beast! I shouldn't mind so much if I hadn't talent, but I have talent, haven't I?"

Walter was enthusiastic in her praise. The whiskey may have had something to do with it, but at that moment words seemed a weak medium for the expression of his belief in her. And Lucretia while talking of herself did not fail every now and then to give his vanity a gentle appreciative pat, which eventually had the effect of leading him into that egotistical strain, so common to artists, and peculiarly common to those in "the profession." Walter found in this apotheosis of himself a topic to which he warmed as he felt the amplifications of which it was capable. From himself in the past and present, he passed on to himself in the future. And a very decent future he made for himself; success without surfeit; a trifle of bitter just to make the sweets palatable. Satiety was always bore. He wanted things flavoured.

Lucretia lay back in her chair, stretched her feet on the fender, and listened.

"Yes, the future," Walter went on, looking at Lucretia with fire in his eyes, "what had it not in store for both of them?"

Lucretia sighed.

Gradually Walter's ideas became confused, but one idea which at first had not been there, became, as it were, complementary to his argument, and finally, as he looked at Lucretia, occupied his thoughts altogether. She, somehow, was to share in this pretty future which he had drawn for himself. Lucretia was quick to notice this, and when a break occurred she began, with an irrelevancy only delightful in a woman, in a general sort of way to speak about marriage. The transition came naturally enough to the young man; it gave form to his ideas; it gave form to their relationship. Of course, marriage, that was the thing! They would get married. It was queer that it had not occurred to him before, for it had been running in his head all along. He was, in fact, a confounded fool not to have mentioned it first, but now that she had——

Lucretia protested that she had not; that it was utterly the last

thing in her thoughts. The notion had always been hateful to her. She had been bothered by men, goodness knows! Few women had had greater opportunities, if that had been her aim. But it was not; never had been; never would be. She had always taken men into very small account. In his case it was not quite the same, of course!—she had never met a man exactly like him; she would admit that; she didn't see there was any harm in doing so, because it was the truth. But marriage—no!

At this apparent negation of the idea of marriage on the part of Lucretia the fire in Walter's eyes burned more fiercely. What did she mean? he demanded;—what did the last six weeks mean? There was such a thing as fate; she ought to know that. Since they had met they had taken rooms in the same house, shared meals, expenses. Wasn't that fate? If it wasn't misfortune that bound people together, what was it? and wasn't misfortune fate? Why had he pawned his dressing case? he had never meant to part with that, she knew. She should really think of these things, and not be carried away by romantic ideas which were foolish. In short Walter fell under the influence of Lucretia's voluptuous presence, and possibly, it may be inferred, also the whiskey. When he proceeded to make less Platonic demonstrations of affection, Lucretia, strange to say, accepted them with extreme good nature.

The night sped on; the fire languished until there was nothing left but the white ash of the cinders, relieved by a faint spark of red. Finally the wick of the lamp burnt itself out. In the darkness Lucretia rose, leaned over Walter's chair and passionately kissed him, but this met with no response. Walter had fallen asleep. A few moments later, the creaking of the stairs denoted that they were being ascended by an insecure footstep. The darkness no doubt was puzzling.

The foot-step was Lucretia's.

II.

In the little town of Matbury, the autumnal morning sun shone with refreshing brilliancy. The main street, facing due west, was flooded with the light, undiminished by shadow of houses on either side. A little while before the sun had cast its full morning splendour over the town, doors had been unlocked, and the inhabitants, early-rising as in all sleepy towns, had commenced their daily routine with customary lack of diligence. On one of the bye-streets, where on one side there was a paling, skirting long gardens which stretched up to the houses of poorer folk, the sun now rested, investing even the vegetables in the gardens with sparkling animation. Opposite the palings was a row of rather better class houses, on which a fringe of glow was gradually mounting and, reaching the windows, transformed them into constellations.

When dawn first broke, its grey light penetrated the white blinds of a room in one of these houses. In this room a figure lay huddled up in a chair by the fire-place. As the light increased it became

apparent that the room was disorderly : hats, cloaks, and boots lay about ; the fire-place had a depraved look. On the table were the remains of a completed repast. The figure in the chair was asleep. Shortly before the sun had begun to lift the shadow which lay on the house, the door of the room opened, and the landlady, whose acquaintance was made the evening before, entered. She now wore a clean duster round her head. She pulled up the blind, and turning round, saw the sleeper in the chair and received a shock. Resisting an impulse to awaken him, she removed the plates from the table with a clatter and went out of the room, generalising, in a murmur, on the state of her nerves, and the unaccountable ways of theatrical people.

The sun crept up to the window and its light flooded the room with an effect so contrary to that outside, and on the garden over the way, that the distinction might be thought to be conscious. It gave no life, no beauty, to the room ; it exaggerated, if anything, its deadliness and unwholesomeness. The light caught a portion of the sleeper's face, now looking haggard and careworn, and was possibly the cause of a movement which placed the full face at the mercy of the bright glare. There was a tremor of the eyelids, a twitching at the corners of the mouth ; then, with the drowsy feeling of half-consciousness, Walter turned for a more comfortable position, but only saved himself a tumble on to the floor by a gymnastic feat which brought him to his legs awake, and wondering what on earth had happened.

The powerful light dazzled his eyes, and, for the moment, added to his confusion ; then things became plain to him. His glance rested for an instant on a pair of boots, of delicate make and tiny dimensions, supporting each other on the sofa. He recognised them as Lucretia's, but the recognition did not bring a smile to his face. He ran up the window, and leaning out inhaled deep draughts of the crisp, bright air, and enjoyed it, albeit he became conscious that he was suffering from a splitting head-ache. When he turned again into the room his expression had altered ; for some moments he stood staring abjectly at Lucretia's boots without seeing them. He was, however, thinking of her. The details of what had occurred and what had been said the evening before, began to present themselves to his mind with some sort of clearness. When he remembered that he had promised to marry Lucretia he sank with a groan into the chair in which he had slept.

The sunlight had affected his mental attitude.

Walter's temperament was of that enthusiastic, sensitive kind which is more influenced by impulse and impression than by reasoning. His conduct was regulated by a surer sense than a sense of principle. A few years before, he had entered upon his stage career with an enthusiasm sufficient to withstand years of defeat and disappointment ; sufficient, indeed, to withstand much of its vulgarity which was instinctively hateful to him. From the first week of his theatrical venture he had been disillusioned, but it

never occurred to him that he had been so until this morning. And Lucretia? His delightful companion of the previous night, now appeared less delightful; in fact, he did not feel sure that she was delightful at all. He became a prey to a fever of doubtings; he doubted her age, her ability. Her complexion and golden hair did not trouble him; his mind had assimilated these on his first introduction to her. As much as he had been accustomed to find pleasure in her society in an independent state, it became to him problematical that he should enjoy it in an equal measure if he were married to her. Little traits of effrontery which were amusing at the time, he felt would be intolerable to him as her husband; the delectable epithets of which he had appreciated the *abandon*, and the unremitting cigarette. Rising, his elbow knocked over the bottle which was standing on the table, and hastening to restore it to its equilibrium, he found it empty. This occasioned further reflection. He was morally certain that his share of the bottle had not exceeded half its contents; he felt keenly, even in his present prejudiced state of mind, the indelicacy of attributing the other half to Lucretia, but that he must do so could not escape him. This had a determining effect on his further movements.

He slipped quietly up to his bed-room, where he stripped and sponged himself with energy, but very quietly. Then packing his wardrobe in a large wicker basket, he returned to the ground-floor, and sought an interview with Mrs. Matfen. In the course of the interview, his watch was transferred to the care of the landlady, and her son, a big, lubberly lad, carried Walter's basket downstairs, and proceeded with it to the station, Walter following. In a little while the landlady's son returned alone.

* * * * *

Some hours later Lucretia awakened. She rubbed her eyes, and stretched herself luxuriously and sensuously in her bed. Reaching her hand beneath the pillow she brought forth a puff with which she daintily mopped her face. It was some time before this pleasurable creature could summon up sufficient energy to get up, but on doing so she attired herself with more than ordinary care. The preparation of her toilet was a wonderful and mysterious performance, in which perfumes and pigments played a more important part than soap and water. The result, however, was supremely effective, and as she tripped downstairs lilting a song out of a very comic opera, it would have been difficult to imagine a more engaging woman to look upon.

Halting for a moment before the door of the little room, she hastily rehearsed a pose and expression, and then entered the room, a study in feminine coquetry, that would have delighted the heart of Jan Van Beers, if that artist could have witnessed it. Naturally it was a matter of considerable disappointment to find the room empty; she had prepared for a certain effect, which, as it were, had missed fire. She peeped under the table, under the sofa, behind the curtains, and not finding Walter, she felt the futility of playing to an empty house,

so let the pose and expression go for further needs. Her eye caught a letter on the mantleshelf addressed to her in pencil. She at once recognised Walter's writing, and still being uncertain about his whereabouts, took care to kiss the envelope with fervour before tearing it open. She expected some little jocularity. The letter read :—

7.30 a.m.

"I may write you, dear Lucretia, a long-winded epistle some day concerning the spirit which prompts me to go hence immediately. If I cause you any pain, great or little, believe me, that my own feelings are in a dreadful mess as well.

Adieu,

WALTER.

I have squared with the landlady till the end of the week."

The consequence of this letter was a paroxysm of tears, much gesticulation, and some pretty broad swearing on the part of Lucretia. If these were real they could only excite one's pity; if not, they augured well for her future as an actress. However this may be, it is certain that of late years she has come prominently to the fore as one of our leading actresses in emotional parts.

The other day Lucretia encountered Walter who, by chance, had been engaged by her manager to play a small part in one of her productions. She remembered him as a man with whom, at one time or other, she had had something to do; she gave him no greeting, and when the circumstances just related came to her mind, she was instrumental in securing his dismissal.

RUDOLF DIRCKS.



"The Heart of Love."



N the city of wealth where all men strive,
 Where the honest work while the knaves contrive,
 And the poor exist so the rich may thrive,
 Shines the sun in the heart of love !

By the meadow-lands where the cattle graze,
 And the kingcup reigns o'er the feathered sprays,
 By the running stream where the grayling strays,
 Shines the sun in the heart of love !

Thro' the woody glens where the throstle sings,
 Where the moss abounds and the ivy clings,
 And the children gather the sweetest things,
 Shines the sun in the heart of love !

O'er the crags and fells of the mountain height,
 When the moonbeams pierce thro' the realms of night,
 And the wanderer lost bemoans his plight,
 Shines the sun in the heart of love !

By the riverside where the cottage stands,
 Near the fishing town, with its gleaming sands,
 When the sail is furled and the crew disbands,
 Shines the sun in the heart of love !

At the grim churchyard with its dismal knell,
 When the storm comes down at the even bell,
 With the bitter pangs of a last farewell,
 Shines the sun in the heart of love !

In the great For-ever when echoes ring,
 From the pure white throne where the angels sing,
 And where God is Love and Love is the King,
 Shines the sun in the Heart of Love !

LAWRENCE KELLIE.



Our Portraits.

No. CCLXXVI.—MR. H. B. IRVING.

MR. HENRY B. IRVING, the subject of one of our portraits, was born in London in 1870. When twelve years old he went to Marlborough and remained there five years. It was while at New College, Oxford, which Mr. Irving joined in 1887, remaining there till the July of this year, that he took seriously to acting. He became a member of the O.U.D.S. and appeared as Decius Brutus in "Julius Cæsar" in 1889; as Strafford in Robert Browning's play of that name in 1890; and in February of this year as King John. In these days, when heredity is so much spoken of, it is not always an advantage to be the bearer of a great name, and the name of Irving is great in the dramatic world. Mr. H. B. Irving may, therefore, be looked upon as rather handicapped in the race for fame, but he has every natural advantage for the stage, and though he has taken his B.A., and is now a student of the Inner Temple, he may after all have chosen wisely in forsaking the barrister's gown for the sock and buskin. A fair estimate of his powers could hardly be formed from his first professional appearance as Lord Beaufooy in "School," at the Garrick (September 19th, 1891), for his bent lies more towards romantic parts, or those which are looked upon as "strong."

No. CCLXXVII.—MISS ADA REHAN.

MISS ADA REHAN'S portrait, a most pleasing and faithful likeness, appeared in THE THEATRE, September, 1888, and an account of her dramatic career, up to that date, was given in that number. It may be as well to remind our readers that this incomparable actress was born in Limerick, April 22nd, 1860; that she was taken to America when six years of age and has ever since made New York her home. It was quite through an accident that at the age of sixteen she went on the stage; she played the part of an old crone in place of the lady cast for the character, who was suddenly taken ill; succeeded, and so the dramatic profession gained one of its brightest ornaments. Since the date above alluded to (1888), we have had the good fortune of seeing Miss Rehan repeating her triumph in parts that have become her own, and in several new characters. Of these we may mention Cousin Val in "The Railroad of Love," the piece with which Mr. Augustin Daly opened his season at the Gaiety, May 3rd, 1888, and on the 29th of the same month the actress took the town by storm by her admirable rendering of Katharine in "The Taming of the Shrew." When Mr. Daly brought his talented company to us again, at the Lyceum, June 10th, 1890, "Casting the Boomerang," in which they made their first appearance in this country at Toole's, July 19th, 1884, was the opening play, and Miss Rehan resumed the character of Floss, and later, June 24th, that of Nancy Brasher in "Nancy and Co." On July 4th Miss Rehan appeared as Miss Hoyden in Augustin Daly's "Miss Hoyden's Husband," his version of Sheridan's "Trip to Scarborough." This was at a *matinée* performance given at the Shaftesbury in aid of the Marlowe Memorial. On the 8th, she resumed her irresistible impersonation of Katharine, but it was on the 15th July that Miss Rehan gave us a new Rosalind in "As You Like It," and charmed the artistic world by her admirable delivery of Shakespeare's lines and her witchery in the character. Miss Ada Rehan by her great versatility was enabled through her acting as Etna in "The Great Unknown" (August 5th) to help save the piece from condemnation. Almost the same may be said of her services as Nisbe in "A Night Off" with which Mr. Daly commenced his season this autumn at the Lyceum (September 9th, 1891). Ten days later "The Last Word" was produced, and in this Miss Rehan gave us a brilliant rendering of the Baroness Vera Bouraneef, which character may be looked upon as one of the best in her *répertoire* as enabling her to exhibit every phase of emotion.





Photographed by A. Ellis Upper Baker Street, W.

Copyright.

MR. H. B. IRVING.

"Methinks 'tis prize enough to be his son."

—HENRY VI, PART III, ACT II, SC. 1.



Photographed by the London Stereoscopic Company.

Copyright.

MISS ADA REMAN.

"My way is to conjure you."

—As You Like It.—*Epilogue.*



Reviews.

"*A Book of Burlesque*," by W. Davenport Adams. The Whitefriar's Library. (London : Henry & Co.)

Mr. Adams's book is both entertaining and useful. To form a species of critical anthology from the ponderous mass of material dealing with the subject of burlesque is a task the most industrious commentator might shrink from. Mr. Adams, however, possesses the faculty, *par excellence*, of winnowing the grain from the chaff in accumulations of this description ; of washing and re-washing the bed mud till only the pure particles of gold remain to repay the tedious labour. And that a certain deposit of the true metal of wit is to be found in the subject of the book, the book itself will testify. That it does not generally yield phenomenally rich "finds" is perhaps no matter for wonder. Burlesque and travesty, of their nature ephemeral, depend so much for their success upon the monkey tricks of mimicry and mouthing, upon the clever seizing and photographing of passing eccentricities, upon bye-play and the utmost license of gag, that it by no means follows that because such a play be witty it will be at all popular. Moreover, times alter, fashions change, and topical allusions, the catchpenny stock-in-trade of your pantomime cheap-jack grow less than pointless. Even so, we are bound to confess that, accepting Mr. Adams's careful anthology as our classic for the time being, the notable burlesque writers of the present day compare but unfavourably with their predecessors. In Talfourd, in the brothers Brough, for instance, and, though not so frequently, in Planché, we find a considerable choice of passages of a really uncommon play of fancy, apart from the mere buffoonery of dislocated plays upon words. And, where *double entendre* is used, it is used in its properest sense, in the sense in which a perfect design of sculpture may be looked at and found complete from every point of view. Take, for instance, the following quotations from Talfourd and Burnand, and mark the depreciation in quality of the coin of wit issued from the latter mint :—

" He jests at scars who ne'er in climbing hit upon
A place with spikes and broken glass to sit upon.
But soft, a light!—where lights are there's a liver.
'Tis she! I'll try a gentle hint to give her
Upon my mandoline, though I'm afraid
I'm somewhat too hoarse for a serenade.
This night air is too musical by far,
And on my chest has struck a light *catarrh*. . .
Ah, see! The window opens—it is she,
More fair than ever in her *robe de nuit*,
She speaks—yet nothing says! She's not to blame,
Members of Parliament do much the same.
Her mouth rests on her hand—I'm not above
Wishing I were upon that hand a glove.
Gladly the storms of poverty I'd weather,
So we might live from hand to mouth together!

and :—

A river! I debate with myself wedder
I'll end my tale with a sensation header,
From a small boat. It could not clear the reeds;
One cannot make an *oar* *easy* through these *s(reeds)*.
Why should I live? Alas, from me forlorn
Each lad turns on his *heel* to show his *(s)corn*!
The county lads to me *make* no advances;
The county girls avert their *county nances*.
Counties; (*struck with an idea*) I'll drown myself,—
Down hesitation;
Nor men, nor folk, shall stop my *suffo-cation*!

Our latter-day burlesque writers too frequently, as in this second example quoted, depend upon the flimsiest verbal echoes for a laugh, which, however, it is only just to them to acknowledge, is most easily won thereby, for sound prevails over sense with the "gods." Also, they might say that they

have no desire whatever, as a rule, to be read, and that the cleverest fisherman is he who shows the cunningest knowledge as to with what to bait his hooks. Grant it all, and so "keep your way o' God's name!" But give us Talfourd for choice, and just so much of his successors as is to be found within the covers of Mr. Adams's interesting book.

"*Evenings Out*," by Constance Milman (London: Griffith, Farran & Co.),

Is a useful book for the amateur of "penny readings," recitations, concert entertainments, and so on, and contains some good advice for the successful carrying out of such unpretentious forms of amusement.

"*Twenty Minutes*," by H. L. Childe Pemberton. (Same Publishers.)

The half-dozen or so of monologues and duologues presented in this little volume are of a highly entertaining description. They are capitably suited to the purpose for which they are designed—that is to say for the benefit of the clever drawing-room amateur—are brightly and skilfully written, with a cunning eye to situation and effect, and run with admirable smoothness and some good show of wit. It is one of the best books of its kind that we have seen for some time, the distinct portrayal of character in it being quite above the average.

"*Shakespeare's Heroes and Heroines*" (London: Raphael Tuck & Sons.)

Are a series of coloured designs after Calcott, Leslie, MacIse, and other artists, of certain of the heroes and heroines of Shakespeare's plays. They are reproduced in their publisher's well-known delicate and excellent style, and form together a gift-book as handsome as it would prove acceptable.



Our Play-Box.

"THE AMERICAN."

Play, in four acts (founded on his novel of the same name), by HENRY JAMES.
First produced in London, at the Opera Comique Theatre, Saturday evening, September 26th, 1891.

Christopher Newman	Mr. EDWARD COMPTON.	Servant	Mr. W. G. CUNNINGHAME
Marquis de Bellegarde	Mr. SIDNEY PAXTON.	Marquise de Belle-	Miss BATEMAN
Comte Valentin de	} Mr. C. BLAKISTON.	garde	(Mrs. Crowe).
Bellegarde		Mrs. Beard	Miss LOUISE MOODIE.
Lord Deepmere	.. Mr. C. M. HALLARD.	Noémie Nioche	Miss A. DAIROLLES.
M. de Marignac	.. Mr. HARRISON HUNTER.	A Sister of Charity	Miss C. LINDSAY.
Monsieur Nioche	.. Mr. YOUNG STEWART.	Claire (Comtesse de	} Miss E. ROBINS.	
Doctor Mr. FRED W. PERMAIN.	Cintré)	

Act I.—A Parisian Parlour. Act II.—The Hotel de Bellegarde. Act III.—At Christopher Newman's.
Act IV.—Fleurières.

America has sent us actors and actresses, good, bad and indifferent, but mostly good in their special line; it has also sent us the works of American dramatists which, in many cases, though brilliant successes in the United States, have proved unacceptable to our English ideas. Now we have the first dramatic attempt from a well-known and much appreciated American novelist, Mr. Henry James. As a literary effort it is brilliant; as a play "The American" is very disappointing. To the thinking portion of an audience who bring themselves to remember the almost undisputed authority exercised by French parents over their grown-up children, an authority sanctioned both by law and custom, the pusillanimous submission of the Marquis and Claire to their overbearing mother, the Marquise de Bellegarde, will be comprehensible; but to a general audience some



M^{lle} Adrienne
 Dairrolles
 Act II

Claire Comtesse de Castré
 Miss Elizabeth
 Robins
 Act IV

Marquise de
 Bellegarde
 Miss Bateman
 Act II

Comte Valentin
 Mr. C. Blakiston

Claire,
 Miss Elizabeth
 Robins
 Act III

Christopher Newman
 Mr. Edward
 Compton

Miss Dairrolles
 Act I

Miss Louise Moodie
 Act II

Lord Deepmere
 Mr. C. M. Hallard

Miss Dairrolles
 Mr. Compton
 Act I

M. Nioche.
 Mr. Young
 Stewart

H. Spink

reason must be given to explain the weakness of their conduct, or it appears ridiculous, the more so on the part of Claire, who, having been once married and freed from leading strings, voluntarily returns to a state of moral servitude. A novelist, unused to stage craft, frequently, in dramatising his own work, forgets that in his novel he can explain the motives that influence his characters; he can enlarge upon their peculiarities, he can reasonably assimilate quite opposite characteristics. To do this in a play is the art of the dramatist; with a few sharp touches that do not retard the action, he can convey all this, and it is here that Mr. James has so signally failed. In the lighter characters of Noémie and Mons. Nioche there is nothing to explain, they speak for themselves; the course of action pursued by Comte Valentin and Lord Deepmere we can understand—it is straightforward. Christopher Newman, however, a man who has amassed wealth comparatively away from what may be looked upon as civilised beings, has to tell us in many superfluous words what has produced in him the intense admiration and longing for all that is novel to him and yet so old to the rest of the world, and his sudden love for the pure woman he meets. And the only apparent motives that influence the actions of the Marquise and her elder son are a base greed that we cannot associate with the *vielle roche* of the Faubourg St. Germain. Added to this, whilst in the opening scenes we are led to suppose that we are going to enjoy a "society" play, in the latter half of the piece we are suddenly plunged into intense melodrama, with a death enacted before our eyes, followed by the revelation, in semi-darkness, of an appalling and revolting secret. What dramatic interest there is, centres in the fortunes of the American, Christopher Newman, and his love for Claire. He has come to Paris a millionaire, his riches having been amassed by mining and the speculations attendant on it. Despite his communication with wild and lawless men, he has remained unsophisticated and a gentleman. At his hotel he has employed Monsieur Nioche as his *cicerone* about Paris, and the fawning humbug has introduced him to his own home and his coquettish daughter Noémie, a desperate flirt, and one who makes young men pay for their admiration of her. At this house he meets the young Comte Valentin, who comes there for a little change after his own gloomy home. The two men take a liking to each other, and Valentin, speaking rather rapturously of his sister Claire, the American's curiosity is aroused to see her, and his new friend promises to introduce him to the Hotel de Bellegarde. He meets Claire, they fall in love with each other, and Newman asks her hand of the haughty and avaricious Marquise, her mother. He is conditionally accepted; he even announces his engagement to the assembled guests; but presently the Marquise and her elder son learn that Lord Deepmere, who had previously been encouraged by them as a suitor for Claire's hand, but had been ousted on account of the American, is a better match than was supposed. He is, therefore, encouraged again, but takes umbrage at the manner in which he has been treated, and expresses himself in such terms, that for the honour of his family Comte Valentin takes up the quarrel. A duel ensues; Valentin is mortally wounded, but on his death-bed imparts to the American that there is a terrible secret in the Bellegarde family, which he may learn from Mrs. Beard, the old servant who has nursed all the children. In the third act Christopher Newman is preparing the house that he has purchased for the reception of his intended bride, and has old Nioche and his daughter

Noémie there to assist. Her presence is made the excuse by the Bellegardes to break off the match between the American and Claire, and she, after an affecting parting with him, says that though she will not marry anyone else, she will not act in opposition to her mother's will. In the last act, Claire has retired to the country house Fleurières, with the intention of entering a neighbouring convent. Christopher Newman follows her there, and at length prevails on old Mrs. Beard to impart to him the dreadful secret. It appears that the late Marquis de Bellegarde, having persistently set his face against Claire's marriage with the Comte de Cintré, whom he knew to be his wife's paramour, she and her son, who had always blindly obeyed her, had deliberately poisoned the old Marquis. He had, however, been able to set down a statement charging them with the crime, and had entrusted this to Mrs. Beard. After much persuasion she is induced to hand this to the American, doing this for love of Claire. He now has the Marquise and her son in his power, and threatens to expose them, but Claire's entreaties induce him to give up the incriminating document, thus making himself a party to the crime; and Claire, resigning all thought of the convent, declares that in spite of everyone she will now marry him. There the play should end, as these two principal actors in it leave the stage, but there is an anti-climax in the re-entry of the Marquise, who, as she burns the paper that would betray her, utters a malediction on them both, and hopes never to look upon their faces again. Mr. Edward Compton handled the character of the American with great skill, for he has during its portrayal to exhibit the most varying emotions—to show us a gentleman, unpolished as to society, yet full of nobility; unsophisticated, yet shrewd and light-hearted, and capable of a depth of passion. Miss Bateman made the Marquise de Bellegarde unnecessarily repulsive, and lacked the distinction that we associate with the old *noblesse*. Miss Robins took such a very lachrymose view of the character of Claire as to rob it of much of its charm; a little more brightness would so materially have improved it. Miss Adrienne Dairrolles was remarkably bright and natural as the scheming coquettish Noémie, and Mr. Young Stewart gave a clever sketch of the fawning humbug, her father. Mr. Sydney Paxton fitted an unpleasant *rôle* more than satisfactorily, and there was much to praise in Mr. Clarence Blakiston's acting throughout. Mr. C. M. Hallard was an English nobleman of the stamp that is not generally admired. Miss Louise Moodie imparted the secret to Christopher Newman in a weird, impressive manner that showed great power.

As a first piece "A Dead Letter," a little domestic drama by W. A. Brabner, was played for the first time in London. It has been seen in the provinces, and in it Mr. Lewis Ball, in a feeling manner, showed us Ben Somers, an old village postmaster, who takes upon himself the supposed crime of his daughter Polly. A £50 note is missing from a letter. Somers imagines that his daughter has abstracted it in order to give it to her lover Fred Armstrong, so that they may get married. It is afterwards discovered that the sender had put it in a wrong envelope, and had sent it with another to Fred Armstrong as a sort of "conscience money," in reparation for a wrong done the young fellow's parents. Miss Evelyn McNay was bright and pleasant as Polly.

"GRIF."

Drama, in four acts, by W. LESTOCQ, with the consent of the author of the story, Mr. B. L. Farjeon.
First produced at the Surrey Theatre, Monday evening, October 5th, 1891.

Matthew Nuttall ..	Mr. C. CRUIKSHANKS.	First Digger	Mr. W. DONNE.
Nicholas Nuttall ..	Mr. R. LESLIE.	James	Mr. A. HALL.
Richard Handfield ..	Mr. C. J. HAGUE.	Little Peter	Master F. KNIGHT.
Jim Pizey	Mr. HENRY BELDING.	Grif	Miss ALICE ESDEN.
The Tender-hearted } Oysterman }	Mr. ERNEST LEICESTER	Marian Nuttall	Miss ELEANOR MAY.
Old Flick	Mr. G. CONQUEST, JUN.	Mrs. Nicholas Nuttall	Miss ANNIE TRAVERS
Black Sam	Mr. W. STEVENS.	Emily	Miss LAURA DYSON.
Welsh Tom	Mr. EDWARD LENNOX.	Alice Nuttall	Miss ANNIE CONWAY.

The story which Mr. Lestocq has dramatised is one of Mr. Farjeon's earliest efforts, and bears unmistakable evidence of the admiration which the then young writer felt for Charles Dickens. "Grif" is indeed an Australian "Jo" of Bleak House, only that he is cheery in all his starvation, a sort of juvenile Diogenes; for he lived in a tub and was a philosopher in his way, but a kindly one, sharing his tub and blanket with Little Peter, a wretched half-witted street arab, and his faithful mongrel dog "Rough." Although the dog is not seen in the play, yet a great deal turns upon it, for it is through the "tender-hearted oysterman" poisoning the poor animal, that Grif bears the ruffian such deadly hate, and is the means of frustrating all his schemes. The tender-hearted oysterman, so called on account of his ever professing horror at the shedding of blood, though he commits murder without the slightest compunction, is one of a gang that include Jim Pizey and Old Flick, who are most anxious to induce Richard Handfield to join them in robbing Matthew Nuttall's out-station, Highley. Handfield has been secretary to this Nuttall, and knows where a large sum of money is hidden away. He has been dismissed from his post in consequence of his having become engaged to Alice Nuttall, and as her father intends her to marry a suitor he has chosen and she remains faithful to Handfield, she is driven from her home. The lovers marry and are reduced to the greatest poverty through Handfield's inability to obtain employment. The gang thinks this will be the time to get him into their toils. Grif has been shown great kindness by Alice, and so when Jim Pizey passes Handfield a forged bank note in payment for a trinket he sells, Grif over-hears the plot, and gives Handfield timely warning. He goes off to the gold diggings with Welsh Tom, and then the gang hatch another conspiracy. The tender-hearted oysterman disguises himself, joins the two diggers and, stealing Handfield's knife, with it murders Welsh Tom. As soon as the crime is discovered it is laid to the charge of Handfield; the conspirators say that, unless he joins them, they will give him up to the miners who will lynch him, and so the young fellow pretends to become their accomplice, but escapes from them to warn Matthew Nuttall of their designs on his property. Grif, who has accompanied Alice to the gold fields in search of her husband, again overhears the gang quarrelling as to the useless murder that has been committed; but the poor boy is discovered and shot down by his old enemy. He contrives, however, to drag himself to the station—at which Handfield and his wife have already arrived—before the gang, who are caught in their attempt at burglary. Grif, dying, makes his deposition before Nuttall, who is a magistrate, and Jim Pizey turning Queen's evidence, Handfield is proved innocent and he and Alice are forgiven by her father. Nicholas Nuttall, his wife, a strong-minded woman, and their daughter Marian, are but subsidiary characters and have little bearing on the plot. The adapter had to

cut out a considerable amount of dialogue after the first performance, and has left out one interesting character that figures in the novel. He has also turned Old Flick who was rather Fagin-like, into the comic and conventional stage "Jew fence," and so afforded Mr. G. Conquest, jun., opportunity for causing a good deal of laughter. Taken altogether Mr. Lestocq has done his work capably and produced an interesting play. Miss Esden played Grif remarkably well; there was a cheeriness and a homely pathos in her rendering of the character that were convincing, and her death scene was very touching. On a par with her performance was that of Mr. Ernest Leicester, whose acting was very powerful and realistic, and not overdone. Mr. C. Crnikshanks was natural as the stern, determined father, and Mr. C. J. Hague was a manly, chivalrous Richard Handfield. Miss Annie Conway was sympathetic as his wife, and Mr. Henry Belding and Miss Eleanor May were of great assistance to the play, which was received with favour and was well put on the stage by Mr. Conquest.

"THÉRÈSE RAQUIN."

Drama, in four acts, by EMILE ZOLA, translated by A. TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS. Specially revised for the Independent Theatre by GEORGE MOORE.
 First produced at the Royalty Theatre, Friday evening, October 9th, 1891.

Laurant.. . . .	Mr. W. L. ABINGDON.	Madame Raquin.. . . .	{ Mrs. THEODORE WRIGHT.
Camille	Mr. HERBERT-BASING.	Thérèse Raquin	{ Miss LAURA JOHNSON.
Grivet	Mr. H. DE LANGE.	Suzanne	{ Miss CLARICE SHIPLEY.
Michaud.. . . .	Mr. JOHN GIBSON.		

For their second performance the Independent Theatre Society of London (Théâtre Libre), of which Mr. J. T. Grein is the founder, chose one of Zola's plays—terrible in its realism, but irresistibly fascinating in its horror. The play under notice was dramatised by Zola from his novel—a great work—but the play itself is not in itself great. We see the every day life of an humble Parisian household. Laurent has just finished the portrait of Camille, and there is to be a little *festin* in honour of the event; a cheap bottle of champagne and some biscuits are to give relish to the game of dominoes, in which are to take part Grivet, an old government clerk, with his fussy ways and quick temper, and Michaud, the retired commissary of police, with his little stories of criminals that he has arrested in the past. Thérèse sits moodily on one side, uninterested; she is a careful nurse to Camille, the querulous, selfish, invalid husband that fate has given her. When he praises Laurent she affects a dislike for the man—she picks holes in him. Presently they are alone, she and Laurent; in a moment they are in each other's arms; the indifference they affect is but a blind to hide their guilty passion; Camille is the obstacle to its indulgence—he must be removed. And so on a water excursion, in which the three take part on the following Sunday, Laurent upsets the boat; he saves Thérèse, who has been acquiescent in the murder of her husband, but he is left to drown. A year passes; Madame Raquin has never ceased to mourn the loss of her son; Thérèse is unhappy, pre-occupied, her manner is looked upon by the doating mother as denoting regret for the loss of Camille; Laurent, an inmate of the little household, is moody and nervous. Michaud, the good old friend of the family, says that all this must be put an end to. He takes Laurent in hand, and persuades him that he should marry Thérèse, who is induced to consent by the entreaties of Madame Raquin, hoping thus to secure her happiness and reward her for

her faithfulness to the memory of the drowned man. The moment has arrived for which the guilty pair have planned and plotted—they are to forget the dread shadow that is ever haunting them in their love. They are married, the wedding festivities are over, they are alone. Laurent rushes to embrace his wife—she repels him; love and passion both are dead, they have been killed by remorse. They try to talk on indifferent subjects, but there is one subject that will force itself upon them—the murder. Laurent sees the bloated corpse of his victim stand before him; he raves and accuses Thérèse of having lured him on to the crime. Whilst they are heaping recrimination on one another the door opens; Madame Raquin has been disturbed by their cries, and her presence is unknown to them; and so she learns from the lips of those she thought so good and pure their frightful secret. The knowledge is too horrible, it brings on a paralytic stroke. Voice and movement are gone, only her brain is clear and her eyes disclose the hatred she feels for the two wretches that are before her. Time goes on, Laurent and Thérèse have kept up the deception before the world; they are known in the *quartier* as the love-birds, but they loathe each other. Presently Madame Raquin is wheeled in and set to the dinner table. Grivet and Michaud talk to her, her eyes are straining to tell their terrible story; for a moment the murderers are in horrid dread; the invalid's fingers have contrived to trace on the cloth their names, but only can add the word "have" when their strength fails again and the hand drops nerveless at her side. They are respite, but not for long. Immediately they have but this inanimate presence to listen to what they say; they recommence reviling each other; Thérèse's constant cry to him is "You killed Camille"; he is driven mad for a time, and believes that he is the dead man. At the same moment the same determination to rid themselves of each other comes upon both. He will poison her; he takes the vial from his pocket—Madame Raquin reads Thérèse's thoughts, she points with her eyes at a knife; Thérèse is about to use it when she and her husband face each other, and then to their horror the hitherto motionless dumb figure rises and speaks to them. Madame Raquin they fear is going to denounce them; no, the punishment the law would mete them out is too easy, too summary; she will live on to hold them in her power, to witness their days of misery and their nights of torture, never to escape from them or her. Such a torture is unbearable; Thérèse picks up the bottle of prussic acid that has dropped from Laurent's hand and swallows a portion of its contents. Her miserable accomplice in crime takes the remainder, and they lie dead at the feet of their remorseless fate, Madame Raquin muttering as they breathe their last "They have died too quickly." Mrs. Theodore Wright had appeared in several difficult parts previously, but in none so difficult as this. The foolishly fond mother of the opening scenes transformed into a very Medusa, seated through he better part of an act without uttering a word, but only conveying by her eyes the passion and hate that were boiling within her impotent frame; the soft-hearted, sympathetic woman transformed into a demon were conveyed in an extraordinarily convincing manner; and the result makes one regret that Mrs. Theodore Wright did not follow up the profession in which she appeared a good many years ago as, it is said, Miss Austin. Mr. W. L. Abingdon has so long been associated with villain's parts that it came almost as a surprise to many to see how well he could play the impassioned lover; but his real strength came out when he had to picture to us the man driven out of his

senses by superstitious fears and never-sleeping remorse ; his realism rose to the height of tragedy. For so young an actress Miss Laura Johnson compassed much ; slight of physique, with not too sweet a voice, she yet showed an intensity of feeling, a rapture of love and a measure of dramatic strength that were to be very highly commended. Mr. Herberte-Basing understood the querulous selfishness of Camille, and Mr. H. de Lange introduced some life-like touches into the character of Grivet, the old bachelor so wedded to his "little ways" that he had broken off his intended marriage with a lady because she liked *café-au-lait* and he did not. Mr. John Gibson was sound and natural as Michaud, and Miss Clarice Shirley told with considerable *naïveté* the progress of her love affair with her admirer "the blue Prince," a character that is spoken of but not seen. "Thérèse Raquin" was put in the evening bill at the Royalty on Wednesday, October 14th, Mr. Herberte-Basing having acquired the English rights. The original (English) cast appeared in it.

"THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER."

Original play, in four acts (founded upon MARK TWAIN'S Historic Romance) by JOSEPH HATTON.
First produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, Monday evening, October 12th, 1891.

The Prince of Wales afterwards Edward IV. Tom Canty, the Pauper	} Miss BESSIE HATTON.	Hugh Gallard	Mr. CECIL CROFTON.
Earl of Hertford		Mr. HENRY HOWE.	Captain of the Palace Guard
Lord Seymour	Mr. CHARLES FULTON.	Landlord of the King's Arms	Mr. W. BIRCH.
Archbishop Cranmer	Mr. G. WILSONA.	The Ruffler	Mr. H. NELSON.
Miles Hendon	Mr. FORBES DAWSON.	The Princess Elizabeth	Miss MARIE LINDEN.
Anthony Gorse	Mr. BASSETT ROE.	Mrs. Canty	Mrs. MACKLIN.
John Canty	Mr. MARK KINGHORNE.	Nau Canty	Miss LAURA LINDEN.

The first London dramatic version of "Prince and Pauper" was from the pen of Mrs. Oscar Beringer, and was tried at a *matinée* at the Gaiety on April 12th of last year. In Mrs. Abbey Sage Richardson's American version of the story (produced at the Broadway Theatre, January 20th, 1890), the dual rôle was filled by a very charming and clever little girl, Elsie Leslie. To this Mr. Joseph Hatton acknowledges himself indebted for "the love scenes between Lord Seymour and the Lady Elizabeth, the parting between Tom Canty and his mother, and the closing situation of the third act." The main incidents are Tom Canty's being threatened with a severe cudgelling by his father for not begging, and for his ridiculous liking for posing as the Prince. Tom's mother and sister prevent his being beaten, and he wanders away to Whitehall. We then see the Prince studious and dignified for his years. He is supposed to hear of Tom Canty's being repulsed by the guards for wishing to see him. The Prince goes off for a moment, and almost in an instant he re-appears in rags, but this time as the Prince, thus disguised with the intention of mixing among the people, he having for a freak exchanged clothes with Tom, whom he has left in the Palace. In this tattered garb he is found by the Captain of the Guard, and is summarily evicted, despite his assertion that he is the Prince, for he has forgotten the appearance he presents. We next see him in "Thieving Lane." Tom Canty, taking the boy for his son, is going to have him dragged away with him, when Miles Hendon defends him, and carries him off to his lodgings at the King's Arms. There the boy behaves as the Prince, makes Miles his confidant, and so wins the "soldier of fortune" that Hendon waits upon him as though he were his sovereign, and in return is knighted by Edward. During Miles Hendon's absence, the

Prince is forcibly carried off by John Canty's myrmidons, for Canty is a kind of Duke Humphrey in his Alsatia. The next act takes place in the ruins of Chertsey Abbey, whither Canty has fled for refuge from the law, he having killed a priest. The Prince is likely to fare but badly at the hands of Canty's followers, thieves and vagabonds, but again he is saved by the entreaties of his mother and sister, but still would probably be murdered by Antony Gorse known as Mad Antony. This Antony has been sold as a slave by Henry VIII's orders, and owes him a deep grudge. He thinks to repay this by killing the boy, whose assertions that he is the Prince he believes. Fortunately Miles Hendon arrives in time to save the lad and show him the means of escape. The beggars, however, are about to hang Miles on an improvised gallows for venturing on their territory, when the Prince with soldiers at his heels rescues him, there is a *melee* in which the beggars are beaten back, and on this the curtain falls. The last act takes place in the Throne-room of Whitehall Palace. Here we find the Lord Protector and the Court in the belief that the Prince is insane, for it is Tom Canty who has remained in the palace and of course behaves and speaks as such an urchin would. Miles Hendon arrives with a letter written in Latin, Greek, and French to the Lord Protector by the Prince, recounting his adventures and claiming to be restored to his dignities. The Earl of Hertford has already heard of the strange story of the two lads, and this letter determines him on investigating the facts. The Prince leaves the Court for a moment, and in his place reappears the apparent Tom Canty, who is acknowledged as King (for Henry VIII has died during the action of the play), and here only is a "double" introduced. Mr. Hatton has managed his work fairly so far as avoiding the necessity of a "double," although to do this he had to introduce scenes which stop the action of the play. In the royal character, the language put in the mouth of the speaker is well chosen and correct to the age, but the boy Tom Canty and the beggars, etc., use very modern terms. The author has also made one strange slip, by causing Miles Hendon to describe himself as the second son of a *baronet*. This order was not established till some sixty years later. Miss Bessie Hatton was clever in the dual *rôle*, but was at her best as the Prince. Mr. Henry Howe raised the character of the Lord Protector into prominence by his dignified bearing and admirable delivery. The love scenes between Lord Seymour and the Princess Elizabeth were made acceptable solely through the excellence of Mr. Charles Fulton and Miss Marie Linden. Mr. Forbes Dawson was scarcely of the period in which the play is written; he was an amusing, good-natured fellow as Miles Hendon, but that was all. Mr. Bassett Roe gave us a powerful rendering of Mad Antony, and Mr. Mark Kinghorne was as ruffianly as could be desired as John Canty. Mrs. Macklin was truly pathetic as his wife, and Miss Laura Linden made more of Nan Canty than might have been expected. Mr. Horace Sedger, the temporary manager of the Vaudeville, produced the play in a lavish manner, but much of the expense incurred was thrown away on such a small stage.

“THE QUEEN’S ROOM.”

Poetical play, in one act, by F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

First produced at the Opera Comique, Wednesday afternoon, October 21st, 1891.

Father Allen	Mr. EDWARD COMPTON.	Mary Stuart	} Mrs. LANCASTER-WALLIS (Queen of Scotland)
Chastelard	Mr. C. BLAKISTON.	Mary Beaton	
Henry, Lord Darnley	Mr. HARRISON HUNTER.		
Captain of the Guard	Mr. W. G. CUNNINGHAME		

Poetical plays are comparatively so rare now-a-days that it is a pleasure to record the success of one which, if not of the very highest class so far as the versification is concerned, is yet smoothly written, though wanting in fervour and brilliancy, and marred by such lines as these in the lips of a priest :

“The eyes that see some feet through a stone wall
May be considered somewhat penetrating.”

The little episode, one it is to be feared of many, in the life of the ill-fated Mary is made interesting. Summed up in a few words, the Queen loves Chastelard, who secretes himself at night in her chamber. Father Allen, who knows every secret way of the old palace of Holyrood, suddenly stands before Mary, and by presaging the death of Chastelard on the scaffold, forces Mary to betray her love. Darnley and his lords, who have a suspicion that the poet is in the Queen’s apartments, insist on being admitted. Before the doors are opened to them, Father Allen conceals Chastelard. The Queen indignantly attacks Darnley for his base suspicion. When he retires Chastelard reappears; the Queen passionately embraces him, but the future Cardinal closes the scene with the determined words “In three hours, Sir, to France.” Though the author is partly to blame, it seemed to me that Mr. Compton infused too much of the spirit of irony and cynicism into his delivery, rather than command; still, his was an able performance. Only the highest praise could be accorded to Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis for the bright raillery the sympathetic feeling, and dignity which she exhibited as Mary Stuart. Miss McNay was very sweet as Mary Beaton, favourite attendant, hopelessly in love with Chastelard, represented by Mr. Clarence Blakiston with fervour and passion.

“THE LIAR.”

SAMUEL FOOT’S old comedy, arranged in two acts.

Revived at the Opera Comique, Wednesday afternoon, October 21st, 1891.

Jack Wilding	Mr. EDWARD COMPTON.	John	Mr. F. W. PERMAIN.
Mr. Wilding	Mr. LEWIS BALL.	William	Mr. W. G. CUNNINGHAME
Sir James Elliott ..	Mr. C. BLAKISTON.	Miss Grantham ..	Miss EVELYN MCNAY.
Papillon	Mr. SYDNEY PAXTON.	Miss Gedrey	Miss ELINOR AICKIN.

The last time that Foot’s most amusing comedy was seen in London was at the (then) Prince’s, April, 1884, when Mr. Charles Collette appeared as young Wilding. Originally produced in 1762, and founded no doubt on Sir Richard Steele’s “Lying Lovers; or, Ladies’ Friendship,” 1704 (taken from Corneille’s “Le Menteur,” in its turn founded on the Spanish of Lopez da Vega), Charles Matthews revived the play at the Olympic in 1867, and subsequently at the Gaiety and Opera Comique (1873 and 1877). Mr. William Farren, senior, also played Jack Wilding at the Aquarium Theatre in 1878, and executed a *tour-de-force* the same afternoon (November 4th) by also appearing as Grandfather Whitehead. Mr. Edward Compton, who played Jack Wilding in the performance under notice, rattled through his part with consummate ease and effrontery (though the character he plays in the evening did not allow him altogether to

rid himself of the "American" twang). Miss Evelyn McNay should be, with a little more experience, most valuable in such parts, for she has caught the true spirit of old comedy, which Mr. Lewis Ball and Miss Aickin also so well understand; the other two principals in the cast were too modern. Both pieces were so successful that they will be repeated every week, and promise well for the series of Wednesday *matinées* which Mr. Compton has announced.

"PAMELA'S PRODIGY."

"A lively comedy," in three acts, by CLYDE FITCH.

Produced for the first time at the Court Theatre, Wednesday evening, October 21st, 1891.

Mr. Algernon Serious	Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS.	Mrs. Pamela Podkins	Mrs. JOHN WOOD.
Mr. Adolphus Todd ..	Mr. EDWARD RIGTON.	Charl-sa Podkins ..	Miss MARY JOCELYN.
Mr. Samuel Bogie ..	Mr. D. ROBERTSON.	Miss Lucinda Mitts ..	Miss EMILY MILLER.
Mr. Jennings	Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS.	Lady Iggins	Mrs. EDMUND PHELPS.
Mr. Edward Hamilton	Mr. PERCY BROUGH.	A Lady of Title ..	Miss JESSIE LEE.
Mr. Timothy Iggins ..	Mr. CHARLES ROCK.	Marie	Miss M. CALDWELL.
James	Mr. JOHN CLULOW.	Seraphina	Miss DAISY STRATTON.

It was daring of the author to describe his work as a "lively comedy," as, whether a play is "lively" or not should be left to the judgment of the audience. In this case it was peculiarly inappropriate, for a more inane, dull, and in some parts distasteful production has seldom been seen. Nothing but the respect in which Mrs. John Wood is held prevented an outburst of condemnation. The talented manageress worked pitifully hard to retrieve the fortunes of the evening; she sang, she danced, she was caustically amusing at times in her own happy way—was even humorously pathetic—but it was impossible even for her to arouse anything like interest in her most friendly audience. Aply seconded by Mr. Edward Righton as a nimble little dancing master, and by Miss Emily Miller as an intriguing school-mistress, by Miss Mary Jocelyn as a simpering coquettish miss-in-her-teens, with Mr. George Giddens as the most lachrymose of musicians, the brave efforts of these capable performers availed nothing, for the author had given them no chance. The first thirty years of this century allowed for the display of some very curious and rich dresses, the sight of which was indeed the most enjoyable portion of the evening, but the cost of which must, as things have turned out, entail a heavy loss on the management. It is useless to attempt to describe a plot which does not exist. Much as Mrs. Wood is to be sympathised with in her failure, it is impossible to acquit her of all responsibility for the result, or of the want of judgment shown by an actress and manageress of such experience in selecting a play that, from its worthlessness, was almost an insult to the audiences that support her theatre.

"GODPAPA."

Farcical comedy, in three acts, by F. C. PHILIPS and CHARLES BROOKFIELD.

First produced at the Comedy Theatre, Thursday evening, October 22nd, 1891.

Reginald	Mr. C. H. HAWTREY.	} <i>Cécilia</i> }	"Trixie—thorough-ly domesticated"	Miss H. LAMBERT.
Mr. Bunbury	Mr. C. BROOKFIELD.		"A German Lady of Title—educated"	Miss EVA WILLIAMS.
Sir George Tanworth	Mr. JAMES NELSON.		"The Daughter of a Country Squire"	Miss STELLA MARIS.
Mr. Craven	Mr. W. F. HAWTREY.		"Flossie and Maude—two sisters"	Mrs. A. GRIFFITH.
"Pygmalion"	Mr. W. WYES.		Miss Mary Browne ..	Miss LOTTIE VENNE.
Servant	Mr. ERNEST COSHAM.			
Mrs. St. Germain ..	Miss ANNIE IRISH.			
Mrs. Craven	Miss V. FEATHERSTON.			
Miss Vi let Bunbury	Miss V. ARMBURSTER.			

This play gives one the impression of being taken from the French, the imbrolios being such as our Gallic neighbours love to unravel. There is much of what is now described as "smart" writing in the

piece ; there are some clever innuendoes for those who relish such, and the first act is very laughable ; the second falls off and should be pruned ; the close of the last should be strengthened. It has a good part for Miss Lottie Venne, and an excellent one for Mr. C. H. Hawtrej, who was cordially received on his re-appearance after his long illness. As Reginald Forster, assuming another name, he presents himself at Mrs. St. Germain's aristocratic matrimonial agency with a view of negotiating a marriage for Miss Mary Browne, of whom he declares himself to be the "godpapa." This is of course but a subterfuge, as he has got himself entangled with this apparently guileless young lady, and wishes to rid himself of her as he contemplates marriage with Violet, the daughter of Mr. Bunbury. This silly old gentleman, a widower, has also placed himself under an assumed name on Mrs. St. Germain's books, and Miss Browne takes his fancy so much that he chooses her. The young innocent thing is really very wide-awake ; she in the most delicate manner shows her knowledge of slang, and accepts presents and convenient aid from gentlemen with the beseeching entreaty, "I hope you won't think the worse of me, will you ?" She sees through Reginald's wish to get rid of her, and meeting both him and Mr. Bunbury at Mr. Craven's, a fashionable milliner, to whom she is forewoman, she places them in a very awkward position, and not only them, but Mr. Craven whose daughter she really is, though he has never let his wife know this fact. Reginald extricates himself from his difficulties by lying in that bland, smooth manner of which Mr. Hawtrej is so complete a master ; poor Bunbury is made the scapegoat, and Mary Browne finally pairs off with "Pygmalion," a simple countryman of means, who requires a wife, in answer to his advertisement, who shall be "clean, Christian, and cheerful." We have often seen Mr. Charles Hawtrej and Miss Venne in similar parts to those they are now playing, and they appear to be as acceptable as ever to the audience. Miss Annie Irish's style is exactly suited to the aristocratic "agent," and her scenes were admirably got through, particularly that in which she interviews her lady clients. Mr Charles Brookfield was amusing as silly Mr. Bunbury. Miss Vane Featherston aided the piece considerably as the fashionable milliner, Mrs. Craven, who interlards her sentences with very bad French, and Miss Violet Armbruster looked pretty and played brightly. Mr. W. Wyes and Mr. James Nelson were good. "Godpapa" was well received, and was preceded by T. G. Warren's pretty comedietta, "Rosabel" (late "Houp-la"), which should not be missed by those who visit the Comedy. Miss Jennie Dawson, Mr. W. Wyes, and Mr. Ernest Cosham are excellent in it.

"THE TIMES."

Original comedy, in four acts, by A. W. PINERO.
First produced at Terry's Theatre, Saturday evening, October 24th, 1891.

Denham, Viscount	} Mr. W. T. LOVELL.	Countess of Ripstow	Miss M. TALBOT.
Lurgashall		Hon. Montague Trimble	Mrs. Egerton-Bompas
Hon. Montague Trimble	Mr. ELLIOTT.	Beryl (her daughter)	Miss ANNIE HILL.
Percy Egerton - Bompas, M.P.	Mr. EDWARD TERRY.	Mrs. Hooley (a widow)	Miss ALEXES LIGHTON
Howard (his son)	Mr. HENRY V. ESMOND.	Honorina (her daughter)	Miss L. BARRADELL.
Timothy McShane, M.P.	Mr. FRED THORNE.	Miss Cazalet	Miss HELENA DACRE.
Jelf, a servant	Mr. ALBERT SIMS.	Lucy Tuck	Miss HETTY DENE.

The introductory note with which the author prefaced his play, a copy of which was presented to each member of his audience, states that, "this documentary evidence, when the play was found to possess some intrinsic value, would enable the manager to defend his judgment, while it would always apportion fairly to actor and author their just shares of credit or of blame." Further on Mr. Pinero states that the design of his present work is "a comic play, which essays to touch with a hand not too heavy some of the surface faults and follies of the hour." It is very doubtful whether "The Times" will be looked upon as a comic play, and many will be of opinion that the touch is not light enough to entitle it to such a description. As to the apportionment of the credit, the actor may certainly take the larger share, for the principals, Mr. Edward Terry and Miss Fanny Brough, make their crushing disappointment real, and one can only look with pity, not always laughter, on them and on Mr. Esmond's vivid and life-like representation of the miserable sodden lad, Howard. "The Times" is a disappointment, so far as the author is concerned, as "a comic play;" it contains much that is admirable in dialogue and in epigram, but at the same time it is at times verbose, and there are contradictions in his characters. Egerton-Bompas, M.P., is a self-made man, very wealthy; he is just getting into society, his vain petty ambition is being gratified, his daughter Beryl is engaged to Lord Lurgashall, when Howard suddenly brings to his father's house his young wife, Honorina, the daughter of an illiterate Irish lodging-house keeper. The Hon. Montague Trimble (the Major Pendennis of the household) suggests that the marriage should be concealed, and that Honorina should be educated and given out as the *fiancée* of Howard. The duplicity succeeds with the world, till Miss Cazalet, the proprietress of a society journal, discloses everything in her columns in revenge for a slight put upon her by the Countess of Ripstow. Mrs. Hooley in the meantime has become engaged to Mr. McShane, told him of their real position, and the Irish M.P. claims as the price of his silence that Bompas shall renounce his political creed and become Home Ruler. Overcome by his troubles, the mind of Bompas almost gives way. His wife recalls the old happy days before they had "got on;" these recollections give the husband courage, he resigns his seat, determines to retire altogether from society, and is comforted by Lord Lurgashall still claiming the hand of Beryl, the straightforward, honourable girl who has been a most unwilling party to the deceit practised. Space prevents my saying more of the acting than that in addition to those already mentioned the names of Mr. Elliott and Miss Annie Hill, of Miss Hetty Dene and Miss Barradell (the latter two quite young actresses) may be most favourably mentioned. There was considerable applause during the evening, but it was not so enthusiastic at the close, nor were there wanting some sounds of disapprobation.

CECIL HOWARD.



Our Amateurs' Play-Box.

"A LESSON IN LOVE" AT TRURO.

How should Cheltnam's comedy be played? as comedy, of course, but of what degree? farcical, *bourgeois*, or high? The answer should be, I suppose "It all depends on the actors." Yet that is a hard saying, for the author—whom Mr. Jones is not far wrong in championing as in general a cavalierly treated gentleman—could not have intended his play for a kind of dramatic literary chameleon, which should change tone and colour to harmonise with the prevailing moods of the players. But that in effect is what it is. Nothing about it is regarded as finite. It holds much the same place in the eyes of its manipulators as would one of those india-rubber faces, comic distortables, vended from the gutter, "honly wun pinny." I preach at the Truro superfines equally with the Cockney vulgarians, for though the former refine the play while the latter coarsen it, the process is none the less to be objected to, venial though the fault may be. But had they carried their idolising method one logical step further, there should be no objection made. Dress the characters in powder and patches and rapiers, tone the dialogue, and to suit, and they shall press as much high comedy as they please into the familiar scenes, and none shall gainsay them. Rather shall compliments strew their path, for the acting, which is a little out of place in middle-class hydropathic comedy, shall then be in a proper setting. With this exception of ultra-distinction taken, there is scarce a word to be said in blame. The Hon. Agnes Leigh and Captain Ulick Brown were vivacious, with a tactful sobriety as the fascinating widow and her bashful wooer. Captain Holloway has just the brisk air and quick way without which Orlando, the irresistible, subsides into a duffing braggart. In addition, his stage business was clever without being puzzling, and he bustled the piece along without flurry or fussiness. The Hon. Cecil Knatchbull-Hugessen obviously enjoys observing and hitting off tell-tale eccentricities of manner and appearance. His sketch of Babblebrook was in the vein of Fred Barnard, character yet caricature; bold, truthful, and supremely amusing. Mrs. Harvey Alexander looked sweet and played simply as Edith. The *ingénuë* can do no more. And, saved up as a *bonne bouche*, to smack critical lips over, a new and delightful Anastasia was supplied by Miss Isolda Prideaux-Brune. No one, not even a school-girl amateur (ugh! its like a biting frost to mention it) could fail in such a part, I know. But there's all the difference between getting a hundred laughs and deserving them. This lady achieved the latter with the former, acting with continuity and emotional reasonableness in a part which tempts an actress almost beyond endurance to exaggeration and its attendant vices. Miss Brune was an artist in all she did, and what is more in all she left undone.

That rather blunt and clumsy satire "The Duchess of Bayswater" followed, and created more effect by reason of the blue blood in the cast, than its crude sketches of shop-keeping nobility would of themselves secure. Mr. Hugessen was eccentric and funny in a new way as the valetudinarian; Mr. Gerald Carew played pertly and briskly as the valet; Mrs. Alexander as the fussy old gentleman's daughter did nothing with much grace and good humour; and the Duchess was presented with the happiest mixture of patrician dignity and commercial servility by Miss Beatrice Prideaux-Brune, another clever and observant actress worthy of better things than farce.

"OUR BITTEREST FOE" AT CASTLE COOLE.

There is but one objection to be taken to Mr. Gardner's powerful little drama as a piece for amateurs. It absolutely drips with heroism. Not a single character fronts the footlights for a minute before bubbles of it begin to ooze from his eyes, fingers, or lips. This does not discount one's enjoyment of the story, but it does increase the actors' difficulties, for there is nothing harder to compass

than being heroic on the stage—except being heroic off. At the Earl of Belmore's, near Enniskillen, they felt so remote from ordinary centres, however, that the conventional heroics might without protest be dispensed with. So away they went, and Henri the hunted spy, tormented lover, the dazed, wounded, starved patriot, had a comedy element evolved from his sufferings! Well, it was a novelty and not a very indiscreet one. And the Hon. H. C. Butler who dared it deserved the praise he got, for Henri is a terribly awkward part, and this new reading reduced the snares it teems with by a goodly number. Sir Reginald Hardy added another to the gallant Von Rosenbergs who not only speak noble things and do them, but in look and voice give the impression that the nobility is not foreign to their nature. Blanche was played by Lady Florence Corry, who in all things but observance of the relation between speech and gesture, is a pretty unpretentious actress, with some sweet pathetic notes of which she makes good use.

“BARBARA” AND “GRASS WIDOWS” AT MALPAS.

What number of fees Mr. French is reputed to collect per month from amateurs for Mr. Jerome's touching miniature drama, I forget. But if there were a score of productions during September, there was none I will wager of all-round merit superior to those at the Jubilee Hall, Malpas. These three performances were excellent. “Barbara” is not a very complaisant person. Frequently she is so stand-offish that the actresses and actors occupied with her fall upon their victim and, so to speak, murder and mutilate the poor thing. But here they had studied her sufficiently to know her little ways and do justice both to her good points and her failings. The Hon. Mary Hughes as the sempstress altruist was not, it must be admitted, quite the sempstress, but she was womanly and interesting, and the final passages were beautifully done. Her changes of mood too, as those of an ill-fed struggling underpaid worker, were truthfully conceived and realised. Miss Gwendolen Hughes had all the butterfly brightness and pretty wilfulness of Lillie, most childlike of *ingénues*. Mr. Arthur Walrond, though wanting variety and decision, was yet a fervent and impulsive Cecil, a more than acceptable lover; and Mr. Seymour Hughes was duly courteous in the old style, and insinuating in manner and equable in tone as the chatty old doctor from the country. To wind up with came the operetta, a foil to the comedy, but a foil in the wrong place, for, unlike the arrangements at the marriage feast, the good wine (in play-acting) should be kept to the last, that the palate may retain the choicest of the flavours it has known. Mrs. St. John Charlton was merry and clever in the piece and moreover well supported, but the plot is thin, the fun is thin, and nothing but good acting saves the play.

“CASE FOR EVICTION” AND “CHATTERBOXES” AT HEREFORD.

The better the place, the better the deed. This “wise saw” I apply to a modern instance, and the fruit of the union is a saving clause for some of the acting in the hall of the Deanery at Hereford, when the skinny Cathedral organ fund was taking on flesh a month ago. Not that the acting was so naked, that it stood in actual need of that cloak of Charity which was displayed like a banner over the portals; but that it acquired an extra grace from the drapings of a corner of that useful garment. “The Case” is a very attractive case, so long as the original gilding is kept polished. But let its wit and brightness tarnish, and the look it will wear will be leaden. Mrs. O'Brien, Miss Childe Pemberton, and Mr. Booker worked hard at the “Case,” but only now and then did it shine as it should. As “Chatterboxes” Miss Bailey and Miss Pemberton were more at home, and the goodly allowance of smart sayings lost but little through their manner of speaking them.

“THAT DREADFUL DOCTOR” AT EPPING.

So far as my memory serves me, there are only two doctors on the stage. One is that bustling little gentleman in “Lords and Commons,” studied from the life of a famous physician since dead; the other is that elaborate portrait by Mr. Grundy in “A Fool's Paradise.” The rest, and there are dozens of them, are mere scarecrows, the outsides of human beings but sticks underneath, wooden, very wooden. This I mention to direct the minds of would-be

dramatists towards the medico. He is a capital subject for study. He can, and as a matter of fact does, hold life and death secrets. Good for heroes, good for villains, good for biting, stinging cynics, and good for benevolent old *dii ex machina*, as for example, Dr. Delaney in "Sweet Lavender"—he is about the best known type that not only is not worked to death, but actually remains fresh, a huge untapped source of comedy and serious drama. At Hill Hall the doctor in the play is what he is described in the bill, "dreadful." Sheer farce, unadulterated stagginess, is this re-christened "Charles his friend." Whenever I see him I expect him to apply his stethoscope to Mrs. Beauchamp's heart and look through it! His humour is of that quality. With a man (if the term be appropriate) like this, not even so careful and reflective an actor as Mr. Mercer Adam can do much. Neatness and a shy touch of exaggeration are his characteristics, and these enlisted in a light comedy part do little more than naturalise it. To be natural in farce is to be underdone, and that, though rather harsh for the occasion, is the term best fitting Mr. Adam's "Dr. Mars." Miss Dallas was pretty, piquant, interesting. All the timidly positive virtues are hers, as an actress. And Mr. Wills Lander, who showed himself an artistic stage manager and decorator, was just too self-conscious to be easy and convincing as the husband.

"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY" AT WARGRAVE HILL.

A book by Planché and music by Mr. Lionel Monckton ought to provide a good entertainment for any playgoer, whether, as the sign-board had it, "he's man or he's beast." But it should be Planché, pure and inviolate, to please the person of culture. Up to dateness and topical editing are quite right—at the Gaiety. For the editor and actor there are men of comprehensive vision and individual opinion. It is gain, therefore, and not loss to hear their perversion of an old legend, to see their incongruous excrescences upon some ripe fruit of a mediæval brain. To edit Planché with amateur acting and with an amateur pen though was a trifle risky, and Mr. B. Hannen's good intentions did not greatly delay the descent of the edited work to a level Planché unaided would surely not have reached.

In honesty it must be said, however, that any malcontents there were had the cold satisfaction of shivering discontentedly in a hopeless minority. The guests, many of them distinguished and critical folk, as a body found nothing to grumble at. The excision of graceful writing for the introduction of modern sallies, was to their taste. In the violent contrast of the author's scholarly style and delicate playful wit, with brusque allusions piercingly pointed, they discovered nothing jarring, nothing to be "cut." At the Gaiety itself, with a Saturday audience, and Mr. Arthur Roberts in the liveliest mood, the tide of appreciation could scarcely have run higher. The quicksands of disputable topics and discordant notes easily were covered with it, and only those perhaps whose eyes were strained to see noted the lapses from the polished original. Planché is still on sale, and his book may be had for sixpence. To quote him, therefore, or to narrate the plot, were quite superfluous. While to quote his *soi-disant* collaborateur were to cull lines from pithy journals. Of the music, however, one may speak. Several of the melodies were rarely sweet, and Mr. Monckton's pretty gift of composition was notably displayed. Best among the actors were Mr. B. Hannen as Prince Perfect; Mr. E. C. Hannen as the King of Noland; Mr. L. Hannen as Lord Factotum; and Mr. Mievile as the Dragon. Miss Mallett was a winsome Princess Isabelle. Queen Serena was played with dainty dignity by Mrs. E. C. Hannen. The Lady Aurora Abigail, as represented by Miss H. M. Mackenzie, was a woman of much character; and Miss Olga Mackenzie and Miss Rose Hannen were prominent among the fairies. Then there was dancing of the newest kind, and pretty groupings, and fairy-like dresses, and all the *frou-frou* and colouring that Planché needs, so amends were made for tampering with the poetical parodist's sparkling lines.



Musical Notes.

“CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA.”

Opera in one act, libretto adapted from G. VERGA, music by PIETRO MASCAGNI. First performed at the Teatro Costanzi, Rome, May, 1890. Produced by Signor Lago, at the Shaftesbury Theatre, October 19th, 1891.

Turiddu	Sig. F. VIGNAS.	Lola	Mdlle. MARIE BREMA.
Alfio	Sig. BROMBARA.	Mamma Lucia ..	Miss GRACE DAMIAN.
Santuzza	Mdlle. ADELAIDE MUSIANI.		

The scene of the melodrama is in Sicily, and the characters are all peasants. Turiddu has deserted Santuzza in favour of a former mistress, Lola, now the wife of Alfio, who at present knows nothing of his wife's intrigue. It is Easter morning; Santuzza has just learned her lover's treachery and is coming to pour out her sorrows to his mother Lucia. The prelude begins with a calm placid motive suggestive of the opening of a day of peace, followed by fragments of two airs to be met with later in the work. The second of these is worked up in a *crescendo*, until in a moment, just as the fortissimo is attained, the movement is abruptly broken off and the voice of the tenor Turiddu is heard behind the curtain signing a Siciliana in praise of Lola to an accompaniment of harps. The curtain rises on the village square, shewing the church on the one side and the house of Mamma Lucia on the other. The bells are ringing a merry peal and the villagers sing a fresh and joyful chorus. This is closed by four sombre chords, and then, as a plaintive melody struggles up from the basses of the orchestra to the violins and flutes, Santuzza prays for news of Turiddu. A dialogue between Santuzza and the mother of her faithless lover is interrupted by the entrance of Alfio. His song is of the gay muleteer style, praising the delights of his occupation and the fidelity of his wife. The service has now begun and Santuzza, after bewailing her fate, entreats the mother to go and pray for her. Turiddu enters and now the action of the play hastens. Santuzza endeavours to recall the old love. Turiddu partly wavers, when the voice of Lola is heard from the background. He is hardened in a moment and resists the prayers of Santuzza, increasing every moment in intensity. The agitation of the music reaches a climax when he thrusts her from him and she falls with a curse upon her lips, enforced by a chromatic passage in the orchestra. Alfio enters and learns the guilt of Lola; he swears vengeance. The church-goers are now leaving and assembling at the tavern opposite; Turiddu with effrontery offers wine to Alfio, who refuses it. There is a challenge and an acceptance in Sicilian peasant fashion. In a scene of pretended intoxication Turiddu takes leave of his mother, and his departure is presently followed by the entry of an excited group announcing his death. Such is the simple outline of the miniature opera which has fascinated the whole of musical Europe. It is not easy to define its charm in words. It is a work of genius, and refuses to be classified or catalogued. It is full of original melody and of the happy employment of devices which, if not themselves original, are so used as to produce the impression of novelty: the devices, for instance, of cutting short a climax by the interposition of another theme, of alternating from *ff* to *pp* in the full rush of a movement—these are not unknown to musicians; they have been employed before, sometimes with effects very different from those intended. But, as used by Mascagni, precisely at the moments when the situation demands them, their effect is immense. Throughout the whole play the music is born of the action, there is not a single bar but seems to have grown spontaneously, and yet when the action gives him the opportunity for a lyrical interlude, Mascagni can write pure music such as the Siciliana, the first chorus and the orchestral Intermezzo, each of which is a gem in itself apart from its place in the drama.

Of the performance it would be unfair to speak from a first night's hearing only. There was a want of adequate preparation which time, no doubt, will remedy. The church music suffered from the want of an organ, and neither

orchestra nor chorus were thoroughly familiar with their parts. The principals, however, are good and are in sympathy with their rôles, although the intentions of the principal soprano are in advance of her vocal powers. The greatest individual success was achieved by Signor Vignas in the tenor part of Turiddu. The *encores* he received were thoroughly well deserved, but it is a great pity that they should have been accorded. Surely when the composer has shown such thoroughly dramatic reticence, the management should see that his work is presented as a drama and not as a collection of vocal pieces.

The autumn season which has thus been introduced promises to be full of interest. Signor Lago proposes to revive Rossini's "Cenerentola" with Mdlle. Fabbri in Alboni's great part, and Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" with Miss Macintyre in the part of Senta. Seeing that many performances will no doubt be demanded of the "Cavalleria Rusticana," this list will probably complete the novelties, though Signor Lago contemplates also producing another opera of Gluck. At Covent Garden, Sir Augustus Harris has produced Gounod's "Philémon et Baucis," a work which was heard in Paris as far back as 1860, but is still an absolute novelty in London, though Mr. Santley has familiarised us with one of its most striking numbers. The production of this work is highly creditable to the enterprise of Sir A. Harris, but why should he describe it as the composer's "chef d'œuvre." In the opinion of the composer himself and of a select few of his admirers, "Romeo" is his masterpiece; in the opinion of the world in general, "Faust" is entitled to that distinction; but certainly no one ever proposed to found Gounod's reputation on the basis of the "Philémon." It contains some very clever writing, and, indeed is an excellent specimen of the "Prix de Rome" sort of composition. But Gounod was not inspired when he wrote "Philémon," as he was inspired in certain parts of "Faust," and in certain parts of "Romeo." Opera frequenters will have an excellent opportunity of comparing a work of mere eminence with a work of inspiration, if they pay a visit to "Philémon," and the "Cavalleria" on successive nights. The one is attractive, the other is irresistible.

J. B. CARLILE.

MUSIC RECEIVED.

BOOSEY & Co., Regent Street, W.—A batch of six excellent songs comes from this firm. They are, "What the Years Bring," by Clifton Bingham and Frederic H. Cowen; "My Love, My Crown," by F. Weatherly and Florence Aylward; "When Love is Kind," an old melody, words by Thomas Moore; "This Day Last Year," by Arthur Chapman and Franco Novara; "Grieve Not, Deare Love," the old English words set to music by Frank L. Moir; and "Lorna Doone," by A. J. Skinner and W. H. Middleton. All are very pretty and worthy of being included in a ballad singer's list of new songs for the season which is close upon us.

NOVELLO, EWER & Co.—We have received No. 5 of "Short Voluntaries for the Organ," selected from the works of many of the best known composers, and commendably arranged by Mr. John Hiles; Nos. 11, 12, and 13 of Henry Smart, excellent original compositions for the organ; and six easy voluntaries, Kate Loder.

W. MORLEY & Co., Regent Street, W.—From this firm come some pretty songs, which we have placed in order of merit. "Her Lad at Sea," by Arthur Chapman and J. M. Capel; "If Ever," written and composed by Gerald Lane; "Silver Shadows," by John Muir and Thomas Hutchinson, Mus. Bac., Oxon; "Visions and Voices," by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone and Oliver King; and "This and That," by Henry Pontet. "Carnavalesque, for the piano," by P. de Vetski; "Down by the Sea" waltz, by Gerald Lane; and No. 3 of the St. James's Dance Albums.

STANLEY, LUCAS, WEBER & Co., Oxford Street, W.—Six melodious songs reach us from this firm. "My Mary" and "The Silver Cord," a sacred song, music of both by Alfred Hollins; "My Shepherd Boy," adapted from the *entr'acte*, "Idylle Ecossaïse," by Charles H. Fogg; "A Voice of Old," by Edward Oxenford and Oliver King; "Asleep," by Theo. Marzials and Halfdan Kjerulf; and "If You Love Me," by Clifton Bingham and Otto Carter; "The Bag of the Bee," a madrigal for male voices, by Robert Herrick and B. Luard Selby. "L'Automne," valse by J. Albeniz, op. 170.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS, Berners Street, W.—A little operetta (in two acts) of some considerable merit is "Vingt-et-Un," words by Lucy Wintle, and music by Virginia Wintle. It is for treble voices. "The Wild Swans," a dramatic cantata for female voices, written by M. C. Gillington (after the story by Hans Anderson), and composed by A. E. Horrocks.

REYNOLDS & CO., Berners Street, W.—This firm sends us a number of the songs which are now being sung with such great success by Mr. Albert Chevalier, many of them being written in an excellent vein of humour. The more successful are, "The Coster's Courtship" and the "Coster's Serenade," and the popular "Knockd'em in the Old Kent Road."

FORSYTH BROTHERS, of Regent Street, W., send us a sonata in C minor for the organ, by R. Ernest Bryson.

WEEKES & CO., of Hanover Street, W., send a little volume of songs, words by E. J. and G. F. Armstrong; set to music by James C. Culwich.



Our Omnibus-Box.

We have received the following letter from Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, in reference to an article on the "Matinée Question," which appeared in our October issue:—

"To the Editors of THE THEATRE.

"10th October, 1891.

"DEAR SIRs,—I have read with interest Mr. Adair Fitzgerald's article in the current number of THE THEATRE. In this, managers are accused of an unwillingness to produce the works of unknown authors. Mr. Adair mentions 'Captain Swift' as a solitary instance of a piece by an unknown author being produced by a manager.

"Will you allow me to remind your contributor that 'The Red Lamp,' by Mr. Outram Tristram, was also produced under my management. 'Beau Austin' was written by authors who certainly were new to what is styled by some the 'dramatic ring.' 'The Ballad-monger' was written by writers practically new to the stage, Messrs. Besant and Pollock.

"Again, 'The Duchess of Bayswater,' a one-act play by Mr. Heathcote, was produced by me; so was 'A Compromising Case,' by Mrs. Small; so was 'Death and Rachel,' by Miss Clo Graves. A four-act play by a new author has been accepted by me for production this season. If managers prefer the works of tried authors, it is because experience has taught them that the works of untried authors are rarely successful.—Yours faithfully,

"H. B. TREE."

Responding to the toast of his health at a banquet given in his honour, on the 14th of October, by the Liverpool Philomathic Society, Mr. Henry Irving said (and what clear-minded, and clean-minded, lover of the stage and its literature will not endorse his remarks):—

"I lately read in the polite language of the writer of a book about what is called "Ibsenism," that our finished actors and actresses cannot play Ibsen because they are ignoramuses. I thought that some of our younger actresses had played Ibsen rather well, though this, it seems, is because they are novices in art, but experienced in what is called the political and social movement. Outside this mysterious movement you find "inevitably sentimental actresses," we are told, who are quite good enough for Shakespeare, but not educated enough for Ibsen. I understand from this authority that one of the qualifications for playing Ibsen is to have no fear of making yourself "acutely ridiculous," and I can easily believe that this exponent of Ibsen is not troubled by that kind of trepidation; but if the "inevitably sentimental actress" in Shakespeare should be a Helen Faucit or an Ellen Terry, I think that most of you will be satisfied with her capacity for the finest achievements of her art. It is certainly a ludicrous pretension that the fitness to play Shakespeare disqualifies an artist for embodying the creations of some dramatist who is supposed

to represent a political anti-social movement. I do not know whether the Ibsen drama will obtain any permanent standing on our stage, but it is a comfort to find that in the opinion of the author I have quoted Shakespeare will not be entirely extinguished. I cannot share the lugubrious views so freely expressed by certain modern writers with regard to either the present or the future of our stage. We hear from one doleful dramatist that he suffers most acutely because the public will not allow him to introduce literature into his plays. Upon my word, I think he need only take heart of grace, and make the experiment. Others have done so and are doing so with excellent success. I am satisfied that more good plays have been written within the last forty years than in the half-century preceding, and I am encouraged more than I can say for the future of the art which I love when I see the great number of earnest young recruits daily joining its ranks from the great body of the more highly educated classes."

"The Diary of a Tramp," Mr. Corney Grain's new musical sketch given for the first time at St. George's Hall on Monday, October 19th, is, in a measure, a new departure, for Mr. Grain gives us more of the "costermonger" element in it than we have previously had in any of his sketches. In it he gives us the experiences of "The Only Man Left in the Club," and the delight of cheap trippers in a tenderly written "Fortnight at the Sea," and the delight of poor children who see the ocean for the first time. He recalls the joys of youth in the "Happy Days of Childhood; the Ballade of Chocolate Cream," and gives us an amateur's comic song of "Secing Life" as sung in a genteel boarding-house. Mr. Grain describes the inmates of this, interviews a railway porter, describes the deadly dullness of cathedral vaults, the humours of ladies on each other's dresses, the contents of a lady's purse, has a merry movement on a baby and a perambulator, and on many other subjects, all of which he makes amusing in his own pleasant way.

Mr. W. Davenport Adams delivered a very interesting lecture to the members of the Playgoer's Club on the 15th October, taking as his subject "The Stage of the Future." Passing in review the plays of the present day, and of those to come, of which Mr. Adams thinks well and hopefully, he regretted the dearth of coming actors, arising from the prevalence of long runs, which debar the actor from gaining experience. Mr. Adams, therefore, advocated that the "repertory" system should be adopted more generally, and also that theatres should confine themselves and adhere to one style of entertainment; and enforced, above all things, his opinion that the theatre's first object should be to amuse, and that, therefore, it should not obey the dictates of any particular school. Mr. J. F. Nisbet was in the chair. Mr. J. T. Grein is now the president of the Playgoer's Club in the place of Mr. J. K. Jerome, who was compelled to resign, much to the regret of the members.

The Haymarket Theatre resumed the interrupted but most successful run of "The Dancing Girl," on October 5th. There were no changes in the cast, but Mr. Beerbohm Tree having lost his voice for an evening or two, the character of the Duke of Guisebury was again most ably represented by Mr. Fred Harrison.

The second edition of "Joan of Arc" was produced at the Gaiety on September 30th. There were no special alterations in the cast. Mr. Arthur Roberts resumed his old character, and introduced a new song entitled, "Randy Oh," to which exception was taken by the Licensor of plays on the score that it was calculated to bring a young nobleman and politician into ridicule. The mention of the name was consequently avoided by Mr. Roberts, but the song was little altered. After a time Miss Ada Blanche appeared in the title-*role*, Miss Marion Hood having given up the part.

A very gratifying testimonial was presented to Mr. Edward Compton at the Opera Comique on the afternoon of Wednesday, September 30th. The presentation was made by Mr. Michael Gunn, in the name of sundry provincial managers, friends, and members of Mr. Compton's company, numbering in all about 100, who had inscribed their names in an album which accompanied the handsome tea, coffee and dinner service of plate. Mr. Edward Compton's speech in returning thanks was charmingly modest.

"By the Sea," a ballet *divertissement*, in one tableau, by Madame Katti Lanner, the music to which has been composed by M. L. Wenzel, has proved a great success at the Empire Theatre of Varieties. The dresses are magnificent, and indeed the whole production is staged with lavishness.

"A Royal Divorce" is proving very successful at the New Olympic and attests to the popularity of Mr. W. G. Wills' romantic drama and Mr. W. W. Kelly's wisdom in giving a poetic play magnificently staged at popular prices. Miss Grace Hawthorne as the Empress Josephine nightly commands the sympathy of the crowded houses.

M. Maurice Maeterlinck, Mr. Archer's eulogy of whom in the *Fortnightly* is referred to in another part of the present number of THE THEATRE, is a Fleming by birth, an *avocat* by profession, an author by choice. He has adopted the realistic-pessimism of the Mirabeau and Zola methods for the



M. MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

expounding of his views, such as they are, though, we believe, he acknowledges no allegiance to any one school of thought, or system of, what we may call, anti-cosmetics. He is known as the "Belgian Shakespeare," he writes for posterity, and he is twenty-seven years of age. *Le vrai moyen d'être trompé, c'est de se croire plus fin que les autres.* We are indebted to the courtesy of the editor of *Black and White* for our illustration of M. Maeterlinck.

Mr. George Alexander re-opened the St. James's Theatre September 30th, with C. Haddon Chambers' "The Idler." The only important alteration in the cast was that Miss Lily Hanbury played Kate Merryweather instead of Miss Maude Millett, who has taken out a company of her own on tour, opening at Cambridge on October 26th. Miss Hanbury was very charming, but hardly possesses the "wilful witchery" for the character. Later, Miss Fanny Coleman took satisfactorily Lady Monckton's part as Mrs. Cross. "Molière" made up the programme.

A most charming souvenir of "L'Enfant Prodiges" has reached us from Mr. Alfred Ellis, of 20, Upper Baker Street, London. It consists of five mounted Woodburytypes of the five characters in this piece, enclosed in a tastefully designed cover and fastened with ribbon. The photographs are excellent, and the whole forms a very dainty memorial of a very pretty episode in our stage annals.

"The Parson," farcical comedy, and "Foiled," dramatic episode, both produced for one night at the Globe Theatre on Saturday, October 10th, by Mr. F. J. Leslie, are simply mentioned in order that we may express our surprise that any manager should presume to tax the patience of an audience by placing such badly rehearsed and worse written plays before them. Of "The Parson" it is perhaps only just to state that it was an early work of the author, and by him unauthorised for production.

TO MARY ANSELL.

(UPON FIRST SEEING HER PLAY.)

*We climbed the hill together, you and I—
Do you remember that brave August day?—
The rocks and heather of our upward way,
The Yorkshire air, the wonder of the sky,
The noon-day cloudlets that fled wind-blown by,
And all the glory of the dim array
Of vale and woodland that before us lay,
Steeped rich in summer beauty far and nigh!*

*I thought you then a goddess of the hills,
A heather goddess; dew, stars, sun and flowers,
They were your sisters, and the mountain rills.
Two years sped by, and then in other hours
I met you, hill-nymph, goddess of my heart,—
My heather goddess,—Mistress of an Art!*

—E. T. C.



New Plays

PRODUCED AND IMPORTANT REVIVALS in London, from September 20th, 1891,
to October 24th, 1891:—

(*Revivals are marked thus*°.)

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| Sept. 24 | "Captain Billy," operetta, in one act, words by Harry Greenbank, music by François Cellier. Savoy. |
| " 26 | "The American," play, in four acts, founded by Henry James upon his novel of the same name (originally produced at Winter Gardens, Southport, January 3rd, 1891). Opera Comique. |
| " 26 | "A Dead Letter," drama, in one act, by W. A. Brabner (originally produced at Gaiety, Dublin, April 17th, 1891). Opera Comique. |
| " 30° | "Joan of Arc," second edition of the burlesque, by J. L. Shine and Adrian Ross. Gaiety. |
| " 30° | "The Idler," play, in four acts, by C. Haddon Chambers. St. James's. |
| Oct. 5 | "The Wings of the Storm," drama, in a prologue and three acts, by R. J. Barlow and William North. Globe. |
| " 5 | "The Scribe; or, Love and Letters," operetta written and music composed by Phillip Hayman. Globe. |
| " 5 | "Slightly Suspicious," farce, by Josiah Byron. Globe. |
| " 5° | "The Dancing Girl," four act play, by Henry Arthur Jones. Haymarket. |
| " 5 | "Grif," drama, in four acts, by W. Lestocq, from B. L. Farjeon's novel of the same name. Surrey. |
| " 5 | "99," drama, in two parts and five acts, by Dion Boucicault. Standard. |
| " 7 | "The County Councillor," comedy, in three acts, by H. Graham (for copyright purposes). Ladbroke Hall. |
| " 9 | "Thérèse Raquin," drama, in four acts, by Emile Zola, translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos. Royalty. |
| " 10 | "The Parson," farcical comedy, in three acts (author unannounced). Globe. |

- Oct. 10 "Foiled," a dramatic episode, by J. R. Alberman. Globe.
 " 12 "The Prince and the Pauper," play, in four acts, founded on Mark Twain's Historical Romance, by Joseph Hatton. Vaudeville.
 " 12 "Stolen from Home; or, Human Hearts," drama, in three acts. (Author unannounced). Sadler's Wells.
 " 12 "Beauty and the Beast," burlesque, in five scenes. Sadler's Wells.
 " 21^o "The Liar," comedy, in two acts, by S. Foote. *Matinée*. Opera Comique.
 " 21 "The Queen's Room," poetical play, in one act, by F. Frankfort Moore. *Matinée*. Opera Comique.
 " 21 "Pamela's Prodigy," "lively" comedy, in three acts, by Clyde Fitch. Court.
 " 22 "Godpapa," farcical comedy, in three acts, by F. C. Phillips and Charles Brookfield. Comedy.
 " 24 "The Times," original comedy, in four acts, by A. W. Pinero. Terry's.
 In the Provinces, from September 6th, 1891, to October 20th, 1891 :—
- Sept. 14 "Babes in the Wood," burlesque extravaganza, by Martin Byam and Byam Wyke. Lyric Hall, Rhyl.
 " 18 "Can He Forgive Her?" play, in prologue and four acts, by Mrs. Charles Calvert. Comedy Theatre, Manchester.
 " 21 "Madame Cartouche," comic opera, in three acts, by Leon Vasseur, adapted by H. Sutherland Edwards (Paris, 1836). Royal Opera House, Leicester.
 " 21 "Bells of Fate," drama, in five acts, by Edward Darby. Queen's Theatre, Keighley.
 " 25 "Hope," comedy, in three acts. Prince of Wales's. Liverpool.
 " 28 "Claimants," comedy, in one act, adapted by Hermann Vezin from Kotzebue. Assembly Rooms, Worthing.
 " 28 "Mrs. M.P.," comedy, in three acts, adapted from the German of Julius Rosen by Hermann Vezin. Assembly Rooms, Worthing.
 " 30 "Cousin Jack," comedy, in three acts, adapted from the German by Hermann Vezin. Assembly Rooms, Worthing.
- Oct. 5 "Our Relations," farcical comedy, in three acts, by Frederick Jarman. Brighton Aquarium.
 " 7 "The Shamrock and the Rose," Irish drama, in four acts, by Walter Reynolds. T.R., Huddersfield.
 " 12 "The Showman's Daughter," domestic comedy, in three acts, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson-Burnett. T.R., Worcester.
 " 13 "A Romance of Love," comedy-drama, in two acts, by Alex. Steven Queen's Rooms, Berwick-on-Tweed.
 " 16 "Jones," three-act farcical comedy, by Arthur Shirley and Benjamin Landeck. Royal, Bury.
 " 16 "For Valour," love story, in one act, by C. S. Fawcett. Royal, York.
 " 20 "Sylvia," romantic opera. written by M. J. Blatchford, and composed by J. H. Sykes. Grand, Halifax.
- In Paris, from September 17th, 1891, to October 22nd, 1891 :—
- Sept. 18 "Le Médecin des Folles," a five-act piece, by MM. X de Montépin and Jules Dornay. Ambigu.
 " 18 "Compère Guilleri," three-act comic opera, words by MM. Burani and Paul Cavalier, music by M. Henry Perry. Menus Plaisirs.
 " 19 "L'Herbager," three-act comedy, by M. Paul Harel. Odéon.
 " 19 "Les Marionnettes de l'Année," review, in three acts and twelve scenes, by M. Charles Clairville. Renaissance.
 " 24 "Le Mitron," vaudeville-operetta, by MM. Boucheron and Mars, music by M. André Martinet. Folies-Dramatiques.
 " 30 "La Mer," piece, in three acts, by M. Jean Jullien. Odéon.
- Oct. 3 "L'Ami de la Maison," comedy, in three acts, by MM. Hippolyte Raymond and Maxime Boucheron. Français.
 " 9^o "L'Honneur de la Maison," drama, in five acts, by Léon Battu and M. Maurice Desvignes. Chateau D'EAU.
 " 10^o "Kean," comedy, in five acts and six scenes, by Alexandre Dumas. Odéon.
 " 17^o "Œdipe Roi," tragedy, in five acts, Jules Lacroix's translation. Français.
 " 22^o "Nos Intimes," by Victorien Sardou. Vaudeville.
 " 22 "Mamzelle Quinquina," melodrama, in five acts, by F. Oswald. Ambigu.

THE THEATRE.

DECEMBER, 1891.

Mr. Wilson Barrett's Revival of "Othello."



F the two schools of acting—the one which has for its object the making an audience *think*, the other which strives only to make it *feel*—it is not difficult to determine to which Mr. Wilson Barrett belongs. He is a follower in the footsteps of Salvini and the elder Kean. To him, as to them, a work of art must mean one thing, and one alone. The design must be clear, bold and impressive. Of half-lights and intricate details he will have none. The virtue of simplicity in his regard outweighs the rubies of intellectuality, the fine gold of suggestion. The great effects of drama, as he knows them, are to be got through the emotions, not the eye. "Stippling" and finicking touches he avoids as he would poison. His convictions and his temperament alike impel him to dash in great masses of colour, to cut ruthlessly away all but significant detail, and to stake success upon absolute unity of effect. For him, in short, Tragedy stands upon hardly accessible heights, to be scaled only by dauntless and vigorous feet, and hands that never linger to pluck a wayside flower of fancy.

With this attitude we may or may not sympathise. There are schools of auditors as well as actors. But on one point disagreement is impossible. This was the attitude of Edmund Kean, this is the attitude of Tommaso Salvini, and the Othello of each has been hailed by the keenest of critics as the consummate accomplishment of lofty genius. It is therefore intensely interesting to note how this point of vision and these methods have served the new Othello, who for some weeks now has been taking by storm the great art-centres of the provinces, and whose next visit to London is looked for eagerly on this account.

Mr. Barrett's conception is simplicity itself. One can have no doubt as to his meaning. To interpret it in any way but one were wilfully to raise clouds of dust. The scheme, like that of Richelieu's foes, "is glass, the very sun shines through it." In his vision, Othello was a proud soldier, an Oriental steeled by suffering to great

self-command, to whom the flinty couch of war was as a thrice-driven bed of down—a simple warrior of self-reliant nature and heroic soul. Othello has been pictured as a superhuman hero and a sensual brute. It has remained for Mr. Barrett to reveal him in the likeness of a man, and a man, be it noted, of grave mien, of rugged character, and—most important this—of deeply-rooted superstition.

Through the first act he is the noblest Venetian of them all. The truth of his word is attested by his look and bearing. His “life and being” obviously are fetched “from men of royal siege.” As he strides into the council chamber, a commanding figure, swarthy of hue, with fierce, peaked beard and bristling moustache, alert but calm and resolute, he proclaims himself at once the unconquerable general, the born leader of men. Desdemona’s reason for loving him—for the dangers he had passed—is felt to be the utterance of his modesty. Save for that livery he wears, “the shadowed livery of the burnished sun,” his lieutenant is no whit better than he “framed to make women false.” Such a man, imperious, tender, self-possessed, and just, were fit mate for any queen. And it is such a man whom the unvarnished tale of wooing reveals. The actor speaks it (not declaims it) quietly, naturally, and with but little gesture. Here and there the last syllable is dwelt upon, to its and our momentary discomfiture. But no elocutionary effect is aimed at. A happy lift and lightening of the deep, sonorous tones betrays his instant joyfulness at “here comes the lady,” and from Desdemona’s entrance, his eyes are all for her. Slight smiles, the dumb language of hearts that feel no need for words, pass between them. Each finds deep satisfaction merely in the other’s presence. This note of intimacy—the appealing, trustful love of wife, the protecting love of husband—is firmly struck in the first scene, as befits the dominating note of the conception. And the second note is gently touched a minute later. At Brabantio’s warning, “My life upon her faith” rings out defiantly, indignantly, as Othello stoops to raise his wife, who is still kneeling in petition for forgiveness. She rises and he takes her head between his hands, looks long and searchingly into her eyes, then with a pre-occupied and thoughtful look draws her to him in a passionless embrace. By these delicate expedients one is made to feel that the curse has clouded his bright sky, that a sense of foreboding already oppresses him.

In the second act, this note of superstition is further sounded with ingenious emphasis. The meeting with Desdemona is full of eagerness and impulse, but the passion is restrained. Only by the half-subdued tones, tremulous and broken with excitement, can one gauge the depth of his emotion. It is a reverent love that speaks in the beautiful familiar words, a love not fierce and hungry, but earnest, grave, and almost sacred. But the foreboding is not absent from his mind, great as his content appears. The cloud lowers in the solemn tones in which he speaks, “If it were now to die, ’twere now to be most happy,” and upon Desdemona’s sweet and ready comfort his “Amen to that, sweet rowers” seems more like a prayer than a con-

clusion. He lays great stress upon his friendship for Cassio, returning to wring his hand and bid him good-night, and upon the brawl begins his questioning quite friendly. But the tune changes at Iago's equivocations. The first mutterings of thunder are heard. The dark resistless flood of boiling passion in his nature surges within sight. No need to say, "If I once stir or do but lift this arm, the best of you shall sink in my rebuke." A glance is enough at the towering figure in attitude of menace, the blue steel in his hand flashing like lightning in the torches' glare. A dozen men would cower before such authority. And the imperious "Iago who began't" is a fitting introduction of the relentless spirit of discipline that speaks in the half-score of words which curtly frame his love for Cassio, and cashier that luckless gentleman, in one breath. Here once again the note of fatefulness is struck. Upon the same spot, within an hour or two, Othello all unexpectedly has been re-united with his wife, and lost his dearest friend. The thought startles him. He looks slowly round, recalling the incidents of the evening, and with a last sorrowful look towards Cassio, musingly re-enters the castle.

The lines of the conception are now quite clear. Othello is an unsuspecting man, prepared to recognise in others candour equal to his own; a husband whose love is perfectly serene and calm; a man of reserved nature and great power of will, yet of strong belief in mysterious powers. And if this be kept in mind, the great acts of the tragedy acquire a fresh significance.

It has been argued that from the instant Iago utters the devilish "I like not that," a vague feeling of uneasiness preys on Othello; that he is primed for suspicion; inflammable; eager, almost, to catch fire. Mr. Barrett's Othello is not of this kidney. It is the morrow of his bridal. His thoughts of Desdemona are remembrances sweeter than words can utter of "A maiden never bold; of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion blushed at itself." It is the first day of their real wedded life. They have tasted but a few waking hours of that subtle intimacy which makes two spirits one. The sweet face, "so lovely fair," and the warm arms of Desdemona have but lately drawn this steeled soldier to a new allegiance. The magic of love infects him. In his heart is working what Nora Helmer called "the miracle of miracles," the incommunicable mystery of the union of soul with soul.

Would Othello at such a time be ready to suspect, upon a word? Mr. Barrett's answer is emphatic. No! He is happy and trustful, and sits down to work before a pile of documents, with never a care in the world. Desdemona and Othello are at home. She kneels beside his chair and prettily teases him, pleading for Cassio the while. His replies are evasive. He will "take the safest occasion by the front" to bring the sinner in again; that we already know. But the time is not yet. In Cyprus, as in Lilliput, "discipline must be maintained." The erring officer must suffer some slight punishment. And it is only when Desdemona playfully plucks

away the paper he is signing, and compels him to turn and look into her eyes, and, looking, straightway to fall from his high pinnacle of duty, that he yields to his petitioner, protesting that he can deny her nothing. But there is business to be done, plans to be drawn; and significantly pointing to the mass of papers, he begs her with a tender smile to leave him—but a little—to himself! Desdemona goes, but almost instantly returns, laughingly running to him to wind her arms about his neck and bestow a kiss, the reward for his compliance with her suit—a delicious stolen peep, most beautiful, at their conubial relations. Othello watches her leave, absorbed in his love murmurs the confession, and turns to resume his work with rule and compasses. Iago's insidious questions are answered calmly. Nothing more than a growing anxiety to gather some clear hint from Iago's cloud of words is expressed in voice and face. "By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts" is spoken with impatient imperiousness, the general to the dilatory and obscure lieutenant; and when the defiance comes "Nor shall not, while 'tis in my custody," the exclamation "Ha," is uttered angrily, as he claps the compasses upon the table. At Iago's instant warning "Oh, beware my lord, of *jealousy*," he catches, for the first time, the drift of his ancient's words. It comes upon him as a revelation. "Jealousy!" His lips frame the word, and he slowly turns his eyes towards the speaker. In doing so, a picture of Desdemona, a draped canvas on an easel, comes within his vision, and arrests him. His gaze fixed on it, he paces thoughtfully across the room, and looks into the pictured face. Iago's words fall unheeded on his ear—only at the close of the speech—"Who dotes yet doubts, suspects yet soundly loves"—does he with a sigh cease pondering, and pay attention once again. "O misery," is but a serene comment upon Iago's exposition, and the continuation is listened to but fitfully. With "Why, why is this," however, Othello discards the wondering mood, and faces round upon his tempter, once more the man of action, imperative, resolved, even a little contemptuous. "'Tis not to make me jealous," he speaks gently, reassuringly, almost confidentially, to the portrait; lightly laying his hand upon the canvas, with a caressing touch, at "where virtue is, these are more virtuous;" and proudly recalling that "she had eyes and *chose*" him. "No, Iago, I'll see before I doubt," is strenuously given, with a gesture of dismissal in the direction of the portrait; and Othello crosses the room and resumes his work. In the next speech, the poison begins to take effect. "I speak not yet of *proof*," "Look to your wife," "Observe her well with *Cassio*," "Not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown." Each is a dagger-thrust in his heart, and he strives to conceal the agony he endures in vain. The tide of feeling, barely under control, convulses him. "Not a jot, not a jot" is piteously pathetic, and with rigid steps, the gait of a man with every nerve strained in a supreme effort for self-command, he approaches the picture to get comfort there. With eyes rivetted on it, he does "not think but Desdemona's honest." Then comes a forgiving, "set on thy wife to observe," and he is alone, and human



MR. WILSON BARRETT AS "OTHELLO."

endurance can hold out no longer. Fierce and deep are the stormy cries of agony, and intense the passion and resolution expressed. But upon the culmination, "for others' uses," Desdemona's voice is heard in song. Othello listens, the reaction sets in, his passion ebbs, and it is with conviction he proclaims "I'll not believe it."

From this point onwards the act is played certainly as no English-speaking actor of our age has played it. These scenes are justly said to be the test of a tragedian. Whatever the difference of opinion upon Mr. Barrett's conception, there can be but one judgment passed upon his execution. It is masterly: nobly and profoundly tragic. Time was, and not so long ago, when Mr. Barrett's acting was anything but masterly. Unsightly excrescences appeared, encumbering a style once singularly pure and lucid. The ringing voice *would* make for head notes, in which no passion, no emotion ever lay. The art was not of that kind which is able, or perhaps careful, to conceal art. Gestures, tones, and method rapidly grew mannered and mechanical. And the actor over and over again in recent years has saved his performance only by some fine vigorous outburst at the eleventh hour. But with the donning of Othello's rich Oriental robes, Mr. Barrett has put on a natural method and tones to suit. He seeks no effect from the outside. Implicitly he yields to the guidance of consistent emotion. There is no whine of self-pity in his pathetic tones. No scream of rage disfigures his fury. Alike in pathos and in passion there is the evidence of a man of stalwart manhood, clutching desperately for self-control at every straw that floats on the flood upon which he is borne. He becomes as it were the battle-ground for a stupendous conflict between love and hate, the strengths and weaknesses of human nature, sublime endeavour and degrading forces of incalculable power. And the spectacle he presents is one of superb artistic achievement and fearful human significance.

To continue this detailed description of the third act. Upon Othello's re-entry, it is seen that in the brief time passed with Desdemona the tide of doubt and fury has but swelled. In wild, fierce tones, vividly illustrative of a victim "on the rack," he cries of "Cassio's kisses on her lips," and so passes to the "Farewell," uttered with a broken huskiness strangely and irresistibly affecting. The storm he is mastering breaks with a thunder-clap at Iago's mocking query, and a whirlwind of fury is let loose. He grips him by the throat, his face aflame, his voice hoarse and horrible, towers for a moment lion-like above his prey, then hurls him across the chamber; and the tempest of wrath unabated, the glare of madness in his eyes, scimitar in hand, he dashes madly at the smiling face of Desdemona, and hacks the canvas into pieces. The destruction restores the balance of his reason. An instant he pauses, staring at the ruin; the vastness of his loss recurs to him, and he falls upon a heap of cushions in convulsive sobs. By fine gradations the climax is approached. "I'll tear her all to pieces," sweeps through the house like a hurricane of fire. And then the individual note of Mr. Barrett's conception is hammered on with splendid force. At the bare mention of the handkerchief

Othello undergoes a transformation. His forebodings were well-grounded then ! The hand of Fate is in this horror ! " Now do I see 'tis true." His last doubt is swept away. Henceforth he is the incarnation of justice. The deadly intensity of his cry for " Blood, blood, blood " is terrible, but there is no violence in it. Violence only escapes him upon provocation. The prevailing mood henceforth is one of pitiless white-hot resolution.

This is the tone of his interview with Desdemona. He comes not to bully, to scold, to roar and rave, but to *prove*. Only at the repeated mention of Cassio's name does he start and tremble and lose self-control. At other times he is calm, inflexible. There is a weird intensity in his description of the magic in the handkerchief. It is as though he were pronouncing doom upon a prisoner tried and found guilty. But the verdict cannot move him to emotion. Only the name of her partner in crime can do that, and it is to close his ears to that hated word that he hurries from her.

The scenes with Bianca are omitted, a distinct loss to the tragedy, which moves a little haltingly without them ; but that with Ludovico is retained (with its prelude, notable for the searching tenderness of " The pity of it, Iago, oh the pity of it "), and in this the sudden changes from assumed suavity to the savage, beast-like mutterings and curses at Desdemona are terribly haunting and real. At the close of the fourth act, Mr. Barrett's honours are shared with Miss Maud Jeffries, the Desdemona. She is excellent from the beginning, but here her excellence becomes remarkable. None could listen unmoved to the tearless grief expressed in her exquisite delivery of the lines " Am I the motive of these tears, my lord ? " and I am disposed to give her inspiration credit for discovering the source of the deep stream of pathos that flows through this scene. Ordinarily the interest in the tragedy begins hereabouts to fail. But it is scarce too much to affirm that directly Miss Jeffries appears prominently in the play, it acquires a vitality at once surprising and delightful. This is partly owing to the extreme nobility and beauty of her conception, partly to the fact that a bountiful Nature has endowed her with a personality equal to the task of *realising* that conception, and partly to Mr. Barrett's subdued tone and harmonious accompaniment, so to speak, during this touching scene. The tempest has been sown, the whirlwind will be reaped anon. Between-whiles there is calm. There is a moment even when the old worship regains ascendancy ; when that lovely " weed that smell'st so sweet " resumes its sway over the aching sense ; when with despairing tenderness Othello clasps her to his breast. It is but for a moment. At her innocent question " What sin have I committed "—" committed," that word for ages linked with adultery—the crime and all its revolting images, hideous and maddening memories, drive from his mind all other thoughts, and once more loose the torrent of his righteous wrath and woe.

With the last act comes the most beautiful scene of all. To double, treble, the tremendous dramatic appeal, Mr. Barrett opens it with

Desdemona's disrobing and the Willow Song. Full of pathos it ever has been, but with this addition its pathos is tenfold. Such a prelude to the sacrifice renders the murder piteous in the extreme. It is not often that players of Shakespeare can move a theatreful to tears, perhaps therefore it is worth recording that this scene as interpreted by Miss Jeffries, with faultless feeling for Desdemona's forlorn sense of desolation, deeply affects her hearers. As does the beauty of the picture she creates. Truly it might be of her, lonely and silent and sad, that Browning wrote :—

“ The same great, grievful air,
As stands i' the dusk, on altar that I know,
Left alone with one moonbeam in her cell,
Our Lady of all the Sorrows.”

The pathos of her acting indeed could not be deepened. Nor could there be improvement in the child-like innocence with which she combats Emilia's gross estimate of women's honour. The whole passage is exquisitely rendered, and will remain in memory as one of the gems of this most interesting revival.

In the finish of the tragedy but little calls for comment. Mr. Barrett is very quiet and stealthy in his actions. The superstitious chord is again struck with great effect. But, partly perhaps because the stage was badly lighted, the deadliness of his mood, the shuddering dread we ought to feel, was not conveyed. The business of the death is novel. Desdemona leaves her couch to plead and kneel to him, and Othello seizes her by the throat, whirls her up in his arms, dashes her upon the bed, and behind close drawn curtains smothers her. His suicide is effected with a short sword, which he plunges a foot into his breast, and a slight convulsive quivering is still visible when the curtain falls upon the picture of his body propped up against the bed, with Desdemona's hand feebly clasped in his, her arm falling across his throat.

Of the support that Mr. Barrett's company afford, nothing need be said. When he brings the play to London, he will doubtless change many of his followers. Mr. Cooper Cliffe's performance of Iago, however, is effective and highly popular with provincial audiences. That he is no brusque, honest soldier, but a tempter of many bows and shrugs and meaning smiles, and that this method renders Othello's credulity yet more astonishing, is a comment on his reading which, despite the latitude permitted in conception, may with justice be advanced as an objection. But practically the interest centres upon the hero and heroine, and of the former “ in his habit as he lived ” readers of *THE THEATRE* are, I understand, to be allowed this month a comprehensive glimpse.

ADDISON BRIGHT.



The Lady Triamour.

[*Fragment modernized from the "Romaunt of Launfal."*]



HER palfrey was as white as milk,
 A comelier steed was never seen,
 His trappings were of rainbow silk,
 His housings gold and velvet green ;
 Worthy the rider's form and mien.
 Oh, she was every inch a queen !
 Her peachy skin's transparent tints
 Seemed mix'd of roses white and red,
 Her sunlike hair had gleams and glints,
 As far adown it waved and roll'd,
 That rivall'd well the crown of gold,
 Beset with gems, upon her head.
 Would I had words sublime and apt
 To tell the beauties of her face.
 A robe of richest purple wrapp'd
 Her slender form's majestic grace ;
 The drapery, flowing to the ground,
 With deepest ermine border'd round,
 White as a mountain snowy-capp'd.
 Her girdle, twined in threads as fine
 As cobwebs, was of argentine.
 Whate'er her gracious person wore
 Shone out in splendour infinite,
 Something divine, above the might
 Of mortal king or Emperor ;
 Such jewels, so unearthly bright
 No subterranean cavern bore,
 They look'd like sparks of living light,
 Or starlets stolen from the night.

WALTER PARKE.



Agar.



WHEN Rachel was a wretched girl of fifteen, hanging about Saint-Aulaire's dramatic school at the Salle Molière—feasting on fried potatoes when she could, starving for the most part, but *tenax propositi* always—her successor was in swaddling-clothes at Saint-Claude in the Jura.

When Rachel was dying, Florence-Léonide Charpin was giving lessons on the piano in Paris, at per dozen, on the *cachet* system. Before long, however, it dawned upon her that the owner of a fine Arabesque face and figure, remarkable eyes and hair, and a powerful contralto voice could turn these advantages to more profitable account; and so Mademoiselle Charpin became the “popular serio” of the “Ambassadeurs,” and other similar concert platforms. At the same age, Rachel was playing Camille at the Français, and she was younger by a year when she first played Phèdre than was her successor when the latter made her first appearance on the stage of a theatre. That was not till 1859. The chance came with the news from Solferino. That news had set penmen of all sorts to work. One man had *bâclé* in hot haste a sort of cantata for the Beaumarchais. The popular serio was, perhaps, a friend of his. Anyhow, she was offered the solo, if she could “get” it in time. She did, and the dramatic power with which she rendered it commended her to no less a person than Achille Ricourt, or De Ricourt, as he preferred to be called.

Ricourt was a professor of the histrionic art who professed no more than he knew. Not so renowned as Rachel's professor, Samson; but that was not his fault, for if he had not achieved success like Samson's, he had done more—he had deserved it. He was the director, just then, of that little band-box of a play-house up in the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne—the last of the three “private houses” which Paris had once possessed, known in days that were earlier as the Ecole Lyrique, but now renamed after the street. And it has been the nursery of—to take a penful at random—celebrities like St. Germain, the Coquelins, Worms, Berton, Talien; Aimée Desclée, Marie Delaporte, Emma Fleury, Chaumont, Stella Colas, Léonide Leblanc, Rousseil, Jouassain.

Of course the little “Tour” could hardly be run to pay, on “high-art” lines. Arnold Mortier, who took a piece there once, has described Ricourt's system. If there was stuff in what you offered him, and you could arrange to take the *salle* for three nights—the latter condition was indispensable—Ricourt would produce you, and

you might cast your play yourself. When Mortier went to cast his, he beheld an Arabesque Phèdre, most beautiful, grand, impassioned—superb with her dilated nostrils and her eyes of fire—who was presently introduced to him as Mademoiselle Agar. The professor had begun his transformation of the sometime “serio” into Phèdre with her name. An aspirant to the succession of Rachel, he told her, was bound to take her stage name from the Bible, too. Aptly enough, he had found this of Agar for her. And already it stood to a character which Rachel never played till she had been five years on the stage, and never really *was*, till to those five years she had added eleven more; but which its present representative had, with characteristic audacity, undertaken after an acquaintance, all told, of some six weeks.

To Mortier she seemed inspired; she seemed so still, long afterwards, when he wrote of what he saw that night, and in the interval he had seen a good deal. No doubt she felt she was, and so “tradition” went by the board; and stage-craft seemed a thing superfluous; and the professor lessoned to impatient ears. He did not keep his “star” long. The Odéon soon took her from him; and the Odéon pit, perhaps, better appreciated the Agar that was than the Agar Ricourt might have turned out, if he had had his way.

Across the water, the new Phèdre obtained not only that *succès de beauté* of which she could hardly fail, but much flattering, and fallacious, comparison with her great predecessor. The “heirress of Rachel” was not to inherit so soon, nor so easily. It was impossible, of course, to ignore her claims; and in the Rue de Richelieu, where Rachel’s old master had just taken his leave of the stage, Rachel’s place was a continual void. The *doyen* of the Comédie had, perhaps, no great opinion of the traditionless Phèdre at the Odéon, and it was not till after his retirement, and when all Paris was talking of some famous and forgotten “creation” at the Porte St. Martin which she had just effected, that an invitation to the house of Molière was accorded her.

On the 12th of May, 1863, Agar appeared. She dared the worst at once, and the worst happened, for Phèdre fell—fell, literally, on her exit, after the first act, against a lighted stove outside—the May night was bitter cold—and so burned herself that, after struggling through two acts more she fainted during the fourth in the arms of Tordeus, her *Ænone*. Judgment was formally deferred for a month till Phèdre had been seen again under more favourable circumstances; but the judgment was pretty well what might have been expected. Mdlle. Agar was told what Macready said—or, most likely, did not say—of Fanny Kemble: that she had yet to acquire the rudiments of her art; moreover, that she had too much of emphasis, and too little distinction, that her voice—that grand contralto voice!—was *un peu sourde*, and her stage-presence more than a little awkward. Vapereau called her *débüt*, “*bruyant plutôt que brillant*,” and whilst he could not deny her impersonation dramatic power, wound up by saying that “nature and study”—whatever “nature” might mean—had a good deal more to do yet before they made a tragic actress of her. In short,

Mademoiselle Agar was not Mademoiselle Rachel, and she would not do. It was a failure, that time, past question.

Upon it followed a six years' round in the melodrama *cirque* : Ambigu, Porte St. Martin, Gaité. The whirligig of time, however, brought 1869, and Coppée's "Passant." The Phèdre who had come too soon after Rachel, and the Phèdre who was yet to come and make Rachel's forgotten, played together in that "Passant," and drew the town across the bridges from its very dinner to see them—drew attention that way from high quarters, also. With this result : that on the two hundred and sixty-third anniversary of the birth of Corneille, the Emilie of his "Cinna" had Agar's name against her in the bill at the Français.

On this occasion, it was discovered that "nature and study" had at last done what was required of them ; so that Emilie's stage-presence had become superlative, her movements majestic, her voice rich and sonorous, her diction irreproachable. She was applauded to the very echo ; and Emile Blavet went off to the "Figaro" and wrote all sorts of delightful things about her. Her success was assured ; she was the leading *tragédienne* of the French stage ; she had come into Rachel's room.

Alas, for what ? She spoke, *ex-officio*, the accustomed "stanzas" on the last 15th of August the Comédie was to celebrate. When the Suez Canal had "boomed," in the November following, she gave de Bornier's lines, and "*lança à tout volée*," that

" *Ferdinand de Lesseps ! Retiens ce nom, Histoire !*"

which sounds rather oddly, now. And, for some dozen nights, she was the Renée of Coppée's lugubrious "Deux Douleurs." But Favart was there, and Croizette had just come, and Victoria Lafontaine ; and the last days of the Empire were at hand ; and, in Rachel's room, she was to see them out, even as Rachel had seen out the last dynasty. As in '48, so in '70, there arose a sudden call in the house for the *Marseillaise*—Rachel had chanted it like an Erinys ; Agar made it the hymn of victory for four-and-forty nights ; and the forty-first was the night of Sedan. When Sedan was beyond a doubt, the theatre closed, to re-open as a hospital with its leading lady as head-nurse. That head-nurse had hardly acquired the Rachel "tradition" yet. Rachel would have been making money outside, somewhere. However, the Commune found her successor at the post which would never have been Rachel's. When de Gallifet had got in from Versailles, and had shot a sufficiency, and so restored the normal course of things, there arose a railing accusation against the leading lady, and the head-nurse, of the Théâtre Français. She had, it was averred, exerted that grand voice of hers at a Communistic concert, given for the benefit of sick and wounded *Communards* ; in other words she "had recognised the Commune." And this story was repeated, years afterwards, in the course of some brief notice of the actress's death. It might have been true ; and what then ?

When Raoul Rigault, and the likes of him, swaggered in ex-

Imperial boxes, and "bespoke" entertainments of the stage, the entertainers were in no condition to say nay. More than ever was the axiom true that they "must please to live." When a ruffian in an opéra-comique uniform dated an order from the Tuileries requiring M. Thierry to supply forthwith, for a concert, such a contralto, for instance, as had sung the *Marseillaise* at his theatre, what was M. Thierry to do? What he did, was to implore Mdle. Agar to comply with this order, and save the theatre. What she did, was to appear, alone, before that sinister audience; and, when required to sing them the *Marseillaise*, what she did further was, to refuse point-blank. What happened in consequence was, that she made the acquaintance of a prison, where, but for the good offices of her gaoler, she would have shared the fate of scores of other victims; and that she presently vacated Rachel's room for Sarah Bernhardt to fill; and Paris saw her no more, till, after Madame Guyon's unexpected death, she came back, in the Exhibition year, to "create" the Madame Bernard of "Les Fourchambault." But Paris was no longer her abiding place. She was there "between times" only; once to play *Marguerite* in the "Tour de Nesle," revived at the Gaité; once, for a longer engagement, at the old Ambigu, which Sarah Bernhardt had transformed into the Théâtre Moderne for her son; where Catulle Mendès was allowed to bestow all his tediousness upon you, and "Les Meres Eunnemies" played into to-morrow morning; where Damala made his *début*, and wore, they told you, fourteen thousand francs worth of costume to his own back, whilst he did it; where Richepin's "La Glu" was perpetrated, and Sarah, having put the Vaudeville clock-back half-an-hour, in order that Fédora might die in time, arrived on the first night for the last act, to applaud her old playfellow, not quite, indeed, the Agar of old days; aged much, and broken more, but not wanting in flashes of that former fire. One fell a-moralising as one looked at those two, and — however, that is another matter. Agar's stage story ends with her Queen in the "Hamlet" of the Français.

On the whole, the luck had been against her. And the *res angusta*, and paralysis that creeps upon you about its business—these things are not conducive to a desire for life. Not undesired—who knows?—the curtain fell, in the mid-August of this year, upon an actress "less than fame had bruited her" but a good deal more.

W. F. W.



“Literary” Critics.



IN an article on “The Free Stage and the New Drama” in last month’s *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. William Archer has somewhat vigorously taken up the cudgels on behalf of Ibsen and Mr. J. T. Grein, and against his fellow critics—if he will allow me to mention them and himself in such close association. He begins with the stereotyped lament over the non-advent of the artistic Messiah, who is to create a new national drama, and proceeds to show why it is that dramatic life has quickened within the last five or ten years, what has hindered it, and what the new movement is going to do.

Needless to say, Ibsen and the Independent Theatre are the vivifying influences to which we are to look for salvation. Indeed, Mr. Archer frankly gives the 7th of June, 1889, the date of the production of “The Doll’s House” at the Novelty Theatre, as the birthday of this movement. The other component parts of the new dispensation are “Ghosts,” “Hedda Gabler,” “Thérèse Raquin,” and Mr. J. T. Grein. And he is not only sanguine for the future, but his estimate of the progress already made is decidedly rose-coloured. Mr. Archer professes to put Ibsen’s value on one side, and it is certainly no part of my business to deal with that here; but, before passing to other matters, it may be as well to examine the writer’s statement of the impression created by the Norwegian dramatist’s works. Admitting that to hate Ibsen is easy, I am not prepared to deny that, with the persistent and energetic backing he has received at the hands of a small band of fanatics, it has hitherto been impossible to ignore him; it may be that Mr. Archer can call to mind no other case in literary history of a dramatist attaining such sudden and widespread notoriety (this is Mr. Archer’s own word, remember) in a foreign country; his name may have been—it is not now—in every newspaper and magazine; his rankling phrases may have been—they are not now—in every mouth; but when Mr. Archer declares that an allusion to Nora Helmer will be as generally understood as an allusion to Jane Eyre, and that Hedda Gabler, who a year ago had no existence save in the brain of one man, is now as well known as Becky Sharp, and almost as widely, one can only suppose that in his enthusiasm he has lost all sense of proportion, or that—and there seems some evidence of the existence of this theory in his mind—he recognises no world, at all events in literary matters, outside his own narrow circle. That an ephemeral notoriety has been given to the subject is indisputable; but when we are treated to references to Jane Eyre and Becky

Sharp, characters which have firmly established themselves in the home literary life of the country, and which are as familiar in the drawing-room, the parlour, and I might almost say, the nursery, as in the study, we feel that someone has failed to keep on the hither side of extravagance. As for the practical successes of the Ibsen plays, if the Scandinavian prophet's followers are going to congratulate themselves upon the short run at the Novelty of "The Doll's House," the still shorter run at the Vaudeville of "Hedda Gabler," and the shortest of them all, the run of "Thérèse Raquin" at the Royalty, they must be very easy to please. I include Zola's work in the list as Mr. Archer mentions it as a factor in the success of the Independent Theatre. I am quite aware that "The Doll's House" came to an earlier end than it would have done otherwise, because Miss Janet Achurch, an actress with remarkable capabilities for the part of Nora, was compelled to keep her engagements in Australia; but this only tends to prove that the excellence was in the actress rather than in the play, or it need not have been difficult to find another lady sufficiently gifted to give vitality to Nora. What, according to Mr. Archer, assured Mr. Grein of the probability of success with his Independent Theatre, was the "intellectual ferment" set up by the production of "A Doll's House." A ferment, I take it, is a disturbance caused by the generation or liberation of gases by decomposition; and it may be that the expression is used appropriately enough. For the agitation was certainly not a healthy one.

Mr. Archer evidently apprehends that he or the promoters of the Independent Theatre will be twitted with the fact that all the pieces produced by the Society have been the work of foreigners; for he declares that "not even in our most sanguine moments could we (I may assume that this refers to the Society) persuade ourselves that here, as in Paris, there existed a band of ardent, daring, brilliant young men only awaiting a free stage in order to give their genius free play." I fancy that Mr. Archer had better speak for himself alone in this connection, for I remember very well that at the time of the formation of the Society, a circular was published, of which I regret to say I cannot now find a copy, wherein we were told that in addition to a number of foreign plays which were to be produced, others had been promised by a number of "ardent, brilliant, daring, young men," among whom, I remember, were Messrs. Wyllie Wyldé and George Moore. I fancy that Mr. Grein's name was there; but when he did write a play, he produced it, not at the Independent, but at the Court Theatre, a place of entertainment where, I take it, Mr. Archer would consider no mechanism existed "for freeing theatrical art from the trammels of commercialism." Here, then, is the free stage. Where is your native dramatic genius? I do not wish, in fairness, to complain that no great work has yet been produced; but there is no sign that one is coming forward, and the "intellectual ferment" has proved up to the present inoperative so far as the hoped-for productiveness is concerned.

Now, Mr. Archer takes up the strange case of Mr. Grein, and in doing so makes an unjustifiable, and I think I shall be able to show, an absurd attack upon theatrical critics. He speaks of the malignity of the Press opposition to the Independent Theatre. No doubt that opposition was bitter, but it must be remembered that something more than dramatic convention was attacked. A determined attempt was made to introduce upon our stage for more or less public representation, a class of works which the prejudices, as some might call them, or the susceptibilities, reasonable or unreasonable, of the bulk of the intelligent and respectable people in this country had previously banished altogether from the stage. To call the sentiment narrow, petty, illiberal, would be nothing to the point, even if it were accurate. It is not to be denied that if plays of the kind which the Independent Theatre seeks to perform and bring to the hearts and minds of the people were to be represented in our theatres, a vast number of people, not so advanced perhaps as the new school of play-lovers, but still worthy people in their way, and a source of some profit to the existing theatres, would not only refrain from going themselves, but would rigorously debar their wives, sisters, and daughters from going, also. The opposition was fierce and outspoken. A half-hearted attack would have been worse than useless. As to its malignity, the expression is one which would have been better left unused, unless Mr. Archer had been in a position to prove its truth. If people thought that the introduction of works they held in abhorrence for their immoral tendency was seriously contemplated, it was their duty to take all fair means in their power to stop what to them must have appeared a public scandal. Mr. Archer is particularly indignant at the strictures levelled at Mr. Grein. I have read and heard a good many of them, and no doubt many scornful and severe things were said both about him and his projected institution. It was a fair subject for attack, and full advantage was, no doubt, taken of it. But I do not remember to have read or heard a word which could be construed into a sneer at Mr. Grein's motive. Even if he had made money out of the movement, I fail to see what blame attached to him. I know he did some very excellent and valuable work in getting the works of English dramatists performed abroad, and in protecting the rights of the latter; and I should be glad to learn that he has been well paid for it. It strikes me as a little odd, for the moment, that a gentleman who denies the existence of the English drama should take so much trouble to get modern English plays by living writers performed abroad, and particularly in his native country. Everyone knows Mr. Grein's pluck; but his heart must have been heavy within him when Mr. George Moore, among other "artists and art lovers," rallied to his assistance. The value of that gentleman's advocacy may be gauged by the effect of his recent attack on dramatic critics.

Infinitely less vulgar, though not much less ridiculous, is Mr. Archer's assault on his critical—must I say, inferiors? Mr. Archer has always had a bee in his bonnet on the subject of the infallibility of French critics. His worship of them amounts

to idolatry, and he seems rather proud of displaying his submission to his favourite fetish. I believe that if M. Mirbeau had not discovered "the Belgian Shakespeare," M. Maeterlinck, Mr. Archer would never have recognised and adopted the dramatist of marionettes. Now, English critics (dramatic, be it understood) are pilloried as "more or less experienced, more or less routine-ridden, more or less jaded, theatrical journalists," in contradistinction to their French brethren, who, we are told, are "men of letters, men of acknowledged attainments and competence outside the merely theatrical sphere." This, in spite of the fact that M. Sarcey, who has previously been the object of Mr. Archer's adoration, does not seem to have understood "Ghosts" much better than Mr. Clement Scott did.

We may be perfectly sure that if Mr. Archer turns and rends M. Sarcey, something very dreadful has happened. The dreadful thing in this case is apparently that Ibsen has been misunderstood. For him who misunderstands Ibsen no language can be too strong. Hence it is that we are told that "the theatrical journalism of the day is narrow-minded, *borné*" (a plainer-spoken person might have been content with "narrow" or "limited" or "confined"), "and if not illiterate, at any rate, illiberal in its culture." And what is the basis of this fearful charge? "We have literary critics and theatrical critics; but where is the man who has attained any distinction in both these capacities? When a new poem by Tennyson or Swinburne, a new novel by Meredith, a new volume of essays by Mr. Morley makes its appearance, does the editor of the Review apply to me for an appreciation of it? No; he goes to Mr. Pater or Mr. Symonds, Mr. Lang or Mr. Gosse, or Mr. Birrell. On purely theatrical subjects I may be allowed a hearing, but who cares a straw for my judgments on non-theatrical literature? And which of my journalistic colleagues can claim any greater authority outside the theatrical sphere?" So, Mr. Archer's contention apparently is that there is no literary excellence outside of literary criticism. He adds that he "shall be told that theatrical art is subject to special conditions." Why, Mr. Archer told us the same thing himself years ago. That his opinion on non-theatrical matters is not held in high esteem, so far as public utterances go, may be true, though I am not aware that he ever expressed any; but even if it be so, it is nothing to the point. I have not the space to deal exhaustively with the literary status of our dramatic critics; but I do claim for them a high degree of merit in constructive and literary work, surely as strong a claim to literary excellence as literary criticism, even of the higher grade. For the present, I must content myself with merely mentioning a few names which occur to me almost haphazard at the moment. Mr. Clement Scott may not have "remained sane" over the production of "Ghosts," but is Mr. Archer prepared to deny his literary abilities? Even Mr. George Moore almost admits Mr. Joseph Knight to the standing of a literary man a position to which I imagine one of our most erudite Shakespearean scholars and critics, "Sylvanus Urban," editor of "Notes and Queries,"

and dramatic critic of the "Athenæum," is surely entitled. Then we have the veteran, Mr. Moy Thomas, Messrs. Alfred Watson, Ernest Bendall, Byron Webber, Sutherland Edwards, Davenport Adams, Nisbet, a profound thinker and able philosophical writer, Richard Davey, Saville Clarke, Percy Fitzgerald, the late Lewis Wingfield, Edmund Yates, and Henry Morley, still living, though no longer exercising critical functions, and Ashby Sterry, George Manville Fenn, Arthur à Beckett, William Mackay, and the McCarthys, father and son. Is there any need to recall in the past, John Oxenford, Dunphie, Dutton Cooke, Tom Taylor or Heraud, among many others who might be named? Will Mr. Archer assert that his contemptuous epithets, "narrow-minded, *borné*, illiterate or at least illiberal in culture," apply to these gentlemen or their work. Among them are to be found accomplished writers on various subjects, some of them authors of graceful verse and fiction; and all of them have at least a competent knowledge of dramatic art, and bring to bear upon their work that knowledge of the world and of society necessary to the appreciation of that art; while many of them are indefatigable students of the drama of many countries, and unimpeachable authorities upon all subjects connected with it. In spite of Mr. Archer's modest disclaimer, I am not going to deny him the graces of literary style; but I will ask what he has done to benefit literature. In the face of his statement that "it requires at least as much insight and literary and philosophical culture to deal competently with one of Ibsen's plays as to estimate the technical and intellectual qualities of a poem by Tennyson," I am entitled to question if the authorship of an attack upon Mr. Irving, of some studies of various theatrical subjects and the dramatists of to-day, the translation of two or three Ibsen plays, and the compilation of a biography of Macready are sufficient warranty for a fanatically violent appreciation of the author of "Ghosts," and a wanton attack on a body of men many of whom are not only Mr. Archer's seniors in years, but are entitled to his respect, even if he sulkily elect to withhold his admiration, for their services to the drama, and, I will emphatically add, to literature.

That the dramatic criticism of the day is not perfect, is a proposition to which I can assent without in anywise justifying Mr. Archer. With regard to one great difficulty in the way of criticism, pure and simple, I cannot do better than quote Mr. Archer's own words published some years ago.

"That an artist who has devoted months, perhaps years, to the study of a great Shakespearian part, should have to stand or fall by the impressions conveyed to the critics on one nervous evening, and that the most influential of these critics should have to formulate their impressions at lightning speed, with no time for reflection, and with nerves either jaded or over-stimulated, is clearly not an ideal condition of things. . . . The public demands immediate news of an important theatrical production just as of a debate in Parliament or a dynamite explosion."—"The Ethics of Theatrical Criticism."—*Nineteenth Century*.

Mr. Archer declares that he treads on delicate ground. He does, and not delicately. In order to "speak his mind" freely, he faces what he justly declares to be "the inevitable accusation of arrogance.

bad taste, and all the rest of it," and that he never had any sympathy with the corporate spirit which would quell all discussion within the charmed circle of any given art or craft. In this case no such spirit can fairly be said to exist, unless it be within that "charmed circle" of two or three, who, having come to the determination that a certain thing is good, violently denounce all who dare to disagree with them. To be quite plain, I refer to Messrs. William Archer, A. B. Walkley, and George Moore. I am thankful to believe that educated men of a common calling, meeting frequently, during a number of years, in a common cause, will always be able to maintain so much of mutual respect and esteem as to keep them from each other's throats in the event of a disagreement on a matter of opinion, however vital. I should say that Mr. Archer's position is that of a kind of Boulanger of dramatic criticism, did not his mental attitude rather resemble that of the American schoolmaster who wrote over his doors:

"I'm the head of this here collidge
And what I don't know isn't nollidge."

G. W. DANCY.



"Across My Lute."



CROSS my lute in merry May,
(That voiceless all the winter lay),
I struck a prelude—thence to sing
A poet's sweet imagining
Of flower-decked fields and hedges gay!

Alas! no music lit the day,
The strings in discord snapped astray;
The "heavenly maid" had taken wing
Across my lute!

Nor marvelled I at this display;
The Muse, neglected, flies away.
Pale Winter jealous of the Spring
That o'er the hills came carolling,
Had laid her finger of decay

Across my lute!

CHARLES DEW HIGGINS.



Our Portraits.

No. CCLXXVIII.—MISS CLAIRE IVANOVA.

The subject of our first portrait was born at Vevey in Switzerland, and after having been brought up in Russia, was sent to finish her education in France and England. Miss Claire Ivanova is therefore a good linguist, and has further to help her on in the profession she has chosen and so dearly loves, beautiful and expressive features and a sweet voice. Miss Ivanova studied elocution, etc., under Mr. Hermann Vezin, and in February, 1888, put the knowledge she had gained into practice by joining Miss Sarah Thorne's company at Margate, where she played such Shakespearean characters as Juliet, Emilia in "Othello," and the Queen in "Hamlet," and also appeared in melodrama in such parts as Mary in "The Ring of Iron," Ruth in "The Wages of Sin," and Cynthia in "The Flowers of the Forest." That the young actress was already well thought of, was proved by her being offered by Mr. Henry Dundas the leading part in "Mr. Barnes of New York," and, as Marina, she acquired great reputation, which was enhanced by her performance, among other parts, of Regan in "King Lear," with Mr. Osmond Tearle's company. Her Emilia in "Othello," and Jessica in the "Merchant of Venice," were all highly commended. On July 1st, 1890, Miss Ivanova appeared at the Strand Theatre as Bianca in Dean Milman's tragedy "Fazio," and the press was unanimous in praise of the London *débutante*; indeed no greater encouragement could have been held out to an actress to persevere. Miss Ivanova has since played at the Shaftesbury, and toured as Vashti Dethic in "Judah," and has everywhere been spoken of in terms of the highest commendation. She has of late been appearing at the Adelphi, as Beatrice (Astræa), in "The Trumpet Call," with considerable success.

No. CCLXXIX.—MR. FREDERICK KERR.

MR. FREDERICK KERR, the *nom de théâtre* which the subject of our second portrait adopted when entering the dramatic profession, was born in London at Notting Hill, October 11th, 1858. His real name is Frederick Grinham Keen, and he is the son of the well known London solicitor, Mr. Grinham Keen, President of the Incorporated Law Society in 1889. Mr. Kerr, for we will continue to call him by his stage name, which he admits he took to hide his personality in the event of his proving a failure on the boards, was educated at the Charterhouse, and thence went to Caius College, Cambridge, as a preparation for eventually becoming a barrister. With this view he subsequently kept several terms at the Inner Temple. Law proved distasteful and, to use the title of an old farce, "he would be an actor." He may have been industrious and sedulous in eating his dinners, but once determined on acting, Mr. Kerr threw his whole energies into fitting himself for his new career. He knew that talent, though valuable in itself, is infinitely more so when strengthened by experience; and this he proceeded to gain, not in the provinces as is generally the case, but in America. In 1881 he sailed for the United States and was fortunate enough to obtain an engagement at Wallack's Theatre, New York, his education, gentlemanly manner and appearance enlisting the manager's favour. Here working steadily on, he after a time became a member of the Bijou Opera House company under the late Selina Dolaro. By this time Mr. Kerr thought he was fitted to return to England and try his fortune on our stage. He toured for a short time in the provinces, appearing in Shakespeare, old comedy, and legitimate drama with Miss Wallis and Miss Ada Cavendish, and then came to the Novelty to play Ignatius Wetzel in "The New Magdalen" under Miss Nelly Harris's management (Jan 5th 1884), and during this engagement he also played Will Frankleigh in "Nita's First" (March 10th), Jacob Downing in "Reaping the Whirlwind," April 26th, and Hearty-



Photographed by Downey & Son.

Copyright.

MISS CLAIRE IVANOVA.

"Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day."
—MACBETH, Act I, Sc. 3.



Photographed by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, W.

Copyright

MR. FREDERICK KERR.

"But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting."
—AS YOU LIKE IT.—ACT IV, SC. 3.



cheer in "The Bonnie Fishwife," besides appearing in burlesque. A long engagement at the Court Theatre followed, and Mr. Kerr expresses his gratitude for the lessons he learned from Mr. John Clayton, the then manager, and to Mr. A. W. Pinero. Mr. Kerr made his first appearance at the Court as Dick Chetwyn in "Young Mrs. Winthrop" (November 6th, 1884). He next played Captain Vale in "The Magistrate" (March 21st, 1885), Lieut. Mallory in "The Schoolmistress" (March 27th, 1886) and Major Tarver in "Dandy Dick" (January 27th, 1887), and was of the greatest service in bright little duologues such as "Breaking the Ice," "Twenty Minutes under an Umbrella" and "The Nettle," in which latter he was particularly good as Guy Charlton (October 13th, 1886). Mr. Kerr continued a member of Mr. John Clayton's company till the lamented death of the latter, and then joined Mr. Edward Terry at his theatre to play Horace Bream in "Sweet Lavender" (March 21st, 1888), thus continuing to appear in Mr. Pinero's plays. By this time Mr. Kerr had established his reputation as one of our favourite actors, and he did not diminish his prestige when (after a trip to America in July 1889, playing Private Phillip Saunders in "Bootle's Baby,") he returned to appear as Postlethwaite in Jerome K. Jerome's "New Lamps for Old" (Terry's) February 8th, 1890. Mr. Kerr was even more extolled for his Juxon Prall in "Judah" (Shaftesbury, May 21st, 1890); yet still greater praise was due to him for the pathos and manly dignity he exhibited in the most trying part of Antonin Caussade in "The Struggle for Life" (Avenue, under Mr. George Alexander's management, September 25th, 1890). Mr. Kerr next joined the Haymarket Company to play Arthur Kenyon in the revival of "Called Back" (November 10th, 1890), and is now appearing at this theatre as the Hon. Reginald Slingsby in "The Dancing Girl," (January 15th, 1891). Mr. Kerr is not a mere "character" actor, though his treatment of a part is always original; it is also thoroughly human and natural, and is invariably acceptable not only to the audience, but to the discriminating student of the drama.



Reviews.

"*The Life of Robert Coates*," by John R. and Hunter H. Robinson. (London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.).

Were a tithe of the patience and research that have gone towards the unearthing of this poor fop from oblivion lavished upon many a biography of worthier souls, historical literature would be more wholly trustworthy than it is. And yet this "Life" seems, if not intended for an elaborate joke, richer in unconscious humour than anything we have read for some time. The portentous—occasionally, also, be it said, ungrammatical—solemnity with which the authors make record of the mindless foibles of a "Regency" exquisite, whose only recommendation in his own age of folly was that he had an ultra-dandyish craving for notoriety, at whatever sacrifice of manly dignity, is only to be parried by the complete frivolousness of their theme. Yet, granting that "Romeo" Coates was to be withdrawn from a merciful oblivion, it must also be granted that that very solemnity may prove his best introduction to the good company of moderns, for his life was in itself so essentially ridiculous that no wit could present it in a light more humorous than could the trusting faith of obtuseness. To such as have never even heard of this gentleman, a few words of explanation will suffice for outline of his momentous career. Robert Coates was the son of a West India merchant, and was born in Antigua. Left a fortune by his father, he settled eventually in the English capital about the year 1810, with the praiseworthy ambition of competing in extravagant imbecility with the most fashionable notabilities of the town. At one time he drove a curriole, shaped like a scallop-shell. "The outside was painted a beautiful rich lake colour, and bore its owner's heraldic device: a cock, life-size, with outspread wings, and over this the motto, 'While I live I'll

crow.' The step to enter the vehicle was also in the form of a cock. The interior was richly lined and upholstered, and the whole mounted upon light spriags, with a pair of high wheels picked out in well-chosen colours. The vehicle was drawn by two white horses of faultless figure and action, and (*sic*) which must have been matched and acquired at great cost. Their trappings were of the latest fashion, and ornamented with the crowing cock in silver. The horses were driven in pair, and the splinter bar was surmounted by a carved brass rod; on top of this stood a plated cock, crowing." The great ambition of "Romeo," or "Diamond" (for he was nick-named either indifferently) Coates's life was, however, an introduction to Carlton House, an ambition doomed to disappointment, though once, apparently, near fulfilment. For an invitation to a ball at that resort of the brilliant in everything but intellect, which drew the poor fool from his obscurity in a monstrous blaze of diamonds, turned out to be a hoax instigated, if not actually perpetrated, by that untasteful jester, Theodore Hook; and the deluded victim neither then nor afterwards had the bliss of exchanging ideas on dress with his royal prototype. But that which brought true notoriety—of a unique kind—to the dandy, was a craze he developed for disporting himself upon the stage, in the most divinely eccentric garbs, as an amateur of fashion, and of being hooted and pelted therefrom with such a persistent heartiness as would have driven a veritable Kean from the boards for good and all. Not so Mr. Coates, whose pachydermatous vanity had no weak spot like Achilles' armour; for, not only did he carry his Romeo victorious through the most determined storms of opposition, but he improved, according to his own statement, upon the text of the original version, which is the work, as we understand, of a person called Shakespeare. So for years he periodically braved the laughter of the town, and retired at length into a private life of ease and affluence, with unshattered conviction that his star had shone and set triumphant in the histrionic heavens. It is impossible to treat such a theme seriously, especially when it has been done for us in a fashion so thorough. Messrs. Robinson have, apparently, no doubt in the grave necessity for their subject. They have rescued, as they think, a misused memory from oblivion, and essayed to clothe it in the lion's skin of the fable. Indisputably their book is extremely amusing, if not, perhaps, as they wish it to be. In so pious a service grammar, maybe, is a secondary consideration; still, such a sentence as, "In the play just mentioned Miss Jameson appeared as Juliet, and Mrs. Groves took that of the nurse," appears to want as much coherency as Coates's own Romeo. Amateurs should at least glance through the book, for was not the poor dummy after all the first parent of their sect.

"*The Times*," by A. W. Pinero. (London: W. Heinemann & Co.).

Mr. Pinero has taken advantage of the changes in the law of copyright as affecting our literary relations with America, to publish the text of his latest dramatic work simultaneously with its stage appearance. We have no fault to find with the Preface, in which he exults over the advantage thus secured to an author at a late hour, and in which he urges his brother dramatists to follow his example. The wording of it is marked by modesty and restraint, and, if there is a sub-sentiment in it of that exaggerated air of self-importance it has been the fashion for playwrights to assume, that affectation of writing under the profound responsibility of a great moral mission that modern fashion encourages, it is less disagreeably prominent than in some other instances that have come before the public of late. In point of fact, the stage is not and probably never will be a great moral influence. Its history is so inextricably associated with a sense of all-pervading artificiality, that none can ever accept its postulates with a trustfulness engendered of experience as to their truth. Who can preach earnestly who is always posing? and has not your playwright, through all his noblest periods, a careful eye for situation, like a curled and scented curate in his weekly pulpit. But the theatre *can* be a great art influence, and it is from this point of view that we have to regard its teachings. A play is to be compared to an essay—bright, sparkling, epigrammatic, convincing, if possible, but incapable of threshing out the uttermost soul of things, as does a volume of metaphysical research whose thoughts show rounded from every point of view. But, just at present, our dramatic author, if he do put pen a sorry farce, publishes beforehand, in the papers or elsewhere, a fore-taste of the stern moral lesson he wishes to convey through the medium of his *dramatis personæ*; and straightway the chorus of critical gossipers chimes in

with four-o'clock-tea-table discussion of his whys and wherefores, and prattles over the phenomenon with the earnestness of a party of old maids discussing crumpets and scandal. The truth of the matter is that he is encouraged to think himself what no writer of plays but one ever was, a great moral teacher, and that Gil Blas is wanted again. Mr. Pinero is right in claiming for himself in "The Times" no deeper mission than that of lowering another plummet into the depths of "ignorance, of vulgarity of mind, and of self-seeking," and he is right in calling his comedy "unpretentious," for indeed it is little else than a clever piece of stage book-making. As a reading play it is without value, and the author is perhaps unfortunate in the circumstances that have thrust it before the literary public as his representative work. All the necessary stage attributes are of course there, in a state of finish only to be expected of a playwright of Mr. Pinero's experience and cleverness—crispness of dialogue, to wit, with a critical eye to unity and situation. The higher qualities of wit and epigram, however, one may look for in vain between the covers of this little book. Unfortunately, one's experience teaches that these are by no means inseparable from the sureness of technical touch of many a popular manufacturer of plays. Mr. Pinero is not the first playwright whose works, listened to with delight in the acting, make balder reading than a Church catechism.

The University Shakespeare: Coriolanus. (London: Sutton, Drewley & Co.)

This is the sixth of the Plays of Shakespeare that have appeared in this series. Each play is published by itself, in a thin volume bound in cloth, costing 1s., which can be carried comfortably in the coat pocket as an agreeable companion on a summer day's ramble. The aim of the editors, as we are told in the prefatory note to "King John," which was the first of the series, has been to remove those difficulties which arise and discourage the student on the threshold of his subject. It must be admitted that the result has been a very acceptable and companionable edition. All drier discussions and accounts of the Plays from the various points of views of bibliographer, historian, and grammarian, have been relegated to the pages of a separate, short, but instructive introduction; and the foot-notes, of which there are usually three or four on a page, are devoted to the textual explanations which the young student reading the play for the first time most craves. The notes are, as a rule, commendably brief and to the point; those to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest," edited by Mr. Herbert A. Evan, M.A., being especially well calculated to help the young reader to understand the words, and so appreciate the dramatic interest of the Plays; as they aim at nothing, for the most part, but to explain the meaning of the text, where, owing to the use of words or constructions which are either obsolete or antiquated, it appears obscure. Mr. Benjamin Dawson, B.A., to whom the editing of the Historical Plays has been entrusted, has not taken quite the same view as Mr. Evans of what difficulties are most likely to hinder the youthful student, and has devoted himself rather more in his notes to the explanation of the frequent metrical variations which occur in the text. Notes that are admirably terse and lucid, whose purpose is merely to explain obscurities of meaning, are by no means quite wanting; but the place of the metrical notes might very well have been occupied by more of the former kind, and it may fairly be questioned if the subject of the Prosody of Shakespeare be not of too polemical a nature for suitable discussion at all, elsewhere than in an introductory essay. Remarks on the Prosody merely occupy an undue amount of space among the foot-notes to "Coriolanus," the latest volume issued in the series. But this is by no means an overwhelming defect, and the undoubted excellence of the others (which still constitute the majority) cannot fail to have the effect the edition aims at, of helping the young student to an immediate appreciation of the beauty and interest of Shakespeare, and making the study of him delightful from the first.

"Scarlet Fortune: A Story of the New World and the Old," by Henry Herman. (London: Trischler & Co.),

Is, as its name might imply, somewhat sensational. The pictures of the Rocky Mountains, with their "free-born daughter" living fearlessly amidst a swarm of lawless ruffians, for a foreground, are very pretty; but when the "freeborn" is transported to the old country, we dimly wonder how a young lady, who "reckons thar's shucks on 'em" when describing the "bad as they make 'em" characters of the district, such as "Yutaw Bill, an' his pardner Blotchface

Frenchy," can hold her own against a being so refined as the Lady Evelyn, who is "hardly aware of the *effluxion* of time," and whose "heart went pit-a-pat in an *alarum*, which—whether it was painful or pleasant—the young lady knew not." However, in spite of these apparently insurmountable obstacles, the wild daughter of the West becomes a Countess, and, evidently with a proper sense of her future responsibilities, bids us farewell, saying, "with a tear brimming in her big blue eye : I am happy now, as happy as ever I hope to be in this wicked world." The second story in the volume is the better of the two, and gives us a pleasant little sketch of primitive life in the far West ; the picture of the sunrise at the beginning is a graceful piece of word-painting.

"*Elocutionary Specimens*," by C. E. Clegg. (London : G. Philip & Sons).

These specimens are fairly well chosen, and will suit various styles. Washington Irving's "The Pride of the Village" is, however, out of date in '91. It is a quite unfavourable example of the genial, dreamy story-teller, in which he wrote for his age, not for "all time." It belongs to the after-Byron and "Flowers of Literature" date, when hopeless disease lay smiling in book muslin, and the warring elements lent themselves as background to the gloomy fatalism of Don Rinaldo d'Espagnole. It was Irving's quiet humour that handed his reputation down to soft keeping.

"*The School for Scandal*," with illustrations by Lucius Rossi. (London : Simpkin, Marshall & Co.).

Here at last has Sheridan's principal comedy been done admirable justice. to in a veritably sumptuous *Édition de Luxe*. Print, paper, and pictures are all excellent, and the result is as handsome a volume as one could wish to possess. The artist has also, to a considerable degree, caught the spirit of the characters and the times in his illustrations, which are reproduced in the foremost style of modern colour-printing. Those of Snake and Lady Sneerwell in the latter's boudoir, of Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite joining the slanderous conclave, of Charles Surface selling his ancestors, and, especially, of Lady Teazle speaking the Epilogue, are truly excellent studies of grouping and harmonious colouring. Sir Peter is not so well conceived, in our opinion, and we would dissent from the unnecessary eccentricity of representing him as a stumpy, thick-set little man. The publishers deserve well of all book-lovers for an enterprise which will, we hope, prove sufficiently profitable to warrant them in later producing "The Rivals" and "The Critic" after the same fashion. On one point only would we fall foul of them—the absence of a date to the title page, an omission truly heinous in the eyes of any foreseeing bibliophile.

"*Acting and the Art of Speech at the Paris Conservatoire*," by J. Raymond Solly- (Elliot Stock).

This dainty little book should be in the hands of every actor, amateur, and critic. The author has set, in a framework of attractive anecdote, the pithy sayings of Talma and Samson, Régnier, Got, Coquelin, Legouvé, and other eminent French masters, upon "L'Art de bien dire," the art in which our neighbours excel and we cut so pitiful a figure. Into little compass much wisdom is condensed, and it is not too rash a statement to make that a perusal of this absorbing work would be a remunerative investment of an hour and a-half plus half-a-crown to all but a bare baker's dozen of our chief players. A good story is told of Scribe, which sums up the principles Mr. Solly has in view. The great play-maker read a comedy to the Committee of the Théâtre-Français, which appeared excellent, for it was accepted unanimously and with acclamation. On the stage, however, the piece failed, and an actor before whom astonishment was expressed at this strange result, remarked, "Oh ! well, it's very simple. This Scribe is a wonderful deceiver of ears. He took us all in by the way in which he read his piece to us." This saying was repeated to Scribe, who merely replied, "Ah ! they say I took them in, do they ? Well, if they had done for the public what I did for them my play would not have been a failure." And, as it happens, there is a brilliant illustration of Scribe's argument now to be seen at the Lyceum, where Miss Ada Rehan's rich tones and marvellous inflections transmute to poetry the flattest prose. For the tyro and amateur this Liebig's extract of instruction is indeed invaluable, and the critic may be among the beneficiaries too ; for as M. Legouvé justly says, "To learn how to read a passage is to learn how to judge

it. The study of the intonations becomes necessarily the study of the meaning." Lastly, the reciter may learn from a study of M. Coquelin's methods, here most interestingly detailed in the King of Actors' own words, how to rid himself of his most baneful vices. And if these rendered by Mr. Solly be not public services, entitling a man to his country's "gratitude," then am I no judge of the tortures daily endured for lack of them.

BOOKS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

- "*Chronicle of the English Drama*," by F. G. Fleay, M.A. (Reeves & Turner).
 "*Studies in the Wagnerian Drama*," by H. E. Krehbiel. (J. R. Osgood & Co.).
 "*With Poet and Player*," by W. H. Davenport Adams. (Elliot Stock).
 "*Handbook of South Africa*." (Silver & Co.).



Our Play-Box.

"THE PLANTER."

Farcical comedy, in three acts, adapted from the French by WILLIAM YARDLEY.
 First produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Saturday evening, October 31st, 1891.

Don Lopez	} Mr. CHARLES GROVES.	Patrick Pheelan	Mr. HARRY PARKER.
(The Planter)		Whitewashington	Mr. TOM EDWARDES,
Reginald Robinson ..	Mr. T. G. WARREN.	Mrs. Reginald	} Miss HELEN FORSYTH
Theodore Thompson ..	Mr. WILLIAM H. DAY.	Robinson	
Donald MacHaddock ..	Mr. FRED KAYE.	Maggie Mac Haddock	Miss NATALIE BRANDE
Angus MacHaddock ..	Mr. GERALD KENNEDY.	Mrs Tunnard	Madame AMADI.
Captain Clay	Mr. CHARLES GILBERT.		

Maurice Ordonneau's vaudeville, "La Plantation Thomassin," was produced in Paris at the Folies Dramatiques on June 1st of this year. From its success, it at once attracted the attention of London managers; and Mr. Horace Sedger becoming the possessor of the English rights, arranged with Mr. Yardley for the present version. It was not altogether an easy task that the adapter undertook, for there was that in the original that English audiences would not approve, and consequently Mr. Yardley had to devote much of his first act to explanation of the motives that influenced his characters; and though he did this in as brisk and amusing a way as he could, and, notwithstanding the wonderfully realistic representation on board ship, the piece hung fire. The second and third acts made amends, however. From the commencement of the former to the end there was plenty of laughter. Reginald Robinson is a susceptible individual who has been attracted by the charms of a Mrs. Theodore Thompson, and has entered into correspondence with her, assuming the name of Don Lopez, a noted hunter and a lion of London society. We are to suppose that it is not the first time that he has been ensnared; for every year he has absented himself from the domestic roof for some three months, on the plea that he must visit his plantation in the West Indies. Wishing to escape from the fascinations of his enslaver, he arranges that he will go to San Domingo; but Mrs. Robinson and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Tunnard, insist this time on accompanying him, and when he gets on board ship with them he is horrified to find there Mr. Theodore Thompson, who having discovered the flirtation that has been carried on between his wife

and the supposed Don Lopez is going out to horsewhip that gentleman. On the same ship is Donald MacHaddock, who is taking out his daughter Maggie to be married (much against her inclination) to the real Don, and her young cousin and lover Angus. Arrived at San Domingo, Robinson steals a march on his relatives and goes to the plantation on which he expects to find his friend Platt; instead of which Don Lopez has become possessor of it. Don José mistakes Robinson for MacHaddock, whose arrival he is awaiting; and when Mrs. Robinson appears, he believes her to be Maggie. Robinson, who sticks at nothing in the way of untruths, passes off Don Lopez as his overseer; and when in due course the MacHaddocks turn up, the unblushing Robinson does not hesitate to describe them as poor relations, and they are set to work as servants. From this time a ridiculous game of cross purposes is played. Even the negroes on the plantation add to the confusion; for wishing to offer a gift to their future mistress, their spokesman Whitewashington presents their humble gift (a Waterbury watch), first to Maggie and then to Mrs. Robinson. It is finally bestowed on the majestic Mrs. Tunnard, to whom Don Lopez proposes when he has discovered his mistake. He behaves generously to Maggie, giving her a good dower and bestowing her on Angus; but poor old MacHaddock gets the credit of having been the Don Juan, and Robinson after all his untruths is looked upon as a model man. Of course the piece is farcical and improbable to a degree, but it was laughable from the point already mentioned. Mr. Charles Groves as the fire-eating Don Lopez was a most amusing character, his alternations from violent rage to the utmost tenderness at the mere mention of the fair sex being the perfection of burlesque comedy. Mr. Fred Kaye's original style was refreshing; Mr. Harry Parker made the idle overseer Pheelan droll; there was a freshness in conception on Mr. Tom Edwardes's part; Miss Natalie Brande showed the possession of humour as the *ingénue* Maggie, and Mdme. Amadi was careful not to exaggerate the mother-in-law. Mr. T. G. Warren was not at his best on the first night but improved later. The plantation scenes were very beautiful, and were enlivened by the singing of melodies by real negroes. The airs were so pretty and were so well rendered as to create a desire that they had been more liberally introduced. "The Planter" did not grow in favour and was withdrawn after a run of three weeks.

"THE CRUSADERS."

New comedy of modern London life, by HENRY ARTHUR JONES.
First produced at the Avenue Theatre, Monday, November 2nd, 1891.

Lord Burnham	MR. ARTHUR CECIL.	Cynthia Greenslade ..	Miss W. EMERY.
The Hon. Dick Ruspier	MR. YORKE STEPHENS.	Mrs. Campion-Blake..	LADY MONCKTON.
Philos Ingarfield	MR. LEWIS WALLER.	The Queen of the	} Miss LILLIE BELMORE.
Mr. Palsam	MR. W. GROSSMITH.	Marshal Niels.	
Mr. Burge Jawle	MR. HENRY KEMBLE.	The Lady Gloire de	} Miss ETTIE WILLIAMS.
Mr. Flegg	MR. SAINT MATTHEWS.	Dijon	
Rev. Algernon Portal	MR. A. AYNESWORTH.	Victorine	Miss TERESE MAYER.
Worrell.	MR. G. I. LEITH.	Una Dell	Miss OLGA BRANDON.

The very names of the characters in Mr. H. A. Jones's new play led one to expect something quite unconventional, and his work proved to be such. He gave us types of character to illustrate the pseudo-philanthropy, the shams, the mean subterfuges, the aggressive self-assertiveness, the mean love of scandal, the envy and malice and hatred that are to be found in every walk of life. As types they were excellent, life-like. We have all of us, unfortunately, met with a Mr. Palsam, the Vice-President of the Reformation

League, sniffing out unpleasant scandals which he longs to make public, and conceited enough to believe that unless everything is left under his control everything will go wrong. Have we not met with Burge Jawle, too, the pessimist philosopher, who batters in sloth and gluttony on the offerings of those who give credence to his utterances, who proclaims that everything is at its worst, and that nothing can be done to ameliorate matters; and who has a herald of his greatness in obsequious Mr. Figg, who collects subscriptions for the prophet in whom he has led himself to believe. Then, do we not know of many a nobleman like Lord Burnham, at heart honourable, but easy-going and too ready to adopt any expedient to rid himself and his colleagues in office of a present trouble. There are too many Hon. Dick Ruspers, men who, separated from their wives through their own misconduct, look upon women as their lawful prey, and will sacrifice a fellow creature's good name on the shrine of their own lust. And then is there not to be found many a Cynthia Greenslade, lovable, sweet, coquettish, whose very faults arise from her ivy-like nature that must have some strong support to cling to, and that not unfrequently, as in this case, almost destroys the support that it has encircled. Every grade of society has its Mrs. Champion-Blake, a busy, pushing woman, whose aim is notoriety, who joins herself to philanthropic or other enterprises that her name may be connected with those of superior standing to her own, and that she may have some reflection of their garish light; who considers a sacrifice of truth as immaterial, so that she wards off the revelation of a scandal by which her position may be jeopardised. Now and then, by mere chance, the existence of a Una Dell is revealed to us, one of those humble workers among the poor, the lowly, the very Lazars of our social existence—brave in their defence, unwearying in her efforts for their amelioration, working hopefully and without reward—who gives the great love of her life to a man who casts it from him for the meretricious charm of beauty alone. A Philos Ingarfield is more rare; the visionary enthusiast whose very enthusiasm leads him into error; who has dreams of Utopia that he makes realities to himself, but that will not stand the test of practical every-day life; the very outcasts to whom he opens up a new life return at once to their evil doings; his earnest belief in the possibility of regeneration has closed his eyes to the fact that reformation is a work of years and not instantaneous; and that the result of generations of crime and misery cannot be amended save by time and the most careful and continued watch over the sufferers. Mr. Jones has brought up before us all these characters as associated in a scheme for the reformation of London, which they are to make in its poorest and most squalid districts beautiful and sweet. Into his work he has infused much tenderness, the keenest satire, and some of the most brilliant dialogue that he has ever penned; but his play is in advance of his time. In order that it may please he must have an educated, *thinking* audience; and the author has weakened his play, as a play, by omitting to follow the commonest rules of dramatic production. Mr. Jones has just cause to have faith in himself, but no man is infallible, and in "The Crusaders" he has partially failed, principally through not associating with himself a capable stage-manager. Such a one would have pointed out at once the weakness in stopping the interest of the play by irrelevant entrances, and would have so arranged the close of the second act as to have avoided the ridicule which the present arrangement entailed. A stage-manager would also most probably have advised the

elimination of the wordy war between the Queen of the Marshal Niels and the Lady Gloire de Dijon, names of honour bestowed upon two of the supposed most promising pupils at Rose Farm, two of 500 East-end girls who are being converted from their vulgarity and unwomanly ways, but whose practices offend the good people of Wimbledon, whose grievances are represented by their curate, the Rev. Algernon Portal. The almost "Billingsgate" wordy encounter between the two girls, though perhaps true to nature, was not pleasant or necessary. In the foregoing I have almost sketched out what plot there is, but I had better, perhaps, to make it clearer, say that Mrs. Champion-Blake, the honorary secretary of the London Reformation League, induces Cynthia Greenslade to support the scheme of that association with a considerable portion of the large fortune bequeathed to her, for philanthropic purposes, by her late husband. Philos Ingarfield's earnestness and nobility of nature have touched Cynthia's heart, and before he goes off to South America with a band of the dregs of the people whom he is going to establish there, he gains her promise that she will be his wife on his return. Cynthia's weak nature cannot stand the test of his long absence; she listens to the insidious pleadings of the *roué*, Dick Rusper, who succeeds in inducing her to make an appointment with him at midnight; but fortunately, before the hour strikes, Ingarfield has returned and has an interview with Cynthia, which recalls her to her better self. He is watching in the garden, when Rusper comes to his appointment; Palsam is crossing the garden and in the semi-darkness sees only Ingarfield—who takes upon himself the shame—just as Cynthia rushes across to take refuge with Mrs. Champion-Blake. Palsam is determined that the scandal shall be made known, and so Mrs. Champion-Blake, to clear Cynthia's name, suborns the French maid, Victorine, to admit that Ingarfield has been intriguing with her; he also consents to this to save the woman he loves, but when Cynthia reads the document in which this is set forth, and which is to exculpate her, she indignantly tears it up, and throws herself at the feet of Ingarfield, acknowledging her baseness, which we are to suppose he forgives; and poor Una Dell, who has silently loved him and sustained him in his project, sees him raise to his heart the woman, who but for chance would have become actually vile, and must go unrewarded to the end and un comforted, except by the gratitude of those few who acknowledge how much they owe to her. There is no occasion for me to speak of the acting; it was universally admitted to be of the very best, on the part of all those who appeared. Mr. Jones certainly showed the nicest discrimination in engaging every member of his company for his or her peculiar fitness, and they fully justified his selection; and the mounting of the play was beyond all praise for taste and elegance. "The Crusaders" was not favourably received on the first night; on the second representation it appeared to please the audience present. Mr. Jones came forward in response to a call, and (it may have been in the excitement of the situation) said that on the previous night "not one single word of the last act-and-a-half was listened to." Here he must have been in error, and it was scarcely necessary for him to ask for "a fair hearing and fair play"—he had both. The expression of disapproval from certain parts of the house was an honest one of "The Crusaders," *as a play*. Time will prove whether it is to be a pecuniary success; as a literary work it is already recognised as of the highest merit. Mr. Jones should develop it into a novel; he would then have full scope for the illustration of his cleverly-drawn characters.

"AUNT JACK."

Original three-act farce, by RALPH R. LUMLEY.
 Revived at the Court Theatre, Thursday evening, November 5th, 1891.

S. Berkeley Brue ..	Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS.	Associate	Mr. QUINTON.
Caleb Cornish ..	Mr. H. REEVES-SMITH.	Usher	Mr. F. FAIR.
Mr. Juffin	Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON.	Joseph	Mr. PERCY BROUGH.
Colonel Tavernor..	Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS.	Foreman of the Jury..	Mr. JOHN CLULOW.
Lord St. John ..	} Mr. G. MAXWELL.	Joan Bryson	Mrs. JOHN WOOD.
Brompton		Mrs. Ephraim B. ..	} Miss SUSIE VAUGHAN.
Swoffer	Mr. W. T. RILEY.	Vanstreck	
Mr. Justice Mundle ..	Mr. CHARLES ROCK.	Mildred	

In the August number of THE THEATRE, 1889, was given the full plot of Mr. Lumley's most diverting farce. There is consequently no occasion to recapitulate it; but as the cast is almost altogether a fresh one, it has been thought better to give it in full. The revival was a complete success, notwithstanding the recollection of such competent exponents of the different characters in the past, comparison being in a great measure avoided in consequence of the play being taken on broader and even more farcical lines, whereas it will be remembered that some of the former company gave it an air almost of old comedy. This new departure pleased. Mrs. John Wood did not alter her reading, upon which she could not have improved, and was the same ludicrously self-assertive, domineering, handsome spinster, and sang with the same gusto her song "Ask a Policeman" before Mr. Justice Mundle, cleverly played by Mr. Rock. Mr. George Giddens made of Brue a more self-satisfied gentleman, and was only bashful and nervous when he has to cross-examine the lady he is engaged to. Mr. Reeves-Smith showed naturally and in a gentlemanly way the dread that he had of his Aunt Jack; Mr. Seymour Hicks was a hectoring supposed man-of-war; Mr. Edward Righton somnolent and submissive when not a meddling man of law; and Mr. Gerald Maxwell a rather haughty man about town. The ladies were not quite so happily suited. Miss Susie Vaughan appeared a little out of her element; and Miss Ethel Matthews should have been a little more retiring for a newly-married and very young wife. The theatre was re-opened after only four nights' *clôture* since the withdrawal of "Pamela's Prodigy" on Saturday, the 31st October. "A Mutual Mistake," with the original cast, was played as the first piece.

"LORD ANERLEY."

Play, in four acts, by MARK QUINTON and HENRY HAMILTON.
 First produced at the St. James's Theatre, Saturday evening, November 7th, 1891.

The Earl of Edgehill ..	Mr. NUTCOMBE GOULD.	Travers (a detective) ..	Mr. E. W. GARDINER.
Norman, Lord Anerley ..	Mr. A. BOUCHIER.	Evans	Mr. ALFRED HOLLES.
George Beaufort	Mr. BEN WEBSTER.	Esme de Burgh	Miss LAURA GRAVES.
Rupert Lee (known as ..	} Mr. G. ALEXANDER.	Madame de Sivorl	Miss G. KINGSTON.
José the Gaucho)		} Mr. HERBERT WARING.	Evelyn Carew
Hervey Lester (known ..			
as Miguel)			

Act I. (near Buenos Ayres).—A Corral on the Plains. Acts II. and III. (England).—The Hall, Anerley Chase. Act IV. (England).—The Drawing-Room, Anerley Chase.

Mr. George Alexander evidently now considers that the first object of the drama is to entertain. If it instruct at the same time, well and good; but this is not necessary. He found that his audiences thoroughly appreciated his last drawing-room melodrama and, therefore, at the close of its run, gave them another, not so original by any means and not so good, but yet one that was interesting from start to finish. The authors of "Lord Anerley" "acknowledge their indebtedness for the leading idea of their play to A. Matthey's novel 'Le Duc de Kandos.'" Strange to say there was a play of that name produced in Paris, at the Théâtre des Nations, September 17th, 1881,

in which Arthur Arnould, the adapter, had utilised the same striking incidents in the novel as Messrs. Quinton and Hamilton have in "Lord Anerley"; but the English adapters turned their chief personage to better account, by making him more sympathetic and only half an impostor instead of a whole one, and an innocent man instead of a murderer. Mr. Alexander has of late achieved success by portraying those characters in which good and evil are constantly warring, and this probably caused him to accept the play under notice. For in it as Rupert Lee he represents a man lonely and without any knowledge of his parentage. He is embittered, for he has been wrongfully condemned and imprisoned for a murder, when, in fact, he was actually going to the aid of the victim when he was seized; not, however, before he caught a glimpse of the actual assassin, whose face he has never forgotten, nor the fact that he was severely cut in the arm. Rupert Lee after some years escapes to Buenos Ayres, where he is known as José the Gaucho, and lives on a ranche with Hervey Lester, another fugitive from justice, who is known as Miguel. In the first scene is an excellent representation of a corral, where Norman, Lord Anerley seeks shelter. Lester has heard that the preceding night Teresita, a famous dancer and courtesan, has been murdered and her house burnt over her, and he worms from Norman that he had been the cause of the two catastrophes. Teresita was his wife, but tiring of each other, they had parted and gone on their several ways. Suddenly seeing her again, his passion had revived, and as she could not receive his advances he had stabbed her, as he thought, mortally, and, to conceal his crime, set the house on fire. In escaping his arm had been burnt, and, in drawing up his sleeve, he lays bare a scar. Lee has been puzzling over the face which recalls some memory, and the sight of the scar makes it clear to him that this is the man in whose place he has suffered. He charges him with being the murderer, and the two men hack at each other with their knives. Lee finally has Norman at his mercy, but spares him; and he has just risen from the ground when Lester, to further a scheme of his own, strikes Norman dead with a stab in the back. He then unfolds his scheme. Lee bears the most striking resemblance to the dead Lord Anerley, who has been absent for four years from home, having been disowned by his father on account of his marriage. Let Rupert Lee go to England and personate him. The outcast sees before him home, wealth, and position; and he yields to the stronger will of his tempter. Arrived in England—accompanied by Lester—he saves Evelyn Carew from being ill treated at the hands of a tramp. She is companion to the Hon. Esmé de Burgh, daughter of Teresita and the dead Lord Anerley. Evelyn is ever pleading the latter's cause with the Earl of Edgehill, his father, with whom she is a great favourite; when, therefore, Lee presents himself as the reformed and penitent Lord Anerley the battle in her favour is half won. The blind old Earl forgives him, and he steps at once into the position that a Lord Anerley should hold. He marries Evelyn, and this marriage becomes his blessing and his curse—his blessing because he adores her, his curse because he dreads the misery that the discovery of his imposture will bring upon her. Lester's demands for money as the price of his silence have become so insupportable that at length the supposed Lord Anerley refuses to comply with them, and Lester is cogitating how he shall turn his knowledge to the best advantage to himself, when he finds an unexpected ally in Madame de Sivori. This is no other than Teresita, who believing that José, who was her most favoured lover, was killed by

her husband, has come to England to claim her rights as the latter's wife. When she discovers that it is Lee (whom she has known as José) who is impersonating Lord Anerley, she endeavours to rekindle his love for her. He tells her he is married. She replies that is nothing to her, let him leave his wife; but finding the old love quite dead, in her rage she goes to the Earl and tells him all. It then comes out that Rupert Lee is the young fellow that the Earl of Edgell has for years been employing Travers, the detective, to trace. Lee is his lawful son by an early and imprudent marriage; the nobleman had regretted his folly and deserted his wife—so that after all Lee is the real Lord Anerley. Teresita is penitent and only prays that her child Esmé may never know what an abandoned mother she had. Hervey Lester falls into the clutches of Travers; and Evelyn, who for a moment had turned from her husband on the discovery of his imposture, is once more to him the fond wife she had previously been. The comedy is furnished by Mr. Ben Webster and Miss Laura Graves as a pair of callow lovers, who from no fault of theirs were a little too much in evidence. The play is improbable to a degree, but, as I have before said, it interested, and was looked upon as a success at the close of the evening. Mr. Alexander so appealed to the sympathy of his audience as to make them completely forget what a mean creature he was; Miss Marion Terry had slight opportunity for any display, but made the most of the part by her womanly grace; Mr. Gould was an aristocratic and benevolent old nobleman who evidently thoroughly regretted the evil of his youthful days; Mr. Arthur Bouchier, only seen in the first act, exhibited considerable power; Mr. Herbert Waring very skilfully filled in a mere sketch of character, and Mr. E. W. Gardiner was cool and business-like as the detective. Miss Gertrude Kingston played to admiration the adventuress Teresita, bold and passionate a tigress in her love as in her hate, and yet with some remnant of the woman left in the desire that her child should be kept in ignorance of her shameful career.

“AFTER DARK.”

DION BOURGICAULT'S drama, in five acts.
 Revived at the Princess's Theatre, Monday evening, November 9th, 1891.

<i>First production, Princess's,</i>		<i>Princess's,</i>	
<i>August 12th, 1868.</i>		<i>November 9th, 1891.</i>	
Gordon Chumley	Mr. J. G. SHORE	Mr. HERBERT-BASING.	
Sir George Medhurst	Mr. H. J. MONTAGUE	Mr. FULLER MELLISH.	
Chandos Bellingham	Mr. WALTER LACY	Mr. W. L. ABINGDON.	
Old Tom	Mr. GEORGE VINING	Mr. HENRY NEWELL.	
Dacey Morris	Mr. DOMINICK MURRAY	Mr. WILFRED E. SHINE.	
Pointer	Mr. W. D. GRESHAM	Mr. CHARLES STUART.	
Crumpets	Mr. J. MACLEAN	Mr. THOMAS VERNER.	
Area Jack	Mr. HOLSTON	Mr. HENRY BEDFORD.	
Street Urchin		MISS BELLA ORCHARD.	
1st Player		Mr. THOMAS KINGSTON.	
2nd Player		Mr. H. E. YEO.	
1st Marker		Mr. PERCY AMES.	
2nd Marker		Mr. WILLIAM CLIFFORD.	
Servant at the Lillacs		Mr. KNOX ORD.	
Jem	Mr. H. MARSHALL	Mr. LOUIS WARNER.	
Eliza	Miss ROSE LECLERCQ	Miss BEATRICE SELWYN.	
Rose Egerton	Miss FRISBY MARSTON	Miss BELLA TERRISS.	

“After Dark” has always been a favourite drama at the suburban theatres and in the provinces. One notable revival of the play was at the Princess's on June 16th, 1877, under F. B. Chatterton's management, when Herbert James played Gordon Chumley; William Terriss, Sir George Medhurst; James Fernandez, Old Tom; Harry Jackson, Dacey Morris; Rose Coghlan, Eliza; Kate Pattison, Rose; and Fauny Leslie, Area Jack; and when Katie Seymour and

"the great Mackney," etc., appeared in the music hall scene. The play was transferred to the Adelphi on August 25th of the same year, and there were several changes in the cast. J. G. Shore resumed his original character; Sam Emery was the old Tom; Howard Russell, Chandos Bellingham; Edith Stuart, Eliza; and Miss Hudspeth, Rose. There is no occasion to go into the plot, which is probably well known to most playgoers, but I may call attention to the two sensation scenes—the first where Eliza throws herself from Blackfriars Bridge and is rescued by Old Tom, and the second where Gordon Chumley, drugged, is laid across the rails of the Metropolitan railway to be run over by a train, and is snatched from the very jaws of death, again by Old Tom, who is the good angel of the play. These situations were reproduced with a *vraisemblance* that called forth the loudest applause, and indeed the whole of the scenery was excellent. The Elysium Music Hall scene was unduly prolonged, and became tiresome; although the management had secured the aid of Miss Harriet Vernon, who appeared as Cleopatra, of Miss Bessie Bonehill, who sang one of her favourite ditties, and of Messrs. George Robey, Alec Hurley, and McOlive and McKane, the latter two clever knockabouts, and of Miss Susie Harvey, who sang and danced gracefully. The making of this scene such a feature stopped the action of the play, and greatly destroyed the interest. The acting was generally good. Mr. Herbert-Basing was quietly effective, and Mr. Fuller Mellish showed considerable power and looked well. Mr. W. L. Abingdon brought out all the villainy of Chandos Bellingham; and Mr. Henry Neville the pathos of Old Tom. Mr. Wilfred Shine was but the conventional stage Jew, but was amusing. Mr. Henry Bedford made a good character sketch of Area Jack. Miss Beatrice Selwyn quite won the hearts of her audience as Eliza, and should make her mark. Miss Ella Terriss just a little forced her acting as Rose Egerton, perhaps owing to nervousness. Mr. Isaac Cohen produced the play, which was well received; and Mr. Morris Angel contrived to show a great variety of dress in the *habitués* of the music hall, loafers, etc.

"GLORIANA."

"Modern light comedy," in three acts, adapted from the French by JAMES MORTIMER.
First produced at the Globe Theatre, Tuesday evening, November 10th, 1891.

Timothy Chadwick ..	Mr. HARRY PAULTON.	Major Stonidoff	Mr. J. W. VALSOFF.
Leopold Fitz-Jocelyn ..	Mr. FORBES DAWSON.	Richards	Mr. J. A. WELCH.
Count Viadimir Evitoff ..	Mr. W. H. VERNON.	Mrs. Gloriana Lovering ..	Miss FLORENCE WEST.
Spinks	Mr. W. LESTOCQ.	Jessie Chadwick	Miss GEORGIE ESMOND.
Baron Kronikoff	Mr. C. HOWELL.	Kitty	Miss LYDIA COWELL.

Act I.—At Fitz Jocelyn's Chambers, The Albany. Act II.—At Mrs. Lovering's Flat, Piccadilly, London. Act III.—Chadwick's House, Birmingham.

Mr. James Mortimer is to be congratulated on his new comedy; for though he says that he has adapted his work from the French, in doing so he has so thoroughly anglicised the original as to make it an English play. Mr. Mortimer has also retained the pure vein of comedy in the original play "Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard," by Marivaux, from which Chivot and Duru derived their farce "Le Truc d'Arthur," produced with great success at the Palais Royal October 14th, 1882. The dialogue is witty and polished; and though the situations are improbable, the characters in themselves are not, and the ludicrous incidents are so happily brought about as to deprive them of the appearance of being forced. It is almost impossible to describe the funny complications that arise from the fact that Leopold Fitz Jocelyn of the Foreign Office has forgotten the old



Mr Harry Pantor
as Timothy Chadwick
ACT I

Mr Forbes Dawson
and Leopold
Fitz-Jacoby
ACT I

Mr W. Lestock
spirits
change
clothes

Mr W. Lestock
ACT I

Miss West & Mr Forbes
Dawson
ACT II

Miss Georgie
Zomond
Jennie Chadwick

Mr W. H. Vernon
as Count Eristoff
"What is that grand
life?"

Mr Vernon
& Mr Lestock
ACT II

Miss Florence West
as Gloriana
"Of you fascinating fellow!"

Mr Forbes Dawson

Miss Zomond
& Mr Forbes Dawson
ACT I.

Miss Lydia
Corbel
as Kitty

Mr W. H. Vernon. ACT III

"GLORIANA" AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.

adage that it's well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new. He has flirted with Mrs. Gloriana Lovering, and she does not seem inclined to release him from his bondage; and yet he is engaged to Jessie Chadwick, the daughter of Timothy, an opulent tanner. He hopes to disenchant Gloriana by appearing before her in his valet Spinks's livery, and taking away his own character by pretending that he is only a flunkey. But Gloriana is romantic; she thinks of the lackey Ruy Blas and his devotion to his queen, and she admires Leopold so much that she induces Spinks, now masquerading in Jocelyn's character, to transfer Leopold to her service. Here he has to assume the livery of a Chasseur, which he assures his future father-in-law and bride is the uniform of the Foreign Office. In the meantime Spinks, still presenting Jocelyn, is mistaken by Count Vladimir Evitoff for the real diplomat, and received with effusion. He meets with a *contretemps*, however, for Kitty, Gloriana's maid, recognises him as an old sweetheart who has played her false; and he has to pretend that he is really a gentleman whose family have forced him from her, and to renew his courtship. Then Count Evitoff, informed by an anonymous letter that Gloriana, to whom he is engaged, had been flirting with Jocelyn, vows vengeance on his head; and so follows up Spinks, whom he knows in that character, to Birmingham, to force on him a duel to the death. The real Jocelyn has gone there to be married to Jessie, but is encountered by Gloriana who, believing that he has taken service with old Chadwick, has obtained a situation in the same household as parlour-maid. I need hardly say that everything is cleared up at last. Evitoff forgives Gloriana, laying all the blame on Spinks, whom Kitty holds to his bargain, and Jocelyn gets his Jessie after all. Perhaps some of the players took their parts a little too slowly on the first night, but still the laughter was continuous, and was raised by honest means and not by resorting to a farcical method. Mr. Vernon was a perfect study as the absurdly jealous Russian, with the most severe respect for his august master the Tsar, outwardly always "calm and correct," and yet in his "calm" moments throwing a man out of the window. Miss Florence West was the personification of charming and daring coquetry; and Mr. Forbes Dawson carried out Leopold's dodge (*le truc*) in an easy and volatile manner. Mr. W. Lestocq's assumption of the diplomat was irresistibly funny and thoroughly artistic, and his performance was quite equalled by that of Miss Lydia Cowell. Mr. Harry Paulton's dry and humorous style fitted well to the character he undertook; and Miss Georgie Esmond was graceful and unaffected. "Gloriana" is a most amusing play, well written, well acted, and worthy of a long and prosperous run.

CECIL HOWARD.



Our Amateurs' Play-Box.

“GOOD FOR NOTHING” AND “BOMBASTES FURIOSO” AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, DUMFRIES.

The Society for the Employment of Discharged Soldiers is an institution in aid of which anything could and should be done with impunity. With this society, as with another which has made more noise in the world, “the end justifies the means.” Had it been merely a case of the village harmonium wanting new bellows, or the parish church or the parson wanting new bags, or any other such quaint reason for raising the wind through Punch’s pipes, a grave remonstrance would have met these cannie Northerners’ proposals to patch up that deftless garment of rags and tatters known very properly as “Good For Nothing.” For is it not about time to recognise that we have advanced a step or two since the days of the lamented Mr. John Baldwin Buckstone : that dramas are not written now-a-days, or rather are not acted and accepted, which have for their aim the initiation of the public into the mystery of an actress’s ablutionary use of real warm water and real mottled soap ; that if the stage owes a duty towards its patrons, its patrons owe a duty towards it ; and that, since it is striving to put off the old man of grotesque distortion of life, and to put on the new man of reasonableness, and sanity, and truth, it behoves even amateurs to do something in the good cause, and stamp out the degrading belief that still exists in the æsthetic influence for good of such pernicious stuff as this “comic drama” in question. It sounds a little severe maybe to bring so serious a charge against a piece of childish nonsense, but for all its childishness, patent as that must be even to a dissenting deacon, the play has a mischievous influence. And it is matter for surprise that just because it affords a lady an opportunity of acting hoyden, or an ingenious youth of imitating a gutter-child of the opposite sex, it should be preferred to the lucid, witty, instructive, and dramatic one-act plays now to be picked like plums from a pudding out of French’s bulky catalogue. It is time to get to the actors, though. Captain Markham and Captain Wilkinson were the Tom and Harry, both highly effective, and both comedians worthy of better parts. Mr. Lawson made the bullied snob amusing, as all actors do. Young Mr. Simpson is as safe a part as any in the whole range of English drama. And Charley, the intolerable prig who has never, never—well, hardly ever—been dragged from his slough of soporific parsonism, was, thanks be, manlier than usual in the hands of Mr. C. Maxwell. The drama was flanked by “Bombastes,” good old relic of the grand old times. I shall not give myself away by singing the virtues of this antique burlesque, for of course it will be counted to me for unrighteousness that *these* are the kinds of plays I advocate. But “Bombastes” has a wealth of homely fun, a little full-blooded at times, but none the worse for that. And acted as it was by Mr. M’Kie as Fusbos, Mr. Simpson as the General, Captain Wilkinson as Artaxominous, and Miss Johnstone Douglas as Distaffina, the proverbial cat, who was so loth to laugh, would have doffed even her specific gravity, if she could, on the spot.

“THE GOLDEN PLOUGH,” BY THE CLAPHAM CLUB.

Here is good cause for congratulation. In its fourth season this club is leaving farce and farcical trifles for melodrama. There is a big outcry just now against melodrama at all. But that’s absurd. Melodrama is a perfectly legitimate form of dramatic art and ranks above every other save comedy and drama. That is why it is good for amateurs. It is a step upward and onward. And there is another reason, too. It makes actors of them. Lounging about the stage with their hands in their pockets teaches them nothing. Reeling off the punning repartee of smart writers like Byron teaches them nothing. Nothing useful, that is. It may teach them to regard as their own property, hardly

worked for and hardly won, the applause evoked by the witty lines, but that is about all. I can conceive an actor playing modern farce and comedy for ten years, and knowing little if anything more of his art at the end than he did at the beginning. It is not so, nor could not be, with melodrama. In that you must get effects in action, and to get them you must work for them. It won't do to be dressed nicely and to know your part. You must gesticulate, express emotion, be up and doing, all through the piece. Wise in their generation are those amateurs who decline the cheap success of farce and court failure in worthier fields. With one hand, then, I vigorously pat these actors on the back, although the other is engaged in administering a mild correction. For they are scarcely up to "Golden Plough" form yet. Their "try" was a determined one—plucky, persistent, and all that. But still only a try. Some of it was capital. Mr. Martin Cahill, once, unless my memory errs, the long-haired hero, was uncommonly finished, weighty, and dignified as the baronet who is murdered. Mr. Frank Hughes in all his quieter moments proved a sympathetic hero. Mr. Croly-Hart, who has a healthy taste for strong work, read the character of the laughing villain with real insight and power. And Mr. Hooker, Mr. Clifford, and Mr. Clark, differentiated three strongly marked types with great discretion. Of Mrs. Ernest Renton good words are always to be spoken, when the demand on her is not for strength. Her graceful and gracious Grace, though lacking in force and concentration, was as pretty and natural as any heroine she has attempted. May and Helen are but *ingénues* of brawnier make than usual. Miss Linscott and Miss Hewes showed promise. That is all that need be said. The stage was capably handled, and had the "curtains" been upon less wooden groups, the impression left had been greater.

"TWO ROSES," BY THE CLAPHAM STROLLERS.

They wear well, these Roses. Twenty years old I suppose they are, if a day; yet as fresh and fragrant and natural as early in the seventies. Indeed, were it not for Wyatt's homilies on the steam engine, sewing machine, and love—which somebody should write up into essays on the telephone, natural selection, and the insanity of genius—and the farcical conversion of our Mr. Jenkins, only to be understood in these days by the introduction of salvationism as the medium, the comedy might take rank with the "serious social studies" to which all our dramatists are bending their minds. It is good at all times to listen to poor, disappointed James Albery's clean-cut dialogue, and good to watch the development of that fine old scoundrel, Digby Grant, compound of Micawber and Macaire with gold *pince-nez* and a pedigree. But that implies that there's an actor equal to grasping one side at least of that complex character. For the Roses without an impressive Grant can only be likened to "Hamlet" with the Prince (who was an actor you may remember) on tour. Anyone but he, everyone indeed, may be as poor as Lazarus, provided he has points. On him, as plainly as a Gaiety burlesque on Mr. Arthur Roberts, the whole fabric rests. Consequently his representative first looms large on the critical horizon. Mr. C. W. Marshall has several things in his favour. Resonant voice, incisive manner, well-cut face. He is careful, discriminative, and naturally apt in expression. His one great need is distinction. Thus his last scene was best, because this quality is least wanted here. Mr. Gerald Phillips, "that young man Wyatt," skated over the ticklish passages with surprising tact, and played the second scene with power. He has faults of manner, easily corrected if he will but hearken to advice. Let him pay him a visit to "Arrah-na-Pogue," and there he shall see in a gentleman whom he much resembles, as doubtless he already knows, the little vices of deportment which mar his work. He only needs to see, to—like Cæsar—conquer them. Mr. Morton Henry is broad, undeniably broad, as Mr. Jenkins; but he follows a good example and serves his club better by over-colouring here and there, than by under-acting anywhere. Mr. Cross was unemphatic as Mr. Furnival, but otherwise good. Mr. Rhode walked quietly through the part of the poor blind. He was wise. The less it is acted the less the weakness of the play appears. Miss Chester was comically severe as Mrs. Jenkins; Miss Elsie Dennis had some pretty impulsive moments as Lottie; and Ida was drawn with a firm and womanly hand by Miss Frances Tyrrell, whose style has only to be chastened to promise the best of good things.

"BETSY BAKER," "BARBARA," AND "CREATURES OF IMPULSE," AT WREXHAM.

You remember the tale of Joseph Grimaldi and the physician. "Feel low and depressed, do you? H'm. Well, now, what I should recommend is a visit to the play, twice a week, taken one hour after a good dinner. Nothing like a good laugh. Beats all the medicine in the world." Evidently this was the opinion of the Wrexham amateurs as well. Their aim was to swell the finances of the infirmary, which they must have done in excellent good style. But they did more than that. They gave a lesson in the treatment of melancholia, debility, heart-burn, nervous exhaustion, and a dozen more of those ills we see catalogued under huge headings of somebody's pills or soap, as devastating half the human race. And in future when the doctors in the infirmary are anxious and perplexed, as the treasurer has been, they can do no better than arrange for a repetition of these performances, and see their worst "cases," galvanised with laughter, rise from their beds and walk. For the fun was capital, and in the first piece and in the last grew both fast and furious—quite electrical in fact. There was not much art. Art, this between ourselves, makes a very fair catch word, and looks well with a capital A, but it is rather like a white elephant to most who desire a closer acquaintance. Perhaps they did well at Wrexham, therefore, to keep it only just within eyeshot. Certainly the crowds they drew suffered nothing from its remoteness. They roared with Miss Piercy as Betsy the laundress. They screamed over Miss West as Mrs. Mouser. Mr. Howard and Captain Archdale might have been Terry and Toole from the shouts that went up at everything they did. Never were such audiences as these. Everything was fish that came to their net, and the haul could not be too heavy for their digestions. They smacked their lips over Mrs. Archdale's playful acting and lively dancing; over one dainty course—Miss Lambert's caeluea—they would have lingered half the evening; Mrs. Thorneycroft's songs they drank down like golden wine; the trio of Captains, Towzel, Archdale and Wilkinson, they found irresistible; the Fairy of Miss Piercy bewitched them; and they greeted "Barbara" as the prettiest trifle that human eyes ever beheld. What a delight to act to people like these. So simple-hearted, so demonstrative, and so grateful. If they will turn out to see real actors as they do for—well, make-believe ones, Wrexham should be worth some touring comedian's attention.



Musical Notes.

"THE BASOCHE."

Opera Comique, translated from the French of ALBERT CARRE. Music by ANDRE MESSAGER. English version produced at the Royal English Opera, November 3rd, 1891.

Louis XII	Mr. W. H. BURGON.	Master Gullot	Mr. JOHN LE HAY
Duke of Longueville	Mr. DAVID BISPHAM.	Princess Mary of	} Miss ESTHER PALLISER
Clément Marot	Mr. BEN DAVIES.	England	
L'Eveillé	Mr. C. KENNINGHAM.	Colette	Miss LUCILE HILL.
Roland	Mr. CHAS. COPLAND.		

M. Carré has improved upon history. It is certain that the youthful hoyde n Mary, sister of our Henry VIII, went to Paris at the age of sixteen, as the bride of the elderly French king. It is certain that the students' club, the Basoche, used each Carnival to elect a mock monarch or Lord of Misrule. Upon this slender foundation, M. Carré has constructed one of the most ingenious Comedies of Error ever devised by the wit of dramatist. In the opening scene the members of the Basoche are assembled to elect their monarch. There are two candidates, Roland and Clément Marot, the former asserting his own qualifications, the latter recommending himself by warbling a love-song of his own

composition. After a chorus of dispute between the partisans of the two, they adjourn for the polling. Left alone, Marot the poet explains to his confidential friend the secret of his life—he is married to Colette, a rustic beauty whose charms he celebrates in a lyric. This is a serious matter, for by the unwritten law of the Basoche, every member must be a bachelor. However, his secret is safe with L'Eveillé; and his election being announced, he goes with a light heart to favour his subjects with a song.

It is noon, and girls come to the fountain to fill their pitchers. Enter Colette, asking for Clément Marot, her husband, who has not been to see her for three Sundays. The girls laugh at her. Presently she recognises the voice of Clément from within the "Pewter Platter," and as he advances with Roland and L'Eveillé she claims him. Roland spies an opportunity of triumphing over his rival, but L'Eveillé rescues Marot, repulses Colette, and taking her aside explains that her husband's position compels him for a time to keep the marriage a secret. Colette is to take a room at the "Pewter Platter" and Clément will see her there in the evening. She goes to take a room at the Inn, but it so happens that to-morrow is the day for the public entry of the Queen, and mine host's prices have risen beyond Colette's means. She offers her services in the house, her offer is accepted, and she is speedily installed as maid-of-all-work at the "Pewter Platter." Enter at the same moment, Mary of England, attended by the Duke de Longueville. She is supposed to be at Pontoise, resting there until her triumphal entry on the morrow. Her desire for a frolic has led her to drag her elderly proxy-husband on a clandestine visit to the city. She wishes to see something of Paris before her formal entry; perhaps, also, she wishes to catch a glimpse of her husband, for King Henry has told her that he is young, gallant, and handsome (what would Mr. Froude say to this libel on Henry's straightforwardness!). Anyway, she determines—despite the Duke's protestations—to take up her abode for the night at the "Pewter Platter"; engages the front room and enters into occupation. The Duke departs to tell the King what is going on, and at the same moment the procession of the Basoche arrives in the Place, escorting Clément Marot on horseback with a crown on his head.

Mary from the balcony hears him saluted as King, and sends him a bouquet by the hands of the servant Colette, who is dismayed to find in her husband the King, as she imagines, of France. Mary comes forward to present the flowers herself, in a speech which confounds Clément who can only imagine she is laughing at him. Bound, however, to dissimulation, he kisses her hand and responds to her fervent "to-morrow." Thus the first act ends in a very deftly arranged imbroglio.

Act ii. complicates the situation still further. Colette learns from the landlord that the King's marriage is to be proclaimed to-morrow; she learns from Mary, that she, too, has fallen in love with the King. The Duke returning, is despatched by Mary to summon the King to supper at the "Pewter Platter," and finally Clément Marot enters seeking Colette, only to fall into the toils of the enamoured Princess. A difficult situation is most skilfully managed so as to keep up the treble illusion, and finally when the Duke returns to announce that the King is asleep, he is easily persuaded by Mary that the King has actually paid her a visit. The students of the Basoche enter in search of Clément, and shortly after appears an equerry in search of the Queen. Colette at once avows herself, and is conducted to the Palace amid the exclamations of the crowd.

The third act is in the Palace. The equerry enters the presence to announce the Queen. Colette, in royal robes, naturally refuses to acknowledge the King of France as her husband. Louis is forced to the conclusion that Longueville has betrayed his trust, that he has made love for himself instead of for his Royal master, and when the Duke enters he charges him with treachery. Longueville cannot but admit that at the Inn he has passed as the Queen's husband, but he is now astonished to learn that the Queen loves him and that he must within an hour return with her to England and get the marriage annulled. The re-entrance of Colette brings on the climax. She informs the Duke and Mary that she has been married to the King for a year. At that moment the Basoche procession passes, Colette points out *her* King and the bubble bursts. The Basoche lose their monarch, Colette gains a real husband, Mary is presented to the courtiers as the Queen, and the play ends so happily that it is a pity historical accuracy should compel us to call to mind the fact that Mary

managed, by a judicious course of diet, to kill off her husband in the course of the next twelve months.

The music of M. André Messager departs in some respects from the traditional treatment of opera comique. Part of the dialogue is treated as recitative in the manner of grand opera, and throughout the work the orchestration is much fuller than usual in comic opera, often to the detriment of the voice parts. There is very little that is striking in the music, either in thematic material or manner of treatment, but it deserves the praise of being always in keeping with the spirit of the comedy, and never straining after effects of its own. The concerted numbers are excellent, especially the quintet towards the end of act i, where Mary from the balcony beholds her supposed husband, and where the confusion of Clément and the plaintive strains of Colette's suppressed attachment are contrasted with the joyous *bravura* of the girlish Queen's enthusiasm. To the part of the hero, Clément (originally written for baritone, and now transposed for tenor), are assigned two or three pleasing love-songs, which Mr. Ben Davies sings most effectively; but it is rather in the subsidiary part of the Duke that the composer has shown his power of giving individuality to his music. The song of de Longueville in the third act, when he awakens to the King's suggestion that Mary loves him, is admirably conceived, and the accompaniment with its short scale passages for 'cello and higher strings is very happy. So also are the Duke's couplets in the second act, when he contemplates his own advancement as the result of his successful embassy. The effect which this part makes in performance is no less owing to the composer's music, than to the very clever interpretation the character receives from its present representative.

The production of the work deserves unqualified praise from almost every point of view. It is elaborately mounted, excellently sung and acted, and it will probably enjoy the long run which it certainly deserves.

“PHILÉMON ET BAUCIS.”

Libretto by MM. JULES BARBIER and CARRE. Music by GOUNOD.

First produced at the Théâtre Lyrique, Paris, in 1862. First performance in England, Covent Garden, October 24th, 1891.

Philémon	M. ENGL.	Vulcan	M. LORRAIN.
Jupiter	M. BOUVET.	Baucis	Mdlle. SIMMONET.

It has taken us a very long time to become acquainted with this work of a composer who is certainly as popular in England as in his own country; and if Philémon were really the “*chef d'œuvre*” of Gounod,” as Sir A. Harris describes it, the delay of thirty years would be little to our credit. But there are more reasons than one for this neglect. In the first place, Sir Augustus Harris's description of the work is more complimentary than accurate. Whether, with the composer himself, we give the pride of place to Romeo, or whether, with the general public, we rank Faust as Gounod's masterpiece, in either case we should scarcely describe Philémon as even a good second. In the next place the vicissitudes of the work have militated against its success. Composed originally in 1860 as a short one-act piece for the Baden Casino, it was never produced there. M. Carvalho asked Gounod to expand it into three acts for his Paris house. It was found, however, that there was not sufficient material in the slight story to support such a superstructure; and eventually Gounod shortened the work, leaving out a number of concerted pieces and reducing the length to two acts. In this state the opera has recently enjoyed considerable popularity in Paris, though there are some among those never-satisfied persons, the critics, who say that the choruses of drunkards and blasphemers omitted in the revised version were among the best things in the original score.

The librettists have dealt very freely with the simple old story. The two divine visitors were Jove and Mercury, in the pages of Ovid; but, in the opera, Vulcan is substituted for Mercury so as to enable Jove to make an occasional sarcastic reference to the domestic shortcomings of Venus. The slight plot turns mainly upon the restoration of youth to the worthy old couple, who instead of spending a green old age in the form of two laurel bushes, are bidden to live their lives over again with wealth as a reward for their constancy. Some perversion of the old story was absolutely necessary if it was to be dramatised at all, and the work could not have been much better done than this.

After a brief pastoral prelude the curtain rises on the cottage of the old

couple. It is necessary for operatic purposes that Baucis should be a soprano and Philémon a tenor. The composer introduces them in a duet, which is one of the best numbers in the work. Thoroughly simple in character, it indicates very well the love which has passed the demonstrative stage, and has settled down into perfect content and confidence. The duet was encored, and in this case the encore may be forgiven, for we are in the fictitious world of the Opéra Comique, where anachronisms are part of the stock-in-trade. A short spoken dialogue between the worthy couple is interrupted by a chorus of revellers. The chorus is a very appropriate one in itself, but it was too weakly rendered on the opening night to produce its full effect. A storm is rising, and as Philémon prepares the cottage for the night, two strangers appear at the door seeking shelter. Jupiter is a baritone, Vulcan a basso; and the scene of welcome is the occasion for a trio more remarkable for pretension than for beauty or originality. It leads, however, to one of the most effective numbers in the work, the song "*Au bruit des lourds marteaux*," placed in the mouth of Vulcan. This song is tolerably well known to concert frequenters, but those who had heard it only with pianoforte accompaniment could not fail to notice how much it gains when rendered with Gounod's picturesque instrumentation. Baucis and Philémon then prepare supper for their guests—a frugal meal of goat's milk and fruit—while Baucis, in answer to Jove's questions, quotes La Fontaine in praise of domestic bliss. This is a passage in melodrama, spoken, that is, against an independent orchestral background supplied first by *soli* violin and viola *con sordini*, the harp being afterwards added. A tender soprano air follows, in which Baucis half expresses the wish that she and Philémon might live their lives over again. Some spoken dialogue (wisely excised on this occasion) leads up to an unimportant quartet, and then Jove invokes sleep on the heads of his host and hostess.

The *intermezzo* played before the opening of the second act atones even for an interval of Covent Garden length. It is a thoroughly captivating *scherzo*, simple, vivacious and transparent throughout. No doubt it will irresistibly demand repetition every time it is played. When the curtain rises the hut is supposed to have changed to a palace. But Sir Augustus Harris perhaps has a low opinion of Greek palaces; for a little bit of tapestry on the walls of the old hut, and a few bunches of flowers, were almost the only indications of the change. The theme of the prelude is heard in the orchestra. Baucis wakes, gazes around her in amazement, and then turns to her mirror to find her youth and beauty come back to her. She wakes Philémon and they begin their love-making over again. Jupiter enters, his awful robe decked with Parisian fringes. He sees Baucis, and falls in love with her; since Alcmena he has not beheld any woman who has moved him so much. Philémon's jealousy is roused, Baucis is miserable, and finally she induces Jupiter to swear that he will never seek her love if he refuses her one request. He swears; and she falls on her knees, "*Rendez-moi mes rides*"—"Give me back my old age, my wrinkles, my grey hair." The Deity is moved by her constancy, bids her keep her youth, and promises protection to the re-united couple. The music of the second act drags somewhat. To speak truth the gods of Olympus are out of place on the modern stage, whether it be in heroic drama or in comic opera. It is impossible for us to realise in our minds anything at all tangible or interesting out of their contradictory attributes. The Jupiter of MM. Barbier and Gounod is by turns prosy, pompous, weakly playful and a little undignified, nor could even the skill of M. Bouvet do much to gloss over the incongruities of the part. The duet between Jupiter and Baucis contains many passages of great beauty; as does the *bravura* air allotted to the latter, excellently sung on this occasion by Mdlle. Simmonet. The spoken dialogue, or such part of it as is retained in the present version, was admirably declaimed by all the artists, who also rendered justice to the music; though it must be added that the faults of French vocalisation were exhibited in their fullest degree by one of the performers.

"Richard Wagner: A Sketch of his Life and Works," by Franz Muncker, Translated from the German by D. Landman. Revised by the author. (Williams & Norgate: London and Edinburgh).

Our German critics are credited with a conviction that they understand our greatest poet—not to speak of the language in which he wrote—far more

thoroughly than his own countrymen. We need not apologise, therefore, for suggesting that no apter motto could be found for Mr. Landman's version of Herr Franz Muncker's "Richard Wagner" than good Peter Quince's apostrophe to his transformed friend and neighbour: "Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee; thou art translated!" Translated from the German the book undoubtedly is; from cover to cover the fact stares one in the face: but translated into English it most emphatically is not. "The work of Karl Friedrich Glasenapp, containing two volumes, may, for the present at least, be regarded as an exhausting book, which offers all that the modern reading world might care to know of Wagner's



PALAZZO VENDRAMIN IN VENICE: THE HOUSE IN WHICH WAGNER DIED.

outer life." "In a similar and again dissimilar manner, this, my little book, shall help to lesson these wants"; are gems gathered from the author's short preface alone; and although Herr Muncker's sketch of "the Meister," so far from "containing two volumes," is restricted to one of little more than a hundred pages, it may claim in its "translated" state to be almost as "exhausting" as its author pronounces that of Karl Friedrich Glasenapp, for its bewildered reader, confused, to begin with, by the unusual look of the page brought about by the omission of initial capital letters to such words as "german," "english," "european," "indian," etc., trips over simple-seeming sentences, and before he knows where he is, is floundering in a quagmire of nouns, verbs, and adjectives

inextricably mixed, and at last comes up gasping, to wonder whether Mr. Landman's "translation" or Herr Muncker's "revision" were most to blame for the fact that the text is so much more German in English than it ever could have been in German. As to Herr Muncker's book, so far as his translator will allow the English reader to judge, it appears very complete, considering its small dimensions, and both biographically and critically not only interesting, but very unusually fair as an account of the life and works of "the Meister" (amidst the strange confusion of tongues it is quite refreshing to come upon a genuinely German word!) for whom his most fervent disciples are wont to claim a supreme and exclusive worship, while their opponents even deny him a secondary place amongst the masters of the art. Herr Muncker, on page 48, gives an account of Wagner's art-essays (he is made to say that the unprejudiced reader will find in them "an astonishing fill of new information"), which says much for his own discrimination as a critic, and which not even the barbarous rendering of his original words can rob of its value and interest. Of his hero's domestic life we catch only a glimpse here and there; but we learn that his later years, spent in what Mr. Landman calls "an own, comfortable home," were the happiest of his life, and that "with passionate warmth he was beloved by numerous friends"; beloved as he deserved to be loved, declares his biographer and admirer, whose verdict, judging by the just and manly tone of his little book, is well worth having. The little volume contains three portraits of Wagner, besides numerous other sketches, illustrations, and facsimiles. An oddly arranged list of illustrations, and an index of Wagner's works, in which "the saracenic virgin" figures quaintly as an item, close the small volume, which in its original version must be a very concise, well-written and interesting epitome of the great poet-musician, whose enchantment, to those who have once owned his spell, is as strong as that of the Goddess of his own Venusberg.

"*Scientific Voice.*" By Thomas Chater. (G. Bell & Son).

There seems to be some fatality about the subject of voice and vocal training. Not very long ago two very eminent specialists nearly waxed abusive over two mutually antagonistic theories of breathing; and now here are two not quite so eminent teachers of singing promulgating doctrines of tone-production which are apparently as much at variance with each other as they are with much of the theorising that has gone before. What can be the meaning of it? Is the human voice really produced in different ways, or is the subject one of many sides, and have the rival theorists been looking at it from different points of view, like the knights and the shield. After pondering a long time I am inclined to think that the real explanation is to be found in this, that neither of the present writers means exactly what he says. Here are Mr. Chater's four golden rules for the "scientific production of voice." "Full breath; tight holding; explosive emission; forward placing." They sound much more like an analysis of a cough or a sneeze. No one really produces voice in this way except perhaps angry old gentlemen in omnibuses when they have been carried beyond their destination and are endeavouring to make their protests heard over the din of the traffic. As a description of the way in which Mario used to sing *Spirto gentil* it is singularly infelicitous. But as I said before, the real fact is that Mr. Chater does not quite mean what he says: he is thinking of a beginner who tries to sing as he speaks and emits his breath in a kind of continuous sigh. He means to tell *him* that he must retain the breath in his body and use it only to set the vocal chords in vibration. In a note in small type on page 36 Mr. Chater clearly shows that he does understand what is meant by the shock of the glottis. His "explosive emission" is harmless after all; it is only another name for the *spiritus lenis* of the old Italian masters. There is much else in the little volume which invites discussion. Mr. Chater has evidently devoted some study to the muscles of the throat, and his view of their action in the production of falsetto is deserving of consideration. Side by side, however, with observations which indicate reflection and good sense come such extraordinary remarks as these:—"I have changed the class of a voice from bass to tenor, at the earnest desire of the pupil, simply by using my knowledge of the anatomy of the vocal apparatus." For this reason the book cannot be recommended to the learner, but those whose method is already formed will find in it some useful hints on points of detail.

"*Manual of Voice Training.*" By E. Davidson Palmer. (Jos. Williams).

Mr. Davidson Palmer is in some respects the antithesis of Mr. Chater. Both are formulists, but whereas the watchword of the latter is explosion, the

watchword of the former might be said to be anti-explosion. Mr. Davidson Palmer has convinced himself that the truth about voice-production has been a secret for centuries until he discovered it lurking behind the word falsetto. By falsetto he means the upper register or head voice. This in his view is the only true singing voice, and it is to be cultivated to the disregard of the lower or so-called chest register. Now, if Mr. Palmer means by this that it is the upper register which requires training and strengthening, and that the student should be directed to exercise it and extend it as much as possible by constant practice in *mezza-voce* vocalising with the breath retained, then he is perfectly right, but that is precisely what the best masters have been teaching their pupils for the last century. If, on the other hand, he means that a vocalist is to produce every note high or low, on open or closed vowels—*forte* or *piano*—in precisely the same way then he is manifestly wrong. Until Mr. Palmer should explain his teachings more fully it is only fair to give him the benefit of the doubt, and to assume that his meaning is somewhat more rational than the plain construction of his language would seem to indicate. It is not a little curious that both our authors possess infallible prescriptions for the production of tenor voices. Mr. Davidson Palmer believes that thousands of tenors are languishing as baritones because they have not practised abdominal respiration. Mr. Chater is convinced that the scarcity of good tenors is due to the fact that the boy's voice is not constantly trained during its breaking. Perhaps it will be time enough to discuss these views when a really good tenor has been actually produced upon these principles. Meantime doubts will continue to exist in the minds of those who remember that two of our greatest tenors of recent years were trained and sang for some time in public as baritones, and that at least one tenor equally celebrated did not begin his training at all until long past his youth.

At Covent Garden Sir Augustus Harris has produced Bruneau's "Le Rêve," with the same accomplished artists who created their parts in the work on its first production in Paris last June. The music of this extraordinary work is a tangled web of innumerable *leit-motives* which it is impossible to unravel without a prolonged study of the score; and much of it being written in defiance of all laws of form, the general effect produced is that of utter bewilderment. Nevertheless there are passages in the work—and those some of the most dramatic moments—in which the composer shows that he has gifts of the highest kind, and that he can give the fullest expression to an emotion without becoming incoherent. This makes us regret the more the deliberate cacophony of the greater part of the work; but at the same time it gives hope that M. Bruneau may yet produce something not quite so far in advance of the age. The work met with a good reception on its first production, largely owing to the interest of M. Zola's well-known story, and to the excellent manner in which it was interpreted by the artists of the Opera Comique. But even they could not reconcile us to the incongruity of the ways and methods of lyric drama with the dress and manners of modern life.

At the Shaftesbury, Signor Lago now relies solely on the "Cavalleria," a very ill-prepared attempt at Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" having been discontinued after one or two performances. The rendering of Mascagni's work has certainly improved, but it is still far from being an ideal performance. As a whole it is too mechanical and regular. A work of this nature demands now and then a disregard of strict *tempo*, and its fire and spontaneity cannot be fully realised if it is performed with the precision proper to a sacred cantata.

The Chevalier Scovel was sufficiently recovered from his loss of voice to appear as the knight of the Swan in "Lohengrin" at Covent Garden on Monday, November 16th. He made a distinct success, and sang the music with feeling, and his rendering generally was spirited. The Chevalier was best in the first and second acts; in the third, his voice was not at its full strength. He looked the character to perfection. Mdle. Martini has improved as Elsa. At very short notice Mr. Ffrangon Davies appeared as the Herald (owing to the illness of Signor Abramoff), and acquitted himself admirably.

J. B. CARLILE.



Our Omnibus-Box.

We have to announce that THE THEATRE ANNUAL, for 1892, will be published on Tuesday, December 22nd. It will contain articles, stories, and verse, by Clement Scott, George Alexander, Henry Neville, M. Marius, Charles Warner, H. B. Irving, Frank Wyatt, Miss Norreys, Miss Annie Hughes, Miss Katie James, and many other popular favourites. The whole number will be profusely illustrated by well-known artists, and will contain portrait groups from well-known plays and other photographs. Only one edition will be issued, and our publishers earnestly urge those who desire to possess this year's popular Annual, to order at once from a bookseller.

Miss Arthur (Mrs. Howard Paul) gave a musical and dramatic *matinée* at the St. James's Hall on October 29th, and was heard to very great advantage in two recitations, "Solitude" and "The Faithful Lovers." The programme for the afternoon was well chosen. Among the items, Miss Annie Rose distinguished herself by the recital of Clement Scott's "A Dog's Story," and Miss Florence Monteith by her singing of "Love's Dawning" and "Thy Daily Question." Miss Lorraine Salt-Marsh played the mandolin with artistic skill and feeling. Mr. C. K. Elderhorst obtained *encores* for his violin playing, as did Mr. Hayden Coffin for his rendering of "Ask Nothing More."

On the withdrawal of "Thérèse Raquin" from the Royalty Theatre "East Lynne" was revived on October 29th, with Miss Frances Ivor as Lady Isabel; Miss Olliffe as Joyce; Mrs. Brunton as Cornelia Carlyle; Miss Nina Williams as Barbara Hare; and Master Eric Field-Fisher as Willie Carlyle. Mr. W. L. Abingdon was an appropriate Captain Levison; and Mr. Fuller Mellish a firm yet sympathetic Archibald Carlyle, and Mr. H. de Lange was amusing as Lawyer Dill. On Wednesday November 11th was introduced "The Can't-sing Girl," a travesty on the successful play at the Haymarket, written by Arthur Garland, with bright music composed by Arthur E. Godfrey, in which Mr. Algernon Newark burlesqued, in a marvellously truthful manner, Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

"Round the Ring" by Paul Merritt, was seen for the first time in London, at the Surrey Theatre, on November 2nd. The author styles it "a dramatic romance of circus life," and it is so far true to the description, that it gives us some scenes of that class of entertainment, and shows us how a brutal ring-master like Gonzalez can bully the poor wretches who from force of circumstances are members of his company. Hippia is supposed to be his daughter, and he treats her most cruelly, but she eventually proves to be of noble parentage. Her champions are Eric Armiger, a young doctor, played in a manly way by Mr. C. J. Hague, and Dan Miggles, the clown, out of whom Mr. George Conquest, jun., extracts much humour. There is a cleverly arranged "murder" scene, in which Martin Royle, a miser (most excellently filled by Mr. H. Belding), falls a victim to the villain, Walter Netherwood (Mr. Ernest Leicester). Miss Annie Conway as Hippia, Mr. C. Cruikshanks as Sir Jasper Galton, Mr. E. Lennox as Gonzalez, and Miss Cissy Farrell as Mercy Thornton, deserve very favourable mention.

"As You Like It" was revived by the Daly Company at the Lyceum on November 3rd, with some slight changes in the cast with which it was produced on July 15th of last year. Ada Rehan was of course again the Rosalind, John Drew the Orlando, and George Clarke the Jaques; of the excellence of these there is no occasion to speak. Adam had a new and very clever representative in Tyrone Power (a descendant of the favourite actor of the same name who went down in "The President"); Duke Frederick was played by John Craig, Amiens by Laporte, "a Lord" by Bosworth, Oliver by Sidney Bowkett (whose delivery

was fine), Jaques (son of Sir Roland) by Ralph Nisbet, Silvius by Frederick Bond, William by William Sampson, and Phœbe by Florence Conron. The revival was again a distinct success and was played until November 12th. On the 13th, there were afternoon and evening performances of "The Last Word," and these brought the Daly season to a close. The company will carry back with them the pleasantest of memories to New York, for the leave-taking was quite affectionate, so thoroughly have they ingratiated themselves with London audiences. Miss Rehan received quite an ovation, and the flowers that were presented to her filled the stage; she evidently deeply felt the kindly wishes of her audience, and returned her thanks in a voice broken by emotion. The entire company travelled at midnight by special train, to sail from Liverpool on the morning of Saturday the 14th. It had been generally understood that we were not to see Mr. Augustin Daly's company again in this country till 1893, when they were to appear at the new theatre being built for him, but from a few words let drop by Mr. James Lewis in returning thanks for Mr. Daly (in his absence), it is quite possible that the American manager may make arrangements to afford us the pleasure of seeing his clever company next year. With reference to this new theatre, it is being built on the site originally fixed upon by Mr. George Edwardes for the erection of a lyric home for Miss Agnes Huntington. It will now, however, pass into Mr. Augustin Daly's hands; and will be built from the designs of Messrs. Spencer Chadwick and C. J. Phipps, architects. The corner stone was laid on Friday, October 29th, by Miss Ada Rehan, who spoke some verses written for the occasion by Mr. Clement Scott, and the building was christened by Mrs. Bancroft as "Daly's Theatre." It is situated at the corner of Cranbourne Street, and will hold about 1,500 people. Among those present at the ceremony was Mrs. Keeley, as bright and active as if she were in her 36th instead of her 86th year.

On Monday, November 5th, Mr. Hermann Vezin assumed the rôle of Napoleon in "A Royal Divorce" at the Olympic. Mr. Vezin's reading was more that of a man of destiny, not passionate in love or in any way romantic, but it was powerful and was not aided by an attempt to resemble the portrait of the Bonaparte, nor indeed in adopting the peculiarity of manner and carriage which are attributed to him. Mr. Bassett Roe was the new Talleyrand, and represented him as a wily and time-serving courtier. A bright, fascinating Stephanie de Beauharnais was seen in Miss Henrietta Watson.

Mr. Robert Soutar took his first and only benefit during a thirty years' connection with the stage, on November 5th, at the Gaiety Theatre. The *matinée*, the programme of which was a good one, made up of acts of "Godpapa" and of "The Times," with "The Ballad Monger," and "A Pair of Them," and various songs, etc., was principally to be recorded for the cast of act iv. of "The Ticket of Leave Man," in which R. Soutar resumed his original character of Green Jones, Henry Neville that of Bob Brierly, and Harwood Cooper that of Maltby. A. B. Taffing was the Melter Moss; J. D. Beveridge, Hawkshaw; Clara Jecks, Sam Willoughby; Muriel Wylford, May Edwards; Mrs. H. Leigh Mrs. Willoughby; and Alma Stanley, Miss St. Evremond. Twelve of our best-known actors appeared as the "navvies."

"Cousin Jack," adapted from the German by Hermann Vezin, was played at the Opera Comique on Thursday afternoon, November 12th, but did not prove too exhilarating a play. The adapter assumed the title-rôle, and had very considerable aid from Miss Beatrice Lamb as May Scott, from Miss Elsie Chester as Daisy Dunn, and from Miss Charlotte Lucie who played a boy's part (Bob Dunn) rather cleverly. These two last-named ladies organised the *matinée* in aid of the Women's International Library. On the same afternoon was played an "adaptation" by Mme. De Naucaze, entitled "Peruvian," in which this lady and Mrs. Kemmis appeared as two friends who quarrel over the possession of a gallant who has paid attentions to both of them, but who eventually transfers his affections to another quarter.

Saturday, November 12th, was the fiftieth performance of "The American" which has been considerably improved since its original production by some judicious alterations. In the evening was produced here "Hook and Eye," a very punning comedietta by Fille Norwood, which had already been played by

Mr. Compton's comedy company in the provinces. It is a game of misunderstandings that amused the pit and gallery very much. In it Mr. Young Stewart as the old soldier Joshua Gedling, and Miss Evelyn McNay as Sylvia, his supposed daughter, were good.

Miss Winifred Emery having been ordered by her medical advisers to winter in a warmer climate, was reluctantly compelled to relinquish the part of Cynthia Greenslade in "The Crusaders." The character was assumed by Miss Maude Millett on Monday evening, November 16th, and her reading certainly did not make it more lovable. Instead of Cynthia's appearing only a weak woman, Miss Millett made of her a heartless coquette, and conveyed the impression that what she did was not only from mere thoughtlessness, but from selfish gratification of her love of admiration and of having her own way. The reading weakened the play. It was found on this evening that the author had made some improvements in his work by shortening the quarrel between the Rose Queens, by altering the *finale* to the second act, and by curtailing that portion of the third act which relates to Burge Jawle's supposed suicide. The house was a full one and received "The Crusaders" with every demonstration of approval. Mrs. E. S. Willard's one act comedy "Tommy" preceded.

"Fauvette," André Messager's *opéra comique* in three acts, which was produced with such success in Paris at the Folies Dramatiques, November 17th, 1885, and ran for nearly a year at that theatre, was given to us in London at the Royalty Theatre by the Horace Lingard Opera Company on November 16th. The English version is by Alfred Rae, the lyrics written by L. Fontaine. The music is worthy of the composer of "La Basoche;" it is musicianly, yet always bright and tuneful. The scene is laid partly in Paris and partly in Algeria; and the play turns on the adventures of a couple of conscripts, Pierre and Joseph, who, drafted to the French colony, perform there prodigies of valour, and rescue from the clutches of Ahmed, Fauvette and her friend Zélie who have been captured by the Arab chief. The story is amusing. Mr. Lingard, who plays Joseph with much humour, is well supported by Mr. W. Rawlins as St. Augenor, supposed to be a tenor of the past, and who has much fun in him. Mr. Harry Child (Pierre) has a sweet voice, and Mr. Westlake Perry (Ahmed) a deep baritone; both are used to advantage, but the gentlemen do not act so well as they sing. Miss Florence Burns shows the greatest promise as Fauvette, and gained several encores; Miss Belle Harcourt was also very pleasing as Zélie. The opera is handsomely put upon the stage, and has been as favourably received in London as it had previously been in the provinces.

We have received the following letter from a subscriber. Perhaps some of our readers will oblige our correspondent with an answer to this question of comparison:—

"Kindly excuse my asking a question of comparison. I am an old man and laid by, but I hear a little of the great things that take place on the stage at the present time. I have seen Mrs. Nisbet in her prime in the characters of Katherine, Beatrice, Constance in "The Love Chase," Lady Gay Spanker, Rosalind, etc., with Macready, Ben Webster, and the incomparable Chas. Kemble. I carry in my memory delightful recollections of Mrs. Nisbet's acting; she was my ideal forty to fifty years ago. Now I hear of Miss Ada Rehan. I should like to see her, for I wonder whether she eclipses the late Mrs. Nisbet; I cannot conceive it possible. That Miss Rehan is magnificent I doubt not, but I should like to have an opinion, or rather read an opinion in your magazine, contrastively of these great actresses, because if Miss Rehan eclipses Mrs. Nisbet in the judgment of judicious judges, all I can say is this: genius has no bounds."

From Messrs. Raphael Tuck, & Co. we have received a specimen lot of Christmas cards. Many of these are charmingly conceived and designed, and scarce any of them ranks with mediocrity. A great many novelties are introduced, especially with regard to the booklets, no fewer than a million copies of which, we have the publishers' word for saying, will be in demand, while some twenty-one million cards make up the tale of this extraordinary manufacture, distribution of which reaches as far as China and Japan. Nor do we see why a pretty fashion should cease, so long as all the energies of the trade, as in the present instance, are put to the test with such excellent result as to originality in thought and designing.

In reply to Mr. Beerbohm Tree's letter in the November number of *THE THEATRE*, Mr. S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald desires us to say that the production of the "Red Lamp" by Mr. Tree quite escaped his memory; this he regrets. In regard to the smaller pieces, and the "Ballad Monger," which Messrs. Walter Besant and Walter Pollock adapted from Theodore de Banville's "Gringoire," Mr. Fitz-Gerald reminds us that one-act plays and adaptations did not enter into the argument propounded in his article, entitled "The Matinée Question." Our contributor adds that he has no belief in the existence of a so-called "Dramatic Ring."

At the Alhambra, Annie Abbott, "The Little Georgia Magnet," has created considerable excitement and controversy by her extraordinary powers, which the exhibitors assert result from her "electric" organisation. The splendid ballets and the excellent programme continue to attract large audiences.

"The Old Bureau," written by H. M. Paull, to music composed by A. J. Caldicott, Mus. Bac., was the new entertainment at the St. George's Hall on November 18th. It is scarcely as bright as we might expect from the author of "The Great Felicidad," nor does it, except for Mr. Alfred German Reed, afford the scope it should to his clever little band of performers. The story is an oft-told one, that of a treasure discovered in an old piece of furniture, which enables a penniless young fellow of an old family to marry the girl he loves. Mr. Alfred Reed as a factotum, with a fancied but mistaken genius for cooking, and Miss Fanny Holland, as a *parvenue* American widow, made the most of their opportunities. Miss Nora Maguire sang a very pretty number, "Far, far away across the foam" very charmingly, and there are some bright trios and quartettes in which Mr. Avalon Collard and those already named take part. Indeed, the whole of the music is decidedly pleasing.

To the following, received from a correspondent, we would answer, "God hath made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions." There is no doubt which side morality lies, yet are not righteousness and the law always inseparable?—

"Would it be troubling you too much to tell me whether a manager is entitled to refuse the return of money paid for a seat when the principal artiste, as advertised in the daily papers, does not appear, no information being given of the change of cast at time of paying for seat?"



New Plays

PRODUCED AND IMPORTANT REVIVALS in London, from October 25th, 1891 to November 21st, 1891:—

(Revivals are marked thus °).

- Oct. 31 "The Planter," farcical comedy, in three acts, adapted from Maurice Ordonneau's "La Plantation Thomassin," by William Yardley. Prince of Wales's.
- Nov. 2 "The Crusaders," "new comedy of modern London life," in three acts, by H. A. Jones. Avenue.
- " 3 "The Basoche," opera comique, in three acts, composed by M. André Messager, and written by M. Albert Carré, English version by Sir Augustus Harris and Eugene Oudin. Royal English Opera House.
- " 3° "As You Like It," Shakespeare's comedy. Lyceum.
- " 5° "Aunt Jack," farce, in three acts, by Ralph R. Lumley. Court.
- " 7 "Lord Anerley," play, in four acts, by Mark Quinton and Henry Hamilton. St. James's.

- Nov. 9^o "After Dark," sensational drama, in five acts, by Dion Boucicault. Princess's.
- " 9 "Bells of Fate," drama, in five acts, by Edward Darby (first time in London). Sadler's Well's.
- " 10 "Gloriana," a modern comedy, in three acts, adapted from "Le Truc D'Arthur" of Chivot and Duru, by James Mortimer. Globe.
- " 12 "Cousin Jack," comedy, in three acts, adapted from the German, by Hermann Vezin. *Matinée*. Opera Comique.
- " 12 "Peruvian," an adaptation, in one act, by Madame Anna de Naucaze. *Matinée*. Opera Comique.
- " 14 "Hook and Eye," comedietta, by Eille Norwood. Opera Comique.
- " 16^o "Fauvette," opera comique, in three acts, music by M. André Messager, libretto by Alfred Rae. Royalty
- " 16^o "Tommy," comedy, in one act, by Rachael Penn (Mrs. E. S. Willard).
- " 16^o "Antony and Cleopatra," Shakespeare's play. Grand.
- " 16 "Love at Home," comedy, in one act, by Sylvanus Dauncey (first time in London). Parkhurst.
- " 21 "Twas in Trafalgar's Bay," original naval drama, by John Henderson. Royal Marylebone.
- " 17 "Bess," play, by Mrs. Oscar Beringer (for copyright purposes). Novelty.
- " 18 "The Old Bureau," written by H. M. Paull, music by A. J. Caldicott. St. George's Hall.
- " 18^c "Measure for Measure," Shakespeare's comedy (costume recital). Ladbroke Hall.

In the Provinces, from October 21st, to November 20th, 1891 :—

- Oct. 29 "The Composer," comedietta, by Arthur Chapman, music by J. M. Capel. Theatre Royal, Richmond.
- " 29 "My Native Land," drama, by W. Manning. Theatre Royal, Coatbridge.
- Nov. 6 "The Span of Life," drama, in four acts, by Sutton Vane (produced for copyright purposes). Alexandra Theatre, Sheffield.
- " 6 "Her True Colours," comedietta, in one act, by W. A. Brabner. Assembly Rooms, Ruthin.
- " 13 "A House of Cards," condensed version of Sardou's "Maison Neuve," by Sydney Grundy. Theatre Royal, Brighton.
- " 16 "Pat," drama, by George Roberts and Henry Emm. Royal Artillery Theatre, Woolwich.
- " 17 "Vida," original society drama, in four acts, by Ina L. Cassilis and Charles Lander. Londesborough Theatre, Scarborough.

In Paris, from October 23rd, 1891, to November 20th, 1891 :—

- Oct. 30 "Le Coq," three-act operetta, words by Paul Ferrier and Ernest Depré, music by Victor Roger. Menus Plaisirs.
- " 31 "Norah la Dompteuse," three-act vaudeville, by Grenet Dancourt and Georges Bertal. Nouveautés.
- Nov. 3 "La Fille de Fanchon la Vielleuse," comic opera, in four acts, by MM. Liorat, Busnach and Fonteny, music by Louis Varney. Folies Dramatiques.
- " 3 "Le Collier de Saphirs," pantomime, in two scenes, by Catulle Mendès, music by Gabriel Pierné. Nouveau Théâtre.
- " 5 "Les Jobards," comedy, in three acts, by A. Guinon and H. Denier. Vaudeville.
- " 6 "Mon Oncle Barbasson," fantastic comedy, in four acts, drawn from Marie Uchard's novel, by Emily Blavet and Fabrice Carré. Gymnase.
- " 16^o "Cocard et Bicoquet," comedy-vaudiville, in three acts, by Raymond and Boucheron. Nouveautés.
- " 17 "Pencés," comedy, in three acts, by Albert Millaud. Variétés.
- " 18 "Monsieur L'Abbé," comedy, in three acts, by Henri Meilhac and Albert de Saint Albin. Palais Royal.
- " 20 "La Mégère Appriivoisée," M. Delair's adaptation of Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew." Théâtre Français.





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